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THE

SPECTATOR;

A NEW EDITION, CAREFULLY REVISED,

IN SIX VOLUMES;

WITH

PREFACES HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

BY

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HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

PREFACE TO THE SPECTATOR.

If we are allowed to consider the popular Essay as a new species of composition, we may without hesitation affirm, that it arrived nearly at perfection in the hands of the first inventors. In real value as well as in estimation with the public, no work has ever exceeded that of which we are now to trace the history. The irregularities, whether of plan or execution, which may be discovered in the Tatler, are excluded from its immediate successor, which, although not altogether faultless, is more uniform in all the valuable purposes of instruction, and all the excellences of style and invention. Steele and Addison appear to have used the Tatler as a kind of exercise, a trial of skill, to determine what they could produce, and what the public expected, "*quid ferreant humeri quid recusant;*" and having made suitable preparations, they entered conjointly on that structure which "should bear

the name of The Monument,"* a work on which praise has been exhausted, and which we shall find it difficult to characterise without the repetition of acknowledged truths. Succeeding Essayists have presented to the world labours of a similar kind both in purpose and accomplishment, which have justly entitled them to distinguished fame, but none of them have provoked, or wished to provoke, any comparison with the general merit of the Spectator. It has subsisted in the plenitude of its original popularity for nearly a century, and no composition, merely human, has been so frequently printed and read. It has been so universally the delight of every youth of taste or curiosity, that perhaps our fondness for this work might be ranked among the prejudices of education, had it not stood the test of maturer years and fastidious criticism.

When Steele had once secured the services of Addison, when he saw not only what they had produced, but what they might produce, he could not but review the imperfections and inequalities of the Tatler with a wish that his potent auxiliary had been called in sooner, and that, instead of improving an indigested plan, he had been invited to take a share in one concerted with more regularity. It cannot be rash to conjecture that such reflections might pass in Steele's mind, when he determined to conclude the Tatler, a measure which Swift ignorantly attributes to scantiness of materials, or want

* Preface to the Tatler, Life of Steele.

of public encouragement. It appears from many parts of Swift's private correspondence, that he looked with a jaundiced eye on the labours of Steele and Addison, and most probably envied a popularity gained by writings so remote from the genius of his own, and which, instead of promoting or opposing the turbulence of faction, instead of pulling down one ministry and setting up another, were calculated to lead the public mind to the cultivation of common duties and social manners.*

It is stated on the same authority, as well as on that of Tickell, that Addison was ignorant of the conclusion of the Tatler, which, if we allow, it appears to have been a circumstance of little importance; nor did the work "suffer much," says Johnson, "by his unconsciousness of its commencement, or his absence at its cessation, for he continued his assistance to Dec. 23, and the paper stopped on January 2." If Swift or others, therefore, affected to be surprised that Steele should conclude without giving Addison notice, it was a surprise that could not last long. It is indeed highly probable that Steele immediately communicated with Addison on the subject, unless we were to suppose, contrary to all evidence, and all sense of interest and propriety, that he disregarded Addison's services when chiefly he experienced the benefit arising from them, and discontinued the Tatler that he might begin another work without his aid.

* "I will not meddle with the Spectator, let him *fair sex it* to the world's end." Swift's Works, crown 8vo. vol. xxiii. p. 158.

We have already seen* that Steele assigns as a reason for giving up the Tatler, that he became known as the author: this, however, savours a little of the cant of authorship. He was known long before the Tatler had reached half its progress, as appears from the personal attacks made upon him by his contemporaries; but the length of the work affords one reason why it should not be protracted until it became too bulky, and a still better reason was, the design evidently formed of beginning a new paper. The event proves that Steele and Addison immediately formed the plan of the Spectator, probably communicated to each other the first sketch of the club, and determined that the work should be free from political intelligence at least, if not from political discussion; and that each paper should consist of one entire Essay, unless when the subject required to be treated in the form of correspondence by themselves, or when real correspondence should be thought worthy of insertion.

Addison was prepared with ample resources, which Steele must have known before he could consent to adventure on a *daily* paper, a task far beyond the abilities of any one man who had not secured the most copious supplies, or such assistants as might enable him to answer a demand to which temporary leisure and casual opportunity or aid never could have been adequate. Dr. Beattie†

* Pref. Histor. and Biog. to tne Tatler.

† Notes on the Life of Addison, prefixed to an edition of his works, by Dr. Beattie, 4 vols. 8vo. 1790, Edinburgh.

was once informed, but had forgot on what authority, that Addison had collected three manuscript volumes of materials. Tickell says, perhaps with truth, "that it would have been impossible for Mr. Addison, who made little or no use of letters sent in by the numerous correspondents of the Spectator, to have executed his large share of this task in so exquisite a manner, if he had not ingrafted into it many pieces that had lain by him in little hints and minutes, which he from time to time collected, and ranged in order, and moulded into the form in which they now appear. Such are the Essays upon Wit, the Pleasures of the Imagination, and the Critique upon Milton."*

The first paper appeared on Thursday, March 1, 1710–11; in it Addison gives an account of the birth, education, &c., of the Spectator, and sketches the silent character he was to preserve, with great felicity of humour. The second, by Steele, delineates the characters of the Club, or the *dramatis personæ* of the work, the principal of whom is Sir Roger de Coverley. Dr. Johnson's remarks on this character demand our attention on many accounts.

"It is recorded by Budgell, that of the characters feigned or exhibited in the Spectator, the favourite of Addison was Sir Roger de Coverley, of whom he had formed a very delicate and discriminated idea, which he would not suffer to be violated; and therefore when Steele had shown him innocently picking up a girl in the Temple, and

* Tickell's Life of Addison.

taking her to a tavern, he drew upon himself so much of his friend's indignation, that he was forced to appease him by a promise of forbearing Sir Roger for the time to come.

"The reason which induced Cervantes to bring his hero to the grave, *para mi sola nacio Don Quixote, y yo para el*, made Addison declare, with an undue vehemence of expression, that he would kill Sir Roger, being of opinion that they were born for one another, and that *any other hand* would do him wrong.

"It may be doubted whether Addison ever filled up *his original* delineation. He describes the Knight as having his imagination somewhat warped, but of this perversion he has made very little use. The irregularities in Sir Roger's conduct seem not so much the effects of a mind deviating from the beaten track of life, by the perpetual pressure of some overwhelming idea, as of habitual rusticity, and that negligence which solitary grandeur naturally generates.

"The variable weather of the mind, the flying vapours of incipient madness, which from time to time cloud reason without eclipsing it, it requires so much nicety to exhibit, that Addison seems to have been deterred from prosecuting his own designs."*

To this opinion the following judicious remarks may be opposed.

"With Johnson's masterly delineation of the peculiarity of Addison's humour," says Dr. Beattie,

* Johnson's Life of Addison.

"I know not how to reconcile some remarks he has made on the character of Sir Roger de Coverley; I am inclined to suppose, that the learned biographer had forgotten some things relating to that gentleman.

"He seems to think that Addison had formed an idea of Sir Roger which he never exhibited complete; that he has given a small degree of discomposure to the Knight's mind, but made very little use of it; that Sir Roger's irregularities are the effects of habitual rusticity, and of negligence created by solitary grandeur; and, in short, that Addison was deterred from prosecuting his own design with respect to Sir Roger.

"Now I beg leave to observe, in the first place, that it never was, or could be, Addison's purpose to represent Sir Roger as a person of disordered understanding. This would have made his story either not humorous at all, or humorous in that degree of extravagance, which Addison always avoided, and for avoiding which Dr. Johnson justly commends him. Sir Roger has peculiarities; that was necessary to make him a comic character; but they are all amiable, and tend to good: and there is not one of them that would give offence, or raise contempt or concern, in any rational society. At Sir Roger we never laugh, though we generally smile; but it is a smile always of affection, and frequently of esteem.

"Secondly, I cannot admit that there is in this character any thing of *rusticity* (as that word is

generally understood), or any of those habits or ways of thinking that solitary grandeur creates. No man on earth affects grandeur less, or thinks less of it, than Sir Roger; and no man is less solitary. His affability, good-humour, benevolence, and love of society, his affection to his friends, respect to his superiors, and gentleness and attention to his dependents, make him a very different being from a rustic, as well as from an imperious landlord, who lives retired among flatterers and vassals. Solitary grandeur is apt to engender pride, a passion from which our worthy Baronet is entirely free; and rusticity, as far as it is connected with the mind, implies awkwardness and ignorance, which, if one does not despise, one may pity and pardon, but cannot love with that fondness with which every heart is attached to Sir Roger.

"How could our author be deterred from prosecuting his design with respect to this personage? What could deter him? It could only be the consciousness of his own inability; and that this was not the case he had given sufficient proof, by exemplifying the character so fully, that every reader finds himself intimately acquainted with it. Considering what is done, one cannot doubt the author's ability to have supported the character through a much greater variety of conversations and adventures. But the Spectator, according to the first plan of it, was now drawing to a conclusion; the seventh volume being finished about six weeks after the Knight's death; and perhaps the

tradition may be true, that Addison, dissatisfied with Steele's idle story of Sir Roger at a tavern (Spect. No. 410), swore (which he is said never to have done but on this one occasion) that he would himself kill Sir Roger, lest somebody else should murder him."*

No addition is necessary to this vindication of the character of Sir Roger de Coverley in the general; but it has not been attended to by either of these critics, that Sir Roger was not the creature of Addison's, but of Steele's fancy; and it is not easy to discover why all writers on this subject should appear ignorant of a fact so necessary to be known, and so easily ascertained.† In Tickell's edition of Addison's works, and in every subsequent edition (Dr. Beattie's not excepted), No. 2 is reprinted, but ascribed to Steele, with an apology for joining it with Addison's papers, on account of its connection with what follows. Steele, in truth, sketched the character of every member in the club, except that of the Spectator. The merit, therefore, of what Dr. Johnson calls "the delicate and discriminated idea," or "the original delineation" of Sir Roger, beyond all controversy belongs to him, and the character of the Baronet, it must

* Beattie's Notes, *ubi supra.* Budgell relates this last story in one of the numbers of the Bee, at a time when the public was very little disposed to give him credit.

† "Natural humour was the primary talent of Addison. *His* character of Sir Roger de Coverley, though far inferior, is only inferior to Shakspeare's Falstaff." Royal and Noble Authors. Lord Orford's Works, vol. i. p. 530, art. Nugent, *note.*

be observed, is in that paper very different from what Dr. Johnson represents. His "singularities proceed from his good sense," not, I allow, a very common source of singularities, in the usual acceptation of that word; and before he was "crossed in love by the perverse widow, he was a gay man of the town." And with respect to the care Addison took of the Knight's chastity, and his resentment of the story told in No. 410, which is certainly a deviation from the character as he *completed* it, we may observe, that the original limner represents him as "humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gypsies;" though he qualifies this by adding, that "this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than truth." He is represented now in his fifty-sixth year, and the story therefore of his endeavouring to persuade a strumpet to retire with him into the country, as related in No. 410, some think by Tickell, was certainly not very probable.

The truth appears to have been, that Addison was charmed with his colleague's outline of Sir Roger, thought it capable of extension and improvement, and might probably determine to make it in some measure his own, by guarding, with a father's fondness, against any violation that might be offered. How well he has accomplished this needs not to be told. Yet he neither immediately laid hold on what he considered as Steele's pro-

perty, nor did he wish to monopolize the worthy Knight. Sir Roger's notion, that "none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged," and his illustration of this curious position in No. 6, were written by Steele. The first paper relating to the visit to Sir Roger's country seat is Addison's, the second Steele's, the third Addison's, and the fourth Steele's; and this last has so much of the Addisonian humour, that nothing but positive evidence could have deprived him of the honour of being supposed the author of it: the same praise may be given to No. 113, also by Steele. The sum of the account, however, is this: Sir Roger's adventures, opinions, and conversation, occur in twenty-six papers: of these Addison wrote fifteen, Steele seven, Budgell three, and Tickell one; if, as is supposed, he was the author of the obnoxious No. 410. It must be observed too, that the widow-part of Sir Roger's history was of Steele's providing, in Nos. 113 and 118. Addison, no doubt, attended to the *keep* of Sir Roger's character, and Steele, with his usual candour, might follow a plan which he reckoned superior to his own; but it cannot be just to attribute the totality of the character either to one or the other.

The "killing of Sir Roger" has been sufficiently accounted for, without supposing that Addison despatched him in a fit of anger, for the work was about to close, and it appeared necessary to disperse the club; but whatever difference of opinion there may be concerning this circumstance, it is

universally agreed that it produced a paper of transcendent excellence in all the graces of simplicity and pathos. There is not in our language any assumption of character more faithful than that of the honest butler, nor a more irresistible stroke of nature than the circumstance of the book received by Sir Andrew Freeport.

"To Sir Roger," continues Dr. Johnson, "who, as a country gentleman, appears to be a Tory, or, as it is gently expressed, an adherent to the landed interest, is opposed Sir Andrew Freeport, a new man, a wealthy merchant, zealous for the moneyed interest, and a Whig. Of this contrariety of opinions it is probable more consequences were at first intended than could be produced when the resolution was taken to exclude party from the paper. Sir Andrew does but little, and that little seems not to have pleased Addison, who, when he dismissed him from his club, changed his opinions. Steele had made him, in the true spirit of unfeeling commerce, declare that he would not *build an hospital for idle people;* but at last he buys land, settles in the country, and builds, not a manufactory, but an hospital for twelve old husbandmen, for men with whom a merchant has little acquaintance, and whom he commonly considers with little kindness."*

Sir Andrew's opinion of idle people and beg-

* This opinion is given in a different manner in Boswell's Life of Johnson. "Addison had made his Sir Andrew Freeport a true Whig, arguing against giving charity to beggars, and throwing out other such ungracious sentiments; but that he had thought better, and made amends, by making him found an hospital for decayed farmers." Vol. ii. p. 70. edit. 2d.

gars occurs in No. 232 (a paper attributed not to Steele, but to Budgell, or perhaps Martyn), and does not seem to merit the censure of our learned biographer. There can surely be no difference of sentiment on the question, whether idleness is to be supported at the public expense; and if the reader will refer to Sir Andrew's letter, in No. 549, in which he announces his plan of retirement, he will find in it nothing of the unfeeling spirit of commerce, a spirit, which, if not extinct in our days, must be very industriously concealed. Every charitable institution in the metropolis bears testimony to the liberal and generous spirit of men in commercial life, and there is nothing upon record which can induce an impartial inquirer to think that the case was otherwise, when commercial men were a more distinct class.

It is, however, true, that little use is made of Sir Andrew's character, and the same remark may be applied to Captain Sentry and the Clergyman. Will Honeycomb occurs more frequently, and affords more amusement, although not altogether of the unmixed kind. This character, as well as the others, was sketched by Steele, but is not preserved with much care or attention to moral effect. Will is at best a sorry rake, and at the age of sixty marries a country girl, complains of his infirmities, yet talks of leaving his children "strong bodies and healthy constitutions." All this is consistent, if we consider his letter in No. 530, as a satire on old rakes, who neglect to enlist in social life until they

are past service, and can only perform the ludicrous character of "the marriage-hater matched."

Conjecture has been busily employed to discover the persons meant by these characters. Sir Roger de Coverley was supposed, by the late Mr. Tyers, to be a Sir John Packington, of Worcestershire, "a Tory, not without good sense, but abounding in absurdities." Capt Sentry is said to have been C. Kempenfelt, father of Admiral Kempenfelt who deplorably lost his life when the Royal George, of 100 guns, sunk at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782; and Will Honeycomb has been traced to a Colonel Cleland. There appears, however, very little ground for any of these conjectures. The account of the Spectator and his Club seems to be altogether fictitious, and the character of the Spectator and of Sir Roger de Coverley are certainly among the happiest fictions that could have been contrived for the purpose they were to answer. In the other characters, although there is neither so much novelty nor vigour of imagination displayed, they are occasionally admirably grouped, as in No. 34; and the whole gives a dramatic effect, adding to the other charms of that variety which has rendered the Spectator one of the most popular books in any language.

Of Addison's humour so much has been said, that it would not be easy to vary the praises that have been lavished for near a century. "As a describer of life and manners, he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humour, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, is

so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never *outsteps the modesty of nature*, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination."*

Dr. Johnson here characterises the humour of Addison with singular acuteness of thought and felicity of expression. Many writers seem to think that humour consists in violent and preternatural exaggeration; as there are, no doubt, many frequenters of the theatre, who find no want of comic power in the actor who has a sufficient variety of wry faces and antic gestures; and many admirers of farce and fun, with whom bombast and big words would pass for exquisite ridicule. But wry faces are made with little effort, caricatures may be sketched by a very unskilful hand, and he who has no command of natural expression, may easily put together gigantic figures and rumbling syllables. It is only a Garrick who can do justice to Benedict and Ranger; but any candle-snuffer might personate Pistol and Bombardinian. Addison's humour resembles his style. Every phrase in the one, and circumstance in the other, appears so obvious, that a person who had never made the trial

* Dr. Johnson's Life of Addison.

would be apt to think nothing more easy than to feign a story of Sir Roger de Coverley, or compose a vision like that of Mirza. But the art and the difficulty of both are such as Horace had in his mind when he said—

> —"Ut sibi quivis
> Speret idem: sudet multum, frustraque laboret
> Ausus idem. Tantum series juncturaque pollet,
> Tantum *de medio sumptis* accedit honoris."*

But although Addison's humour was original, it was not absolutely incommunicable. It has been already hinted,† that Steele imbibed a considerable portion of it. Of this there are some few instances in the Tatler, but many in the Spectator. Indeed no two men, even allowing the superiority of Addison, were ever better qualified, by correspondence or disposition of mind, to act as auxiliaries in a work of this nature. In most cases, what the one sketched, the other could fill up: what the one began, the other with little difficulty could continue. We have an early example in Steele's outline of Sir Roger de Coverley, and the use Addison made of it: in Addison's account of his taciturnity, and Steele's happy illustration of it in No. 4. No. 64, by Steele, must, I think, be allowed the most exact imitation of Addison's style and humour ever attempted, yet it carries every proof, that such a case can admit, of having been written with ease. Another instance of their mutual exchange of subjects appears in the proposal for an infirmary to cure ill humour, by

* Beattie ubi supra.

† Pref. Hist. and Biog. to the Tatler.

Steele, in Nos. 424 and 429; which was adopted by Addison in No. 440. Other examples may be traced in these volumes;* and a few of the other contributors, as well as many of the unknown correspondents,† aimed at a kind of uniformity, in which they were not unsuccessful, presenting occasionally some of those delicate strokes of humour, which in Addison were habitual and distinctive. He every where discovers the *ingenium par materiæ*, every where preserves the equability of his mind, the kindness of his disposition, and the pleasure he took *jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ*. No. 69 is an instructive example of the benevolent views he delighted to take of mankind and of Providence. There is a perpetual smile on his countenance; he rarely exhibits the sneer of the satirist, and perhaps never the frown of the rigid moralist.

A higher praise than what belongs to human wit yet remains, and cannot be bestowed in language more appropriate than that of Johnson. "It is justly observed by Tickell, that Addison employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of

* No. 14 is pointed out by the annotators on the Spectator, as "meriting the attention of such as pretend to distinguish with wonderful facility between Addison's and Steele's papers."

† See Nos. 599, 608, 612, 615, and 619, the authors of which are unknown.

manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. ✗ This is an elevation of literary character *above all Greek, above all Roman fame.* No greater felicity can genius attain, than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness: and if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having *turned many to righteousness.*"—"As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy and all the cogency of argument are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest—the care of pleasing the Author of his being."

Many of the subjects discussed in these volumes may now appear trite, because frequent repetition and successive illustration have rendered them familiar; but, in estimating the value and utility of such instructions, we must take into the account the wants and necessities of the public at the time they were given. Literature did not then pass through so many channels as in our days, nor were the facilities of communication so many: the number of readers was not great, and the books calculated by allurement to increase that number were very few. The demand for instruction, however, in-

creased with the opportunities of supply, and they whom the Essayists taught to know a little, were soon incited by curiosity to know more. The duties of life had never been discussed in a popular manner, nor in portions adapted to the idle or the casual reader. Above all, the niceties of literature were not generally understood; and it is not the smallest merit of Addison, that "he superadded criticism," prescribed the rules of taste, and introduced a relish for genius that had been depressed or overlooked. His criticisms on Paradise Lost directed the public admiration to a work which is now justly the boast of the nation; and, although his successors in critical labours have been able not only to improve them, but to point out their defects, it ought to be remembered that he wrote without those helps from combined taste and skill which they now enjoy. "It is not uncommon for those, who have grown wise by the labour of others, to add a little of their own, and overlook their masters. Addison is now despised by some who perhaps would never have seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded them."*

Of Addison's style, the commendation of all judges has been uniform; and, since the publication of Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," it has become almost proverbial to repeat, that "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give

* Johnson. Addison's merit as a critic is ably and impartially considered in the notes to his life in the Biog. Britannica, 2d edit.

his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." That few, however, are willing to bestow this labour, or anxious to obtain the reward, is sufficiently attested by the present state of literary composition. Yet perhaps it would be wrong to blame writers who, as candidates for public favour, aim at excellences more in demand than familiarity or simple elegance, and who seem to be goaded sometimes by criticism, and sometimes by popular opinion, to produce "ambitious ornaments," and to try "hazardous innovations." Since writers of commanding reputation have been multiplied, and the structure of the language better understood, style has been regulated by a fashion to which we know not how to place limits. Of late the demand has been considerable for lofty periods and splendid imagery, verging sometimes on the excellence of poetry, and sometimes on the ostentation of bombast. The writers of Queen Anne's reign are oftener, therefore, approved than imitated; we are unwilling to avail ourselves of the services they have rendered to our language; we force luminous periods and splendid passages by the heat of imagination, and are consequently more ambitious to be admired than understood, to be quoted for manner rather than to be useful for matter.

It would be unjust, however, to aver that such a taste is universal, although it be gaining more ground than it ought to occupy: we are not without authors who rest their fame on the elegancies of simplicity, "on a style always agreeable, always easy;" and perhaps we should acknowledge the

number of those who have formed themselves on the model of Addison to be greater, if, unfortunately, when we look for his style, we did not at the same time look for his wit; and where is that to be found?* If his style be separated from his wit, he is not perhaps without equals among his contemporaries, and among his successors; but his humour, in all its qualities, is the distinctive characteristic of his genius. A few *facetiæ* may occasionally be found among his successors; but such a perpetual flow, such a command of temper in ridicule, have never been given to any man in this country; and to any other it would be in vain to look; for in no foreign language can we find a word to express the talent of which we are now speaking.

As the Spectator, very soon after its being collected into volumes, became one of the "first books by which both sexes are initiated in the elegancies of knowledge," its increasing influence on the taste as well as the manners of the age, rendered it a proper object for the calm examination of criticism; and there are accordingly few critics of eminence, placed in the schools of public instruction, who have not judged it requisite to point out its beauties and detect its blemishes.

* Molière has been frequently named in the same rank with Addison. Lord Chesterfield thinks "no man ever had so much humour as Molière, of which his Miser, his Jealous Man, and his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* are convincing proofs: and French comedy," he adds, "furnishes a multiplicity of instances besides these." Letter 98. Miscellaneous Works, Vol. II. 4to. p. 284. But there appears an essential difference between the humour of a dramatic writer and that of an essayist. The former enjoys advantages from the construction of dramatic composition, and the latitude it permits, of which the essayist cannot avail himself.

Of these critics, Dr. Blair appears to have been most anxious, that while Addison is presented as a model to young writers, they should be guarded against an implicit deference to his authority. He has therefore investigated the merits of his style with great minuteness, and a most scrupulous regard to purity and precision, in four very long lectures on Nos. 411, 412, 413, and 414 of the Spectator. For this he offers a modest apology, which his high opinion of Addison, as well as the duties of office, rendered quite unnecessary; the fair and impartial labours of criticism are direct testimonies in favour of the object. And how well Addison has stood the test of this fastidious scrutiny may appear on this simple calculation, that out of eighty-seven remarks, of which these lectures consist, thirty-seven are in strong recommendation of his style, and of the remainder, some are so evidently of a trifling nature, that we may adopt as a conclusion what this eminent critic has given as a prefatory apology: "The beauties of Addison are so many, and the general character of his style is so elegant and estimable, that the minute imperfections *pointed out*, are but like those spots in the sun, which may be discovered by the assistance of art, but have no effect in obscuring its lustre."*

* From inattention to the marks which distinguish the different productions of the Essayists, some critics have censured Addison for that of which he was not guilty. Dr. Blair, for example, enters into the defence of Tasso's Sylvia, against Addison, in the Guardian, No. 38. Here are two mistakes in all the editions I have seen of Dr. Blair's Lectures. The passage in question occurs in No. 28; and No. 28 was not written by Addison.

However useful verbal and grammatical criticism may be, there seems to be this fatality attending all composition, that its errors are more easily discoverable by the critic than by the author. After all the light thrown upon the beauties and defects of style by the most eminent critics of the last century; by Lowth and Priestley, by Kaimes and Campbell, by Beattie and Blair, few, if any writers, have attained an unexceptionable style, or have even been able to follow their own canons. Of this Dr. Blair himself affords a remarkable instance. Notwithstanding the long labour he had bestowed on his "Lectures on Rhetoric," the perpetual revision to which they were subjected, and all the changes and improvements which could be derived from the author's sagacity or the assistance of contemporary writers, they were, on publication to the world at large, convicted of numerous errors, ranged on his own plan, and proved by his own rules. These consisted principally of terms and phrases bordering on vulgar or colloquial language; awkward phrases; redundancies; superlatives for comparatives; double comparatives; adjectives for adverbs; *any* for *either; either* for *each;* &c. &c.; the relative not agreeing with its antecedent; verbs in the plural number instead of the singular; the subjunctive mood instead of the indicative; verbs which ought to be in the active or passive voice employed as neuters; *had* instead of *would; will* for *shall;* the past time for the present; *of* instead of *from; on*

for *in; among* for *in; never* for *ever; that* for *as;* inverted sentences; and mixed metaphors.*

Yet, with all these blemishes, the general merit of Dr. Blair's lectures is incontestable, and it will probably be long before they can be laid aside for a work of more indispensable necessity to the student, or more unquestionable authority in matters of taste.

Style, notwithstanding the many discussions with which it has been honoured by some of the first writers of our nation, is a subject still involved in obscurity. Blair acknowledges, that "the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions, by means of language," is the best definition he can give. Johnson says it is "the manner of writing with regard to language." Swift, long before, had laid down that "proper words in proper places made the true definition of a style," which is not however a definition, but the character of a good style.

The divisions of style are numerous, and have been multiplied by the critics as fast as they could multiply epithets to distinguish them; but in every nation, and at every period of its literary history, it has been the custom to bestow the honours of style on a few authors, in whom collectively all its excellences are supposed to be found. These in our country, in the prose style, are Hooker, Clarendon,

* See the whole list, with proofs, in the Critical Review for October, 1783. The article was the production of the late Rev. Joseph Robertson, of Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

Tillotson, Clarke, Barrow, Atterbury, Shaftesbury, Temple, Swift, Addison, Bolingbroke, Fielding, and Johnson: to whom of late have been added Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Blair, and Burke.* But when we inquire how many of these are to be held up as models, the list becomes smaller as we approach nearer to the severe criticism of our own times. Hooker is now recommended principally for the importance of his matter: Clarendon is considered as an historian of unquestionable authority; but his lengthened periods and general prolixity are prohibited to the young writer. Tillotson, whom Birch characterised as the reformer of pulpit eloquence, is now said to be chiefly valuable for the religious and biblical criticism to be found in his works. Clarke, with more perspicuity, is cold and inanimate. The readers of Barrow are cautioned against his redundancy; and most of them with great safety, for it is the redundancy of an original and fertile genius. To Atterbury's style few objections have been offered on the score of purity and elegance; and his want of depth, or original thinking, will not be readily discovered by those who are forming a *style* only. Shaftesbury is generally

* "Such authors," says Lord Orford, speaking of Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, and Dr. Middleton, "fix a standard by their writings. Grammarians regulate niceties, and try careless beauties in works, where carelessness often is a beauty, by the same rigorous laws that they have enacted against graver offenders. Such jurymen, no doubt, write their own letters with as much circumspection as their wills, and are ignorant that it is easier to observe some laws than to violate them with grace." Royal and Noble Authors, art. Roscommon.

and very justly pointed out as a dangerous precedent. Temple is allowed to excel Tillotson in all the estimable qualities of style; and, although he partakes of the common incorrectness attributed to writers of simplicity, familiarity and ease, he is still recommended as an useful model. Bolingbroke is a declaimer, with many of those beauties of declamation which are too frequently contrived to conceal poverty of argument. Bolingbroke was an enemy to religion, probably because it did not flatter his practice. He is now, however, little read; and it is to the honour of our nation that few infidel writers have enjoyed a long popularity. Fielding's style is original, and his humour (different from that of Addison, yet excellent in its kind) is so copious as to extend over his voluminous writings with undiminished force. He has had no successful imitators. Of the other names mentioned, it is not necessary to add more than that they are the founders of different schools of style, which have as yet produced few scholars of great eminence.

From the whole list, therefore, we can only collect two or three who are universally acknowledged to deserve the attention of those who are ambitious to form a correct style. Yet, when the beauty and defects of all are fully displayed before us, as they have been by modern critics of acknowledged taste, are we not induced to suspect that much of the improvement to be derived from such critical labour is impracticable; that between the style and the mind of every author the connection is indissoluble;

and that he who would write like another must always have his genius, and sometimes even his subject?*

The Life of Addison was first written by Tickell, but his account is meagre and unsatisfactory. It was considerably enlarged in the first edition of the Biographia, and still more in the second; but the life prefixed to his poems, in Dr. Johnson's edition, is, with few exceptions, the most faithful and the most candid. This biographer had long revered Addison's character; and in one of the Ramblers, in which he is about to offer some criticisms on Milton, he modestly admits that "he may fall below the illustrious writer that has so long dictated to the commonwealth of learning." Nor was this the compliment of a junior willing to recommend himself by deference to those who were already in possession of the public opinion. Thirty years afterwards, when his praise had its weight and value, he vindicated the originality and utility of Addison's criticisms with equal spirit and justice.

The limits of this preface will not admit us to dwell so long as would be agreeable on a character

* Far be it from the writer of this, perhaps impertinent digression, to decry the industry of criticism, to arraign its jealousy, or to undervalue the sagacity by which we are taught the right and wrong of language. All he would venture, and venture with submission, against the common opinion, is, that critical rules, however useful in affairs of grammar, will not form a style; that style is as much an attribute of genius as invention; and that the varieties of manner to be found in English literature arise from the varieties of mind and of matter. Excellence in writing, as in painting, can be attained only by labour: rules and examples may improve, but nature can only initiate.

which every man loves to contemplate. "Of Addison's virtue it is a sufficient testimony, that the resentment of party has transmitted no charge of any crime." From the charge brought against him by the friends of Pope, he has been amply vindicated in the second edition of the Biographia by Mr. Justice Blackstone: but for the publication of Pope's abusive character of him, after his death, no apology has yet been offered. That Addison had the jealousy of an author is an accusation which he shares in common with, perhaps, every author of celebrity,* and that he was conscious of his superiority is only saying that he was conscious of what his opponents never have denied. In that species of composition, which gained him popularity, he had then no rival, and has had no rival since, whose pretensions it would not be absurd to admit. Amidst many revolutions of taste, the judgment of all readers, learned and illiterate, has selected his papers as excelling in the milder graces of composition, and the fascinations of wit.

It may not, however, be improper to advert to one circumstance in his private history, which has of late been brought before the public, it is hoped with some exaggeration.

* "How noble does the character of Addison appear, who though equally (with Pope) attacked by Dennis as a Critic, yet never mentioned his name with asperity, and refused to give the least countenance to a pamphlet which Pope had written upon the occasion of Dennis's strictures on Cato!" Bowles's edition of Pope, vol. iv. p. 28. Addison's conduct to Pope is also ably vindicated in p. 39—44, and vol. vii. p. 292.

"Narratur et prisci Catonis
"Sæpe mero caluisse virtus."

Dr. Johnson has mentioned this failing with moderation and delicacy. "He" (Addison) "often sat late, and drank too much wine. In the bottle discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to set loose the powers of conversation: and who, that ever asked succour from Bacchus, was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?"

The same fact has been related by others in coarser language, and with an apparent design to depreciate a character not easily assailable in other points. That Addison did, however, indulge too much in the pleasures of the tavern is reported with great confidence; and an excuse has been attempted, by attributing the vexations he thus endeavoured to alleviate, to the capricious conduct of his wife. An excuse for what is in itself wrong, is, generally, what it ought to be, very unsatisfactory. It were to be wished, therefore, that some cause could be discovered more adequate to the effect than what has been commonly alleged. Johnson seems to consider Addison's propensity as an original habit, and this appears to me most consistent with proba-

bility. It was the vice of the day among the wits; and wits have seldom discovered that it is a vice.

As to Addison's domestic vexations, the case stands thus. After a tedious courtship he obtained the hand of the dowager Countess of Warwick, with whom he is said to have lived unhappily,* but of the nature of this unhappiness we have no information in any of the memoirs of his life, except hints that she presumed on the superiority of her rank. But to suppose that she despised or vexed Addison on that account will not supply the place of fact, and will obscure the few facts we possess. We cannot easily imagine that any woman would think herself superior to Addison by a rank which in her was merely adventitious, for she was not of a noble family, and of which she had lost all but the bare title: and if we do form this theory, how can we reconcile the long admiration and incessant pursuit of such a woman with his knowledge of the world and acute discernment of character? "If," says an author to whom I have often referred, "she was a woman of such a despicable understanding, that such a woman should have engaged, for years, the attention of so consummate a judge of human nature as Addison, is not to be imagined. Considering his character and accomplishments, and that at the time of his marriage he was a member of parliament, and

* Mr. Tyers, in his unpublished Essay on Addison's Life and Writings, says, "Holland House is a large mansion; but could not contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest, Peace." Addison became possessed of this house by his marriage, and died in it.

soon after secretary of state, the inequality of condition was not very great."*

It is generally agreed, however, that in one way or other she made his life uncomfortable; that he had frequently recourse to the society of his friends at a tavern; and that here he indulged to excess; and we may conjecture that, in the character of such a man, this failing would soon be observed, and that they who reported it would probably not be anxious to lessen the extent or frequency of an indulgence which brought Addison for a time on a level with his inferiors. It is far more probable that he had always been fond of society—a fondness which cannot often be indulged with impunity—than that he had first recourse to the bottle as a cure for domestic vexations. The latter supposition seems inconsistent with his general character. It is indeed a frequent remedy, but principally with men of weak minds and of low manners.

But whatever deviations of this kind might have been observed in Addison's conduct, there is reason to think they have been exaggerated, because they certainly were not accompanied by their usual effects, debasement of manners or morals. His religious principles remained unshaken; those principles had influenced his whole life; they appear predominant in all his writings, and they gladdened his latter days with serenity. Of this happy effect his biographers have recorded an instance so

* Beattie.

affecting and so salutary, that no plea of brevity can excuse the omission of it wherever his character is the object of contemplation. It was first related by Dr. Young, in "Conjectures, or Original Composition," from which it is here copied.

"After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, Addison dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related," (the Earl of Warwick, who did not live long after this affecting interview), "and finely accomplished, yet not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came, but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. After a decent and proper pause the youth said, 'Dear Sir, you sent for me: I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands: I shall hold them most sacred.'—May distant ages not only hear, but feel the reply! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, 'See in what peace a Christian can die.' He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired."

Addison died on June 17, 1719, in the 48th year of his age, leaving a daughter by the Countess of Warwick, of whom we are told that she was bred up with little veneration for his memory; that she had a marked dislike to his writings, and an unconquerable aversion to the perusal of them; that she discovered very early in life as great an unlikeness and inferiority to Addison, in respect of

filial sentiment, as in point of understanding; but that afterwards she conceived a great reverence for her father's memory, and a suitable regard for his writings.* This lady died single, at an advanced age, a few years ago, and after her death her father's library, which had been in her possession, was sold in London.†

Addison's contributions to the Spectator are ascertained on the best authority. The principal writers of this work were distinguished by signature letters: and much has been said of those adopted by Addison, because they form the name of the muse Clio:

> "When panting virtue her last efforts made,
> "You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid."

But it is not very likely that Addison intended this compliment to his papers; and it has therefore been conjectured that his signatures refer to the places in which he happened to write, C. Chelsea, L. London, I. Islington, and O. his office.

We have better authority for asserting, that no man could be more scrupulous in correcting both the errors of the press and such as had escaped him in the hurry of writing. Dr. Warton relates, that the press was often stopped that Addison might make a trifling correction. In the folio edition are many proofs of his being rather fastidious

* Annotations on the Tatler, No. 235.

† See an account of this lady, in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lxvii. pp. 256, 385.

in little things, but when he had once corrected the press, he considered his business as completed; the alterations made afterwards, when the work was published in volumes, are very few and not very important. It ought also to be mentioned, that Addison was, in general, singularly happy in the choice of his mottos. Dr. Warton has given him this praise, but has, among other instances, quoted No. 2, which was written by Steele.

The papers claimed for Addison are in number two hundred and seventy-four. About two hundred and thirty-six are given to Steele on the authority of his signature, T.; but with the restrictions mentioned before.* The unknown correspondents were certainly numerous, and Steele made a free use of such letters as contained hints, or were thought worthy of insertion in their original state. From negligence, or want of matter, or want of leisure, for he was a man of many projects, he was frequently unprepared, and on this account it is on record that the press has been sometimes stopped; but, when he determined to exert himself, he could do it to advantage. The series of papers from No. 151 to 157 inclusive, which are his composition, rank among the best of the grave kind.†

* Pref. Hist. and Biog. to the Tatler.

† Steele's signature was R. and T.; the former, it has been supposed, when he wrote the whole of the paper, the latter when he composed or compiled from the letter-box; but this does not appear to be the universal rule, and the annotators imagine that T. sometimes means Tickell.

Of the value of his and Addison's papers we become the more sensible as we descend to examine the contributions of contemporary wits, who from interest or inclination were induced to lend their aid to the general purpose of the work.

The first of these, if we respect the quantity merely of his assistance, was Eustace Budgell, a writer of some note in the days of the Spectator. He was born about the year 1685. His father, Gilbert Budgell, D. D. of St. Thomas, near Exeter, appears to have been a man of property, as he sent his son as a gentleman-commoner, to Christ Church, Oxford, and thence to the Inner Temple, to study law, with a provision suitable to his rank and necessities. In the study of the law, however, Eustace made little progress, being diverted from it by a taste for polite literature, and the company of such men as that taste easily procures. In 1710, Addison, to whom he was nearly related, took him to Ireland as one of his clerks, when himself secretary to Lord Wharton. In this employment, such was Budgell's attention to business, that in 1714 he was promoted to the office of chief secretary to the lords justices of Ireland, and deputy clerk of the council, and his talents were already so distinguished as to procure him a seat in the Irish parliament, where he was considered as an able speaker.

During the rebellion, in 1715, he discharged the service hitherto entrusted to a field-officer, of transporting the troops from Ireland to Scotland, with great ability and integrity. In 1717 he was pro-

moted by Addison, then secretary of state, to the place of accountant and comptroller general; and as he had some time before succeeded to the family estate, valued at 950*l.* *per annum*, though somewhat encumbered by his father's prodigality, he was exempted from the cares of wealth, if not wholly from those of ambition. He had now commenced a prosperous career as a statesman, and was ill prepared for the fatal reverse which was at hand, and which, although there were other precipitating circumstances, may be dated from the time the Duke of Bolton was appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, in the year last mentioned. The Duke insisted on quartering upon him a friend of one Webster, whom he had made his secretary and a privy counsellor. This was either an insult or an injury, and with lofty spirits the distinction is rarely admitted, which Budgell resented with asperity, and was therefore deprived of his place of accountant. He then came to England, contrary to the advice of Addison, and probably of every other friend, and farther irritated his powerful enemies by publishing his case. This irritation was the more keen, as they were unprepared to defend their treatment of a man who had been a very faithful and useful servant to the public. In 1719 he made another enemy in the Earl of Sunderland, by publishing a very popular pamphlet against the famous peerage-bill; but his declension was chiefly hastened by the loss of twenty thousand pounds, which he had embarked in the South Sea scheme,

and by his subsequent disappointment in not being able to accompany the Duke of Portland, who was appointed governor of Jamaica, as his Grace's secretary. He had made arrangements for this new office, and was about to sail, when a secretary of state was sent to the Duke, to acquaint him, "that he might take any man in England for his secretary, excepting Mr. Budgell, but that he must not take *him.*"*

After this event, his life appears to have been wasted in a fruitless struggle to regain consequence, and recruit his finances. Among other expedients, the Duchess of Marlborough endeavoured to procure him a seat in parliament, where she hoped his disappointments would render him an useful opposition member, but this did not succeed. About the year 1732, on the death of Dr. Matthew Tindal, a bequest to Budgell appeared in his will, accompanied by circumstances so suspicious, that in consequence of a legal inquiry the will was set aside. His supposed share in this transaction is alluded to by Pope:

> "Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on my quill,
> "And write whate'er he please, *except my will.*"

Yet Budgell's situation at this time must have been low, for the sum to which he thus sacrificed his peace and his character, did not much exceed two thousand pounds.

* Biog. Brit. new edit. vol. ii. 1780.

From this unhappy period his mind appears to have been absorbed in gloomy reflections on the loss of reputation, friends, and fortune, until it at last contracted that inexplicable delirium which presents to a disordered imagination the advantages of suicide. On May 4, 1737, he drowned himself in the Thames, by jumping out of a boat at London bridge, and had evidently made deliberate preparations for this catastrophe: besides intimating to his servant, when he went out, that he should return no more, his pockets were filled with stones, and in his escrutoire was a short scrap of a will, written a day or two before, importing that he left all his personal estate to his natural daughter, Anne Budgell, then about eleven years of age. This last circumstance is not very consistent with the report that he had previously endeavoured to persuade his daughter to accompany him.* He left also on his bureau a slip of paper, on which was written,

> "What Cato did, and Addison approved,
> "Cannot be wrong—"

a conclusion which it would be unfair to draw from the circumstances of Cato's scenic death. Why this unhappy man, who, according to his biographers, had shown many symptoms of mental derangement, should not have been more carefully watched, is

* This daughter afterwards became an actress: in 1743 we find her on the stage with Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, in the tragedy of Tancred and Sigismunda. Davies, the biographer of Garrick, adds, that she was an actress of considerable powers, and died at Bath about the year 1755.

needless to inquire, since, in many similar cases, it is a question to which even the courts of justice cannot extort an answer.

Budgell's character appears to have been a compound of great vanity and ungovernable passions; failings which in prosperity are not always hurtful, because they may be gratified by applause and submission, but which, on a reverse of fortune, generally undermine all moral principle, and bring the strongest minds to a level with the weakest. In his civil employments, he was not only indefatigable, but conscientious in a very high degree,* and a sense of the services he had rendered to the public may have no doubt aggravated the insult which he received from the ministry, and which certainly cannot be palliated.

His first appearance as an author is said by Cibber (or rather Shiells) to have been in the Tatler, but no inquiry has been able to trace his pen in that work. In the Spectator, he wrote twenty-eight papers, with the signature letter X,† which he used,

* His conduct in the embarkation of the troops, &c., to be sent from Ireland to Scotland, during the rebellion in 1715, was "singularly disinterested; for he took no extraordinary service-money, and would not receive any gratuity or fees for the commissions which passed through his office for the colonels and officers of militia then raising in Ireland. The lords justices were desirous that a handsome present should be made him for his distinguished zeal and labor in this affair, but he generously and firmly refused to draw up a warrant for that purpose." Biog. Brit. new edit.

† No. 232 was marked X in the folio edit. but Z in the first 8vo.; the annotators think it was the composition of Mr. H. Martyn, but more probably the alteration of the signature was a typographical error. The signature is omitted in the first 12mo. a very correct edition, and in all the subsequent ones.

it is said, instead of the initials of his name to mark upon his linen. Of these papers, few rise above mediocrity; he had talents that enabled him to assist in a work of this kind, but there is no reason to believe that he could have acted as a principal. His best papers are Nos. 307, 313, 337, and 353, on Education: they contain many useful remarks, illustrated by apposite examples and authorities. The only papers distinguishable for wit are Nos. 365 and 395, on the effects of the month of May on the female constitution; in these the style of Addison is imitated with great felicity; but I know not what praise we can assign to them, if what Dr. Johnson reports from traditional authority be true, that "Addison wrote Budgell's papers, at least mended them so much, that he made them almost his own."*

Besides these twenty-eight papers attributed to him in consequence of the signature, he is, in the opinion of the annotators on the Spectator, the presumptive author of a short letter, signed *Eustace*, in No. 539, and of Nos. 591, 602, 605, and 628, the last of which contains a Latin translation of Cato's soliloquy, formerly said to be the production of Atterbury, but which Mr. Nichols has discovered to have been written by Dr. Henry Bland, head-master of Eton school.† These last-mentioned papers occur in the eighth volume of the common editions of the Spectator, which is said to have been conducted by Addison and Budgell.

* Boswell's Life of Johnson.

† Spectator, Vol. vi. No. 628, note, signed *J. N.*

The annotators on the Guardian have assigned to him Nos. 25 and 31, but if their authority was the notice in the preface, that "those which are marked with a star were composed by Mr. Budgell," they seem to have committed an error. The 24th is marked with a star in the folio and first octavo editions, but not the 25th.

No. 31, his last contribution, cannot be read without regret that the author should have departed from his own principles in all the critical periods of his life. A similar reflection will occur in reading his Spectator, No. 389, on Infidelity, to which he certainly verged in the latter part of his life, and which, there is every reason to think, was occasioned by his connexion with Tindal.*

The next contributor, of perhaps more value, was Mr. John Hughes. He was the son of a citizen of London, and was born at Marlborough, July 29, 1677. He received his education at a dissenting academy, under the care of Mr. Thomas Rowe, where, at the same time, the afterwards celebrated Dr. Isaac Watts was a student, whose piety and friendship

* Budgell published a translation of the characters of Theophrastus, a history of the family of the Boyles, and some political pamphlets. He also compiled a periodical work, called the Bee, chiefly from the newspapers, in the form of a magazine, but in consequence of quarrelling with the booksellers, and filling the pamphlet with his own disputes and concerns, he was obliged to drop the undertaking. Four volumes of this work are now before me. It exhibits little more than the ruins of a mind. He was attacked on all sides by contemporary writers respecting the affair of Tindal's will, and he endeavours by long, wild, and incoherent rhapsodies, to regain the good opinion of the public, which, however, he had for ever forfeited by that transaction.

for Mr. Hughes induced him to regret that he employed any part of his talents in writing for the stage.

It does not appear for what profession he was originally intended. He was early distinguished for his poetical and musical abilities, when they could be exerted only in his leisure hours, as he held a place in the office of ordnance, and was secretary to several commissions for purchasing lands necessary to secure the royal docks at Chatham and Portsmouth.

His poetical pieces were written, partly on temporary subjects, and partly for musical entertainments. Some of the latter were set by Pepusch, and some by Handel. The general character of his poetry is not high. Swift and Pope ranked him among the *mediocrists*, and this opinion, which they gave when his works were published in 1735, and long after he was beyond the reach of praise or blame, has been adopted by Dr. Johnson. The performance for which he is now chiefly remembered, is his tragedy of the *Siege of Damascus*, which still holds its rank on the stage, though "it is neither acted nor printed according to the author's original draught, or his settled intention. He had made Phocyas apostatize from his religion; after which the abhorrence of Eudocia would have been reasonable, his misery would have been just, and the horrors of his repentance exemplary. The players, however, required that the guilt of Phocyas should terminate in desertion to the enemy; and

Hughes, unwilling that his relations should lose the benefit of his work, complied with the alteration."*

He died February 17, 1719–20, the same day on which this play was first represented. Steele, who has drawn a very favourable character of him in The Theatre, No. 15, says, "I cannot, in the first place, but felicitate a death, on the same evening in which he received, and merited, the applause of his country, for a great and good action; his work is full of such sentiments as only can give comfort in the last hour; and I am told, he showed a pleasure in hearing that the labours, which he so honestly and virtuously intended, had met with a suitable success."

In this, however, Steele was deceived; and it is singular that he did not perceive he was placing his friend in the novel and ridiculous situation of an author preparing for eternity by the recollection of a well-written play, and the applause of a crowded theatre. The truth is, Hughes had laid aside all thoughts of his play, and composed himself to meet death with the resolution and dignity becoming a Christian.† He was of a very feeble constitution, tending to consumption, which, after many lingering attacks and flattering abatements, put an end to his blameless life, at an age when life is usually reckoned in its prime.

He appears to have been universally regretted

* Johnson's Life of Hughes. His life is also written by Duncombe, by Cibber, and by Dr. Campbell, in the Biog. Brit.

† Duncombe's Life, prefixed to Hughes's Works.

as an honest and amiable man, and held an enviable rank among the wits of his time. Such was his acknowledged judgment, that Addison requested he would complete his Cato for the stage; and although this task was afterwards performed by Addison himself, yet it was by the persuasion of Hughes that his celebrated play was finished and acted.

As a prose writer, he is known by his edition of Spenser's works, which he enriched with a life, a glossary, and a discourse on allegorical poetry. He also wrote the preface to the "Complete History of England," usually called Dr. Kennet's; and translated Fontenelle's "Dialogues of the Dead," to which he added two composed by himself, and (Dr. Johnson has remarked), "though not only an honest, but a pious man, dedicated his work to the Earl of Wharton." His first prose essay, which has much merit, is "On the pleasure of being deceived," and is dated 1701, when he was in his twenty-fourth year.

His contributions to the Tatler are, a letter signed *Josiah Coupler*, in No. 64; another signed *Will Trusty*, in No. 73, to which Tickell alludes in some verses in No. 532 of the Spectator; and the Inventory of a Beau, in No. 113. The annotators suspect that he wrote No. 194, with an eye to his edition of Spenser.

In the Spectator he was the author of two letters, Nos. 33 and 53, on the art of improving beauty; in No. 66, of two letters concerning fine

breeding; in No. 91, the history of *Honoria;* in No. 104, a letter on the ladies' riding-habits; in No. 141, remarks on the *Lancashire witches;* No. 210, on the immortality of the soul; No. 220, on expedients for wit, a letter; No. 230, all, except the last letter; No. 231, a letter on the awe of appearing before public assemblies; No. 237, on Divine Providence, which was printed by Tickell, in his edition of Addison's works, but was afterwards claimed for Hughes by Mr. Duncombe; the letter in No. 231, is also published in Addison's works, but evidently from its connection with the rest of the paper. Hughes wrote also, in No. 252, a letter on the eloquence of tears and fainting fits; No. 311, a letter from the father of a great fortune; No. 375, a picture of virtue in distress, which a writer in Duncombe's Letters says, "mixed tears with a great deal of the tea, which was that morning drank in London and Westminster;" No. 525, on conjugal love; No. 537, on the dignity of human nature; No. 541, rules for pronunciation and action; and No. 554, on the improvement of genius; No. 302, the character of *Emilia*, claimed by Mr. Duncombe, was written by Dr. Brome; on the other hand, however, the annotators on the Spectator assign to him Nos. 224 and 467.*

* In "Duncombe's Letters by several eminent Persons deceased, including the Correspondence of John Hughes, Esq.," is printed, a letter by Mr. Hughes, intended for the Spectator, on English Operas, vol. i. p. 61, edit. 1772. The letter, signed *Parthenissa*, in No. 306, is claimed for Hughes by Mr. Duncombe, who adds, that the real person alluded to was a Miss Rotheram, sister to the second lady of the sixth Lord Effingham,

In the Guardian, only one paper, No. 37, has been discovered to be his, and in his correspondence, published in 1772, are three short letters, intended for the Guardian, which are added to the present edition. The general character of all his essays is favourable; he appears to have possessed a mild and agreeable humour, some of the strokes of which are truly Addisonian; and his serious papers are excellent both for matter and manner. Such was his regard for decency, that he withdrew his contributions to a volume of Miscellaneous Poems, published by Steele, because Pope's imitation of Chaucer's Wife of Bath was to be inserted in it.

The name of Pope has been currently repeated among those of the authors of the Spectator, yet one article only, and that a very trifling one, in No. 527, a short letter with a few verses, is all that can with certainty be ascribed to him. His "Messiah" was published in No. 378, and the annotators deduce that he wrote No. 408, from its train of thought, which is the same that occurs frequently in his works, and especially in his "Essay on Man." His contributions to the Guardian are more important, and are noticed in the Preface to that paper.

Two excellent papers on dreaming, Nos. 586 and 593, and which have been the foundation of many succeeding essays on the same subject, considered in the same point of view, were written by Mr. John Byrom, whose facetious talents were well

and afterwards married to the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, master of Felsted school in Essex. Gent. Mag. 1780.

suited to this species of composition, and whose delicate and simple humour appears so favourably in the well-known verses in No. 603, beginning, "My time, O ye muses," &c. His Phebe, was the youngest of the celebrated Dr. Bentley's daughters, and the mother of Richard Cumberland, Esq., the late well-known dramatic and miscellaneous writer. The annotators ascribe to Mr. Byrom also, No. 587, a paper to which he was certainly equal; but in this assignment they have overlooked a passage in No. 593, in which his being the author is positively denied. They are perhaps more correct in giving him credit for No. 597, although even that appears doubtful.

This ingenious writer, a younger son of Edward Byrom, of Kersal in Lancashire, was born at Manchester, 1691. He was educated first in his native town, and afterwards at Merchant-Taylors' School in London, whence he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, under the celebrated Mr. Baker, July 6, 1708. His first productions were the papers in the Spectator we have enumerated. In the same year in which they appeared, 1714, he was elected fellow of his college; but not choosing to enter into orders, he was obliged to vacate his fellowship in 1716, and went to Montpellier, where applying himself closely to the study of physic, he acquired the appellation of Dr. Byrom.* On his return to London, he married his cousin, Miss Elizabeth Byrom, against the consent of her father, who

* Nichols' Select Collection of Poems, vol. vii.

consequently gave her no fortune; and our author's little property having been exhausted in his travels, he engaged in teaching short-hand writing, and for some years obtained a competent subsistence by that ingenious and useful art, and taught, amongst many others, the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield. His talents, however, must have been otherwise conspicuous, as, in 1724, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Some time after, the family estate at Kersal devolved to him by the death of his elder brother, and relieved him from the business of teaching short-hand.

He now retired to enjoy, what it appears he was eminently qualified for, the pleasures of domestic life, and indulged his pen in a variety of poetical attempts, chiefly on religious subjects; but his lighter verses, which in mature years he despised, have generally been allowed the preference. His religion, which was strongly tinctured with Behmenism, led him to discuss subjects in verse, which perhaps no man but himself would have clothed in that dress. His humour was, however, generally predominant, and inclines us to wish that he had been less attached to rhyme, a propensity which betrayed him into more than poetical freedoms with subjects beyond his province. In one of his critical dissertations in verse, he denied the existence of St. George, the patron of England, and challenged the antiquaries to consider the question. The contest between a poet and an antiquary seems very unequal, yet the late venerable Dr. Pegge accepted the challenge,

and confuted the poet's hypothesis in a paper in the Archæologia.

Mr. Byrom died on the 28th of September, 1763, leaving behind him the character of a man of piety, wit and learning. The general tenour of his life was innocent and inoffensive; and it appears that the great truths of Christianity had, from his earliest years, made a great impression on his mind.* It is some deduction from his character, however, that he not only spent much of his time in reading the mystic writers, but even professed to understand the works of Jacob Behmen.

Four papers in the eighth volume of the Spectator, were the production of Mr. Henry Grove, of Taunton, a very learned and pious divine of the dissenting persuasion, who died in 1737, and of whom a very copious account is given in the Biographia. His papers are of the serious kind. Nos. 588 and 601 on self-love and benevolence; No. 626 on the force of novelty; and No. 635 on the enlargement of the powers of the mind in a future state. Of these essays, the praise has been uniform. Dr. Johnson declared No. 588 to be "one of the finest pieces in the English language;"† and No. 635 was republished by the direction of Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, along with Addison's Evidences, in a 12mo edition, dated 1731.‡

* Biog. Brit. new edit. vol. ii. 1780.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson. See also the Additions to his Life, p. 12, 2d edit. 1793.

‡ Biog. Brit.

Mr. Grove's publications in his lifetime were very numerous, and after his death, four volumes of posthumous pieces were added to his works. His "Moral Philosophy" is a very useful book, not only on account of the manner in which he has treated the various subjects connected with morals, but as forming an index of reference to every publication that had then appeared, in which each topic had been directly or collaterally treated.

In the list of the writers of the Spectator, given by Steele in No. 555, the name of Mr. Henry Martyn occurs; but no part of his share can be ascertained, except the letter to the King of France, in No. 180. No. 200, on the same subject, is conjectured by the annotators to be his, and they have the same suspicion of No. 232. Some account of this gentleman is given in Ward's Lives of the Gresham Professors.* He was an excellent scholar and an able lawyer, but his infirm state of health would not permit him to attend the courts. He had a principal concern in a paper called "The British Merchant, or Commerce Preserved," in answer to "The Mercator, or Commerce Retrieved," written by Defoe, in 179 numbers, from May 26, 1713, to July 20, 1714, with a view to get the treaty of commerce made with France at the peace of Utrecht ratified by parliament. The rejection of that treaty was in a great measure promoted by Mr. Martyn's paper, and government rewarded him for it by

* P. 333, after the life of his brother, Edward Martyn, Professor of Rhetoric, and the immediate predecessor of Ward, the biographer.

making him Inspector-general of the imports and exports of the customs. He died at Blackheath, March 25, 1721.

In the same list, in No. 555, are given the names of Mr. Carey, of New College, Oxford, Mr. Tickell, and Mr. Eusden,* but no inquiry into their respective shares has been yet satisfactory. The signature T. has been frequently suspected to mean Tickell; yet nothing of his can be ascertained, except what will not rank him among Essayists, a poem intitled "The Royal Progress," in No. 620.†

An ingenious letter on the eye, in No. 250, is ascribed to Mr. Golding, of whom I have not been able to procure any information.

A very short letter, written with a tradesman-like simplicity, in No. 268, and signed James Easy, was the production of Mr. James Heywood, many years a wholesale linen-draper on Fish-Street-Hill, who died at his house in Austin-friars, in the 90th year of his age, July 23, 1776.‡

The excellent character of *Emilia*, in No. 302, was claimed by Mr. Duncombe for Mr. Hughes, but it has since been ascertained that it was written by Dr. Brome; but whether Dr. Broome, the poet, and partner of Pope in translating the Odyssey, is not so clearly determined. Bromius, mentioned in

* A short letter in No. 84, on idols, is ascribed by the annotators to Mr. Eusden, afterwards the poet-laureat, but this cannot deserve the acknowledgment in No. 555.

† The annotators give him the first part of No. 410, as has been already mentioned.

‡ Spect. vol. iii. No. 268, note.

this paper, will not agree with his character, who, when rector of Sturston, in Suffolk, "married a wealthy widow."* The lady named here *Emilia*, was the mother of Mrs. Ascham, of Connington, in Cambridgeshire, and grandmother of the present Lady Hatton.†

The letter on foreign travel, in No. 364, signed *Philip Homebred*, was written by Mr. Philip Yorke, afterwards the celebrated Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. Mr. Boswell informs us, probably in too decisive language, that Dr. Johnson would not allow merit to this letter, and said that "it was quite vulgar, and had nothing luminous." It is certainly not the paper we might expect from a Lord Chancellor, but it was written by a young man, just admitted to the bar, and who had sense enough to censure a prevailing folly with some degree of humour, and with great justice. The same subject has been since illustrated in the World by another nobleman, Philip Earl of Chesterfield.‡

The Earl of Hardwicke, who is supposed to have been the author of another paper, which cannot now be ascertained, was one of those illustrious characters who have ennobled their families by merit in a profession, in which, with very few exceptions, merit only has been found to succeed. In very early life he appears to have been noted for learning and industry, and for qualities which were fitted

* Johnson's Lives of the Poets, art. Brome, or Broome.

† Spect. vol. iii. No. 302, note.

‡ See an article on the same subject by Addison, in Tatler, No. 93.

to shine in public life. When only twenty-eight years of age, he had a seat in parliament, and the following year was promoted to the office of solicitor-general, on the recommendation of the Lord Chancellor Parker. In Feb. 1723–4, he was appointed attorney-general, and in October, 1733, lord chief justice of the king's bench. On the decease of Lord Talbot, in 1736–7, he was called to the high office of lord chancellor, when only in his forty-seventh year. Yet this rapid succession of honours was followed by a correspondent share of popularity. In each office he discharged his duty in a manner both honourable and dignified: his station derived lustre from his piety, his learning, and his justice, and he at once enjoyed and deserved the esteem of the public. Of his abilities the following character is said to be strictly just. "The style of his eloquence was more adapted to the house of lords than to the house of commons. The tone of his voice was pleasing and melodious; his manner was placid and dignified. Precision of arrangement, closeness of argument, fluency of expression, elegance of diction, great knowledge of the subject on which he spoke, were his particular characteristics. He seldom rose into great animation; his chief aim was more to convince than amuse; to appeal to the judgment rather than to the feelings of his auditors. He possessed a perfect command over himself, and his even temper was never ruffled by petulant opposition, or malig-

nant invective."* He died March 6, 1764, and it is by general consent that the epithets GREAT and GOOD have been ever since connected with his name.

Two visions, in Nos. 460 and 501, were written by Dr. Thomas Parnell. This allegorical mode of conveying instruction was much encouraged and practised by Addison and his contemporaries; and, we are informed by Steele, there was always a particular demand for such papers. Dr. Parnell's *Visions* have considerable merit, but from a member of the *Scriblerus Club*, and a man of acknowledged wit, we might have surely expected contributions of a more humorous cast. Dr. Goldsmith's Life of Parnell, prefixed to his works, was the first attempt to collect memorials of him; although enrolled among the English poets in Dr. Johnson's edition, his name had not appeared in the General Dictionary, or in the Biographia Britannica. Goldsmith's materials are very scanty, and Johnson, while he compliments Goldsmith on what he had done, seems averse to the subject.

Thomas Parnell, D. D. descended from an ancient family, of Congleton, in Cheshire, was born in Dublin in the year 1679, and was admitted a member of Dublin College at the early age of thirteen. He took his degree of M. A. July 9, 1700, and in the same year was ordained a deacon, by Dr. William King, then Bishop of Derry, having a dispensation from the primate, as being under twenty-three years

* Coxe's Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole, vol. i. p. 43, 4to.

of age. He was admitted into priest's orders about three years after, by Dr. King, then archbishop of Dublin, and was collated by Dr. Ashe, bishop of Clogher, to the archdeaconry of Clogher, Feb. 9, 1705. About that time he married Miss Anne Minchin, a young lady of great beauty and merit, by whom he had two sons, who died young, and a daughter, living in 1770. The death of his wife is supposed to have made an indelible impression on his spirits, and drove him to that remedy which of all others is the least efficacious, and is itself a calamity of the most deplorable kind.* He was warmly recommended by Swift to Archbishop King, who gave him a prebend in 1713, and in 1716 the vicarage of Finglas, worth 400*l. per annum.*† He died at Chester, July 1718, on his way to Ireland.

His prose works are two papers in the Spectator, two in the Guardian, the life of Zoilus (a satire on Dennis), an essay on the origin of sciences in the character of *Martinus Scriblerus*, and the life of Homer prefixed to Pope's translation. His poetical fame rests chiefly on his Hermit, but even his inferior poems are more correct and pleasing than his prose.

The letter signed *Peter de Quir*, in No. 396, and that signed *Tom Tweer*, in No. 518, were the productions of that very eccentric character Orator Henley, a name and title which have seldom been pronounced without contempt, yet it was late in life

* Goldsmith, p. 21, edit. 1773.

† Nichols' Select Collection of Poems, vol. iii. p. 209.

before he earned this contempt. His early days were laudably and industriously employed, as appears by the very curious and authentic memoirs Mr. Nichols has given of him in his "History of Leicestershire," under the article Melton Mowbray, Henley's native place.

From his letter, No. 518, as well as from some of his avowed publications, he seems to have possessed a kind of humour, which a man of sense or delicacy might have employed with success. But Henley preferred the character of a buffoon and the life of an outcast, and was for many years the ornament and delight of Clare Market, where he established an oratory to which the very lowest ranks resorted. Here, when vulgarity itself was satiated with his nonsense, he hit upon various expedients to bring a crowded audience.* At one time he called the Jews together, by offering a reward to any one who should interpret a Hebrew inscription painted on his pulpit, and which consisted of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet jumbled together in the form of words without meaning. On another occasion, he procured a full audience of shoemakers, who were to be told how to make a pair of shoes in two minutes, which was by cutting off the tops of ready-made boots.† As there was no admittance to his oratory without paying a sum at the door, generally

* The late Rev. Mr. Cole, of Milton, says, he remembers Henley coming to Cambridge, and soliciting for a booth in Sturbridge fair, for his Lectures, which was refused. Cole's MSS. in Brit. Mus.

† His introductory position on this subject was, *omne majus continet in se minus.*

a shilling, such expedients served occasionally to recruit his finances. He was also the author of a weekly paper of unintelligible declamation, called The Hyp-Doctor, for which "secret service,"* he had 100*l.* a-year. The origin of the Hyp-Doctor, as it has been related to the writer of this article, will show the peculiar turn of Henley's humour. He went to Sir Robert Walpole, represented himself as a man who could do great service to the state, and hinted that it would be wise to employ him. Sir Robert declined the offer in very polite terms, and Henley left the room with a threat, that "he could wield a pen!" On recollection, the minister thought it might be proper to stop this writer's opposition by a small salary, and called after him from the top of the stair-case, "Hyp! Doctor!" promised him his support, and immediately the Hyp-Doctor, No. 1, made its appearance. Its purpose was to ridicule the arguments of the Craftsman.

In No. 288, is a letter from a tradesman, recommending his wares, signed Peter Motteaux, the real name of a man of some talents, but, if the manner of his death has not been misrepresented, of immoral character. He was a native of France, and came to England on the revocation of the edict of Nantz. Such was the skill he acquired in the English language, that he translated with success Rabe-

* Biog. Dict. In Cooke's Preacher's Assistant is a list of fifteen sermons preached on public occasions, and printed, by our orator. One is intitled "The Butcher's Lecture." Mr. Cooke calls him "Rector of Chelmondiston, Suffolk."

lais and Don Quixote, and wrote some very popular plays. He had a large East India warehouse in Leadenhall-street, and held a place in the Foreign Post-Office. Although advanced in life, and married to a very beautiful woman, he indulged in the licentiousness of brothels, in one of which he was found dead, Feb. 19, 1717–18.*

The affectionate letter on the death of a wife, in No. 520, is attributed to a Mr. Francham, of Norwich, of whom nothing else is now remembered: and an excellent dream, in No. 524, is said to have been the joint production of Mr. Dunlop, then Greek professor of Glasgow University, and of Mr. Montgomery, a merchant. Of the latter gentleman, we are told, that he traded to Sweden, and his business carrying him there, he was obliged to leave that kingdom abruptly, in consequence of "something between" him and Queen Christina. This event is supposed to have affected his intellects, much in the manner as Sir Roger de Coverley is represented to have been injured by his passion for the widow.† Mr. Dunlop is chiefly known as the author of a Greek grammar, used in most of the schools and universities of Scotland. Upon what authority the *joint* concern of these gentlemen in this paper is asserted, does not appear. It was formerly ascribed to Professor Simpson, of Glasgow, but whether the mathematician or the divine, for there were two of the name contemporaries, we are not informed.

* Biog. Dict. and Dram. † Spect. 8vo. vol. vi. No. 524, note.

A letter in No. 140, signed *Leonora*, and another in No. 163, with the same signature, are said to have been written by a Miss Shepheard, and a letter in No. 92, by her sister. Of these ladies, it is only related that they were collateral descendants of Sir Fleetwood Shepheard, "of facetious memory." A very short letter in No. 480, signed M. D., was written by Mr. Robert Harper, of Lincoln's-Inn, an eminent conveyancer. Steele omitted some parts of it, and made some alterations in it.

The last contributor to the Spectator, of whom we have any knowledge, and who was the longest survivor, is Dr. Zachary Pearce, a late Bishop of Rochester. He was the son of an opulent distiller in Holborn, and was born in 1690. He had his education at Westminster-school, where he was distinguished by his merit, and elected one of the king's scholars. In 1710, he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1716, he published the first edition of his "*Cicero de Oratore*," and, at the desire of a friend, dedicated it to Lord Chief Justice Parker, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, to whom he was an entire stranger. This incident laid the foundation of his future fortune, for Lord Parker soon after recommended him to Dr. Bentley, Master of Trinity, to be made one of the Fellows. In 1717, being then M. A., he was ordained, and, in 1718, was invited to live with the Lord Chancellor Parker, as his lordship's domestic chaplain. In 1719, he was instituted to the rectory of Stapleford Abbots, in Essex, and in 1720, to that of St. Bartholomew,

Exchange, London. In 1723, his noble patron presented him to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and, in 1726, he preached a sermon at the consecration of that church, when rebuilt in its present splendid form. In 1724, the degree of D. D. was conferred on him by Archbishop Wake. In 1739, he was appointed to the deanery of Winchester, and, in 1748, to the bishopric of Bangor; in 1756, he was removed to the see of Rochester and the deanery of Westminster. In 1763, when the infirmities of age began to be felt, he wished to resign both, and retire into a quiet station, but his majesty prevailed on him to continue. Dr. Pearce's reasons for an application so unusual do him much honour; he said, that as he never made a sinecure of his preferments, he was tired with business, and, being in the 74th year of his age, he wished to resign his preferments while his faculties were entire, lest he should outlive them, and the church suffer by his infirmities.* In 1763, however, he obtained leave to resign the deanery. In 1773, he lost his lady, with whom he had enjoyed an uninterrupted course of domestic comfort for fifty-two years, and, after some months of lingering decay, he died at Little Ealing, June 29, 1774. Being asked one day how he could live with so little nutriment, "I live," said he, "upon the recollection of an innocent and well-spent life, which is my only sustenance."† He supported through this

* MS. Letter from Dr. Pettingal to Mr. Cole, in Brit. Mus.

† Nichols' Anecdotes of Bowyer.

long life the character of an able divine and a sound critic and philologer.*

During his early years he amused himself with light compositions, of which it is to be regretted he did not publish more than the Spectator, No. 572, on quacks, which was a little retouched by Addison, and No. 633, on eloquence.† He wrote also a paper in the Guardian, which is noticed in its proper place, and an exquisite little fancy in a periodical paper entitled the Freethinker.

At the conclusion of No. 555 Steele says, "It had not come to my knowledge, when I left off the Spectator, that I owe several excellent sentiments and agreeable pieces in that work to Mr. Ince, of Gray's Inn." The annotators follow this intimation with some account of Mr. Ince, but no discovery has been made of his "sentiments," or "pieces." In a conversation with Dr. Johnson, 1777, Mr. Murphy said, he remembered when there were several people alive in London, who enjoyed a considerable reputation merely from having written a paper in the Spectator. He mentioned particularly Mr. Ince, who used to frequent Tom's coffee-house. Dr. Johnson, who seemed to think this kind of mention depreciating, repeated how highly Steele

* His life was prefixed to his posthumous works by the Rev. Mr. Derby, his chaplain, 2 vols. 4to. 1777, but his papers in the Spectator and Guardian were acknowledged by Dr. Pearce, in a letter to Dr. Birch, dated June 5, 1764.

† The annotators on the Spectator, by some mistake, say that No. 633 was printed by Tickell, in his edition of Addison's works. Tickell published no Spectators in that edition, after No. 600.

speaks of Mr. Ince. He was secretary to the accounts of the army, and died October 11, 1758. That many persons wrote single papers or letters in the Spectator, whose names are now irrecoverable, may be easily supposed. Mr. Cole, in his MSS. in the British Museum, mentions a Mr. Western, father of Thomas Western, of Rivenhall, in Essex (which last died in 1766), as the author of a few numbers; and I learn, from a recent letter in the Gentleman's Magazine, that the Rev. John Lloyd, M. A. who published a poem entitled "God," about the year 1724, calls himself, in the title-page, "Author of several of the Spectators."

The paper in which the above compliment is paid to Mr. Ince, is the concluding one of the seventh volume of the original *second* edition,* to which Steele signs his name, and in which he introduces the names of the principal writers. The Spectator was then laid down about a year and a half, in which interval the Guardian, and its sequel, the Englishman, were published. The time when the Spectator was revived, Dr. Johnson thought "unfavourable to literature," as "the succession of a new family to the throne filled the nation with anxiety, discord, and confusion." The attempt, however, was made (for which a whimsical reason is assigned in No. 632), and not unsuccessfully with respect to merit, but the sale was not so extensive as that of the preceding papers. They now came out only three times a-week, and Steele, it is thought,

* See vol. vi. of this edition, No. 555, note.

had no concern in it. Addison wrote above a fourth part, and conducted the whole with Eustace Budgell, whose share, if he had any, has not been ascertained. There are none of the papers lettered at the close, as in the preceding volumes, and Addison's contributions are marked in this edition upon the authority of Mr. Tickell, who collected them in his works.

In Dr. Johnson's opinion, this volume is more valuable than any of those which went before it. There is certainly more variety of style and manner in it, and perhaps of subject, but in general the papers are less lively, and have been less popular. Why the Spectator was revived after the Guardian had closed, and why it ends abruptly with a paper from a stranger, are questions which cannot now be resolved. There is some reason to think this eighth volume was a bookseller's project, who perhaps employed Budgell as editor, and engaged Addison as a writer.

Of the great success of the Spectator, both in papers and in volumes, we have unequivocal evidence from Steele's declaration, in No. 555, that an edition of the reprinted volumes, of above "nine thousand each book," were then sold off; such was the laudable avidity in those days for moral instruction and elegant amusement. The tax on each half sheet brought into the stamp-office, one week with another, above 20*l. per* week, notwithstanding it at first reduced the sale to less than half the number that was usually printed before the tax was imposed.

This stamp-duty took place, Aug. 1, 1712, and every single half sheet paid a halfpenny to the queen. "Have you seen," says Swift, "the stamp? Methinks the stamping is worth a halfpenny. The Observator is fallen; the Medleys are jumbled together with the Flying Post; the Examiner is deadly sick; the Spectator keeps up, and doubles its price." This increased the price of each paper to two-pence, the price, as we shall see afterwards, of periodical papers,* consisting of three half sheets elegantly printed on fine paper, while the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians, consisted of a single half sheet, printed on the vilest paper of which any specimens have descended to posterity.

But the exact amount of the daily sale has been, with some, the subject of much controversy. Dr. Johnson, estimating by the 20*l.* paid to the revenue weekly, gives 1680 for the daily number.† One of the annotators thinks that this calculation is not made with the Doctor's usual accuracy; that it is probable we ought to read "above 29*l.* instead of above 20*l.*" in Steele's concluding number; or, that admitting the other sum, it ought to be considered that the greatest number of the Spectators were actually published before the duty, on which the calculation rests, took place. It is added, on the express testimony of Dr. Fleetwood, in a letter to the then Bishop of Salisbury, that the daily sale amounted to *fourteen thousand.*

* Rambler, Adventurer, &c.

† In opposition to this we have Addison's declaration, that three thousand were sold daily about the commencement of the work. See No. 10.

Whatever the precise number was, it is certain that it far exceeded that of any preceding or contemporary work of the kind, and, it is almost needless to add, of any which has followed. The sale, however, was probably not steady; some papers, we are assured, were bought up with more eagerness than others, and to this, and to the frequent reading and careless handling of the original publications, it is no doubt owing that a perfect copy can so rarely be met with, notwithstanding the vast number sold.

It was reprinted in octavo, like the Tatler, at the price of one guinea *per* volume, and other editions at inferior prices were soon multiplied. It was also translated into French, but with the omission of some papers and parts of papers, which it is unnecessary to specify to any one acquainted with the work and the state of France at that period.

As there was a spurious Tatler, there was likewise an attempt to impose on the public by a spurious continuation of the Spectator, begun Monday, January 3, 1715, and concluded Monday, August 3. It was published on Mondays and Fridays, and consists of fifty-nine numbers, afterwards republished in 12mo. as "The Spectator, *volume ninth and last.*" My copy adds, "The fifth edition. Printed for W. Mears, at the Lamb, without Temple Bar, 1726."* It is far inferior to the spurious Tatler, and indeed

* One of the principal writers of this volume is said to have been Dr. George Sewell, of whom some account has been given in the preface to the Tatler.

to any imitation whatever of the works of Steele and Addison.

An humble wish to gratify the public induced some person to publish, in 1712 and 1713, a little volume, intitled "The mottos of the Tatlers and Spectators translated into English." This extends to the end of the seventh volume of the Spectator. The translations are in general very poorly executed.* Addison's acquaintance with the Roman classics, for it is not clear that he was eminent as a Greek scholar, enabled him to select very apposite lines for his various subjects. Dr. Warton remarks, in his "Essay on the Genius of Pope," that in applying to the poetical remains of Sappho the two lines of Phædrus contained in the motto of No. 223, Addison has hit upon one of the most elegant and happy applications that perhaps ever was made from any classic author. It may be necessary to inform some readers, that the authors of these papers, as well as their successors, occasionally changed a word or two in a classical quotation, that it might become more apposite to their subject. The translations in the latter editions are entirely new, and selected from the best poets, but no translations of any kind were printed with the volumes for many years after their first publication.

* The Rev. Thomas Broughton, one of the original writers of the Biographia Britannica, is said to have translated the mottos of the Spectator, Guardian, and Freeholder, as we now find them. Those of the Tatler were corrected and altered for the edition, with notes, printed in 1786, cr. 8vo. 6 vols.

Since the first edition of this Preface appeared,* I have been favoured with some information respecting the original of Sir Roger de Coverley's perverse widow, which ought not to be withheld, although it might have been placed with perhaps more propriety among the annotations. This information was lately communicated by the Rev. Duke Yonge, of Plympton, to my excellent and learned friend Mr. Archdeacon Nares, to whom I am immediately indebted for a copy.

"My attention," says Mr. Yonge, "was first drawn to this subject by a very vague tradition in the family of Sir Thomas Crawley Boevey, of Flaxley Abbey, in Gloucestershire, that Mrs. Catherine Boevey, widow of William Boevey, Esq., and who died January 21, 1726, was the original from whence the picture was drawn. She was left a widow at the early age of 22, and by her portrait (now at Flaxley Abbey, and drawn at a more advanced period of her life) appears to have been a woman of a handsome, dignified figure, as she is described to have been in the 113th number of the Spectator. She was a personage well known and much distinguished in her day, and is described very respectably in the New Atalantis, under the name of Portia.

"From these facts I was induced to examine whether any internal evidence could be traced in the Spectator to justify the tradition. The result of this inquiry is as follows:

"The papers in the Spectator which give the

* British Essayists, vol. vi. edit. 1803.

description of the Widow were certainly written by Steele; and that Mrs. Boevey was well known to Steele, and held by him in high estimation, is equally certain. He dedicates the three volumes of the "Lady's Library" to three different ladies, Lady Burlington, Mrs. Boevey, and Mrs. Steele; he describes each of them in terms of the highest commendation, but each of them is distinguished by very discriminating characteristics. However exalted the characters of Lady Burlington or Mrs. Steele, there is not one word in the dedication to either which corresponds to the character of the Widow, but the characters of Mrs. Boevey and the Widow are drawn with marks of very striking coincidence. No. 113 of the Spectator, as far as it relates to the Widow, is almost a parody on the character of Mrs. Boevey, as drawn in the dedication. Sir Roger tells his friend that she is a reading lady, and that her discourse was as learned as the best philosopher could possibly make. She reads upon the nature of plants, and understands every thing. In the dedication Steele says, "instead of Assemblies and Conversations, Books and Solitude have been your choice; you have charms of your own sex, and knowledge not inferior to the most learned of ours." In No. 118 "her superior merit is such," says Sir Roger, "that I cannot approach her without awe, my heart is checked by too much esteem." Dedication. "Your person and fortune equally raise the admiration and awe of our whole sex."

"She is described as having a Confident, as the

Knight calls her, to whom he expresses a peculiar aversion, No. 118 being chiefly on that subject. "Of all persons under the sun," says the good old Knight, "be sure to set a mark upon confidents." I know not whether the lady was deserving of the Knight's reprobation, but Mrs. Boevey certainly had a female friend of this description, of the name of Pope, who lived with her more than forty years, whom she left executrix, and who, it is believed in the family, did not execute her office in the most liberal manner.

"The character of Mrs. Boevey was deserving of all the applause which Steele bestows upon her; and though these coinciding marks do not prove that Mrs. Boevey and the Widow were the same, yet the presumption appears reasonable that he who drew the two portraits so much alike painted from the same original, and one he tells us himself was Mrs. Boevey.

"Two objections may be started against this presumptive evidence: that the Knight first saw the Widow at the assizes at Worcester, where she appeared, according to his account, to contest a law-suit.

"That this law-suit was in consequence of a dispute with the heir-at-law of her husband.

"There is no tradition of any such dispute having arisen; and if there had, as Mrs. Boevey's residence and the property she occupied was in Gloucestershire, Gloucester would have been the place where the issue must have been tried.

"I do not consider the objections as carrying much weight. Steele in delineating the character might reasonably be unwilling to describe her too closely; her residence at Flaxley Abbey was not far from the borders of Worcestershire, and the Knight, in making his first visit, speaks of his going *across* the country for that purpose.

"Mrs. Boevey was buried in the family vault at Flaxley, with an inscription on the walls of the chapel to her memory. There is also a monument in Westminster Abbey."

On this ingenious paper I have only to remark, that it carries as much probability as deductions from such facts can be expected to carry at this distance of time. It cannot, however, be improper to suggest to the reader, who may wish to examine the evidence more closely, that Mrs. Boevey was left a widow at the age of twenty-two, in the year 1691, and consequently, at the dates of the Spectators in which she is described, had arrived at the age of forty-two. Sir Roger is described as in his fifty-sixth year, a disproportion which seems not unsuitable to the character in which he is drawn, or to the unfortunate issue of his addresses.

DEDICATION*

TO THE

RIGHT HON. JOHN, LORD SOMERS,[a]

BARON OF EVESHAM.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD not act the part of an impartial Spectator, if I dedicated the following papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged merit.

None but a person of a finished character can be the proper patron of a work which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society.

I know that the homage I now pay you, is offering a kind of violence to one who is as solicitous to shun applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my lord, this is perhaps the only particular in which your prudence will be always disappointed.

* This dedication includes Nos. 1—80.

[a] This distinguished lawyer was born at Worcester in 1652. He was first taken notice of at the trial of the seven bishops, for whom he was one of the counsel. See page 75.

While justice, candour, equanimity, a zeal for the good of your country, and the most persuasive eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable distinctions, you are not to expect that the public will so far comply with your inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary qualities. It is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your share of merit in the many national services which you have effected. Do what you will, the present age will be talking of your virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice.[b]

Other men pass through oppositions and contending interests in the ways of ambition; but your great abilities have been invited to power, and importuned to accept of advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your lordship, who could bring into the service of your sovereign the arts and policies of ancient Greece and Rome; as well as the most exact knowledge of our own constitution in particular, and of the interests of Europe in general; to which I must also add, a certain dignity in yourself, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to those great honours which have been conferred upon you.

It is very well known how much the church owed to you, in the most dangerous day[c] it ever

[b] Mr. Walpole, for one, has done them justice, in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

[c] This most dangerous day was June 29, 1688, the very day on which the seven bishops, who had been committed to the tower by that wicked chancellor, Jefferys, for modestly petitioning king James II. to excuse them from reading his declaration of his dispensing power in matters of

saw, that of the arraignment of its prelates; and how far the civil power, in the late and present reign, has been indebted to your counsels and wisdom.

But to enumerate the great advantages which the public has received from your administration, would be a more proper work for an history, than for an address of this nature.

Your lordship appears as great in your private life, as in the most important offices which you have borne. I would, therefore, rather choose to speak of the pleasure you afford all who are admitted to your conversation, of your elegant taste in

religion, were tried in Westminster-hall, and acquitted, to the universal joy of the nation. In this famous trial, our author's patron, then only Mr. Somers, was one of the learned counsel for the bishops; and, for his noble defence of those prelates, who were then generally styled the 'seven golden candlesticks,' he was by king William made solicitor-general, May 7, 1689; then attorney-general, May 2, 1692; and lord keeper, 1693. April 21, 1697, he was created lord Somers, baron of Evesham, and made lord chancellor of England; from which post he was removed in 1700, and in 1701, impeached by the commons, but acquitted on his trial by the lords. He then retired to his studies, and was chosen president of the Royal Society. In 1706, he projected the union. In 1708, queen Anne made him lord president of the privy council: but, on the change of her ministry in 1710, he was also displaced. Towards the latter end of the queen's reign, he grew very infirm; which probably was the reason why he had no other post than a seat at the council-table at the accession of king George I. He died of an apoplectic fit, April 26, 1716, after having for some time unfortunately survived the powers of his understanding. This dedication gives a lively sketch of his character; but surely no man's was ever better depicted by a pen than this nobleman's is by Mr. Addison, in that admirable paper, intitled The Freeholder, published on the 4th of May, (the day of his lordship's interment,) to which the curious are referred. His writings are too well known to need enumeration, and too numerous to be mentioned within the compass of a note.

all the polite parts of learning, of your great humanity and complacency of manners, and of the surprising influence which is peculiar to you, in making every one who converses with your lordship prefer you to himself, without thinking the less meanly of his own talents. But if I should take notice of all that might be observed in your lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other character of distinction. I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

Most devoted humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

DEDICATION*

TO THE

RIGHT HON. CHARLES, LORD HALIFAX.[a]

MY LORD,

SIMILITUDE of manners and studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest motives to affec-

* This dedication includes Nos. 81—169.

[a] Charles Montague, grandson to an earl of Manchester, was taken much notice of at Cambridge, for his City and Country Mouse, a satire on Dryden. Being brought to court at the revolution, he was constituted one of the lords commissioners of the treasury, March 2, 1691-2; chancellor of the exchequer, in May 1694. The coin being exceedingly debased and diminished, he formed the design of calling in the money, and re-coining it, in 1695; which was effected in two years: to supply the immediate want of cash, he projected the issuing of exchequer-bills. For this service, he had the thanks of the house of commons in 1697. He was next year appointed first lord commissioner of the treasury; and resigning that post in June 1700, obtained a grant of the office of auditor of the receipt of the exchequer; and the same year, Dec. 13, was created baron Halifax. On the accession of George I. he was a member of the regency; was appointed first lord commissioner of the treasury, Oct. 5, 1714; created viscount Sunbury and earl of Halifax, Oct. 15; and died May 15, 1715.—Addison has celebrated this lord in his account of the greatest English poets. Steele has drawn his character in the second volume of the Spectator, and in the fourth of the Tatler; but Pope, in the portrait of Bufo, in the Epistle to Arbuthnot, has returned the ridicule which his lordship, in conjunction with Prior, had heaped on Dryden's Hind and Panther. Walpole's Catalogue, vol. ii. p. 116.

tion and esteem; but the passionate veneration I have for your lordship, I think, flows from an admiration of qualities in you, of which, in the whole course of these papers, I have acknowledged myself incapable. While I busy myself as a stranger upon earth, and can pretend to no other than being a looker-on, you are conspicuous in the busy and polite world, both in the world of men, and that of letters. While I am silent and unobserved in public meetings, you are admired by all that approach you, as the life and genius of the conversation. What an happy conjunction of the different talents meets in him whose whole discourse is at once animated by the strength and force of reason, and adorned with all the graces and embellishments of wit! When learning irradiates common life, it is then in its highest use and perfection; and it is to such as your lordship, that the sciences owe the esteem which they have with the active part of mankind. Knowledge of books, in recluse men, is like that sort of lantern, which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy paths of his own; but, in the possession of a man of business, it is, as a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to shew those who were bewildered the way which leads to their prosperity and welfare. A generous concern for your country, and a passion for every thing that is truly great and noble, are what actuate all your life and actions; and I hope you will forgive me that I have an ambition this book may be placed in the library

of so good a judge of what is valuable; in that library where the choice is such, that it will not be a disparagement to be the meanest author in it. Forgive me, my lord, for taking this occasion of telling all the world how ardently I love and honour you; and that I am, with the utmost gratitude for all your favours,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

Most obedient, and most humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

THE SPECTATOR.

No. 1, THURSDAY, March 1, 1710–11.[a]

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 143.

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.
Roscommon.

I have observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

[a] The last paper of the genuine Tatler, No. 271, came out Jan. 2, 1710–11, so that the Censorship of Great Britain had now been about two months, as Steele expresses it, "in commission," *i. e.* in the state of the great seal of England entrusted to a keeper or commissioners, when the chancellor is absent from the kingdom on public business, as the bishop of Bristol was in Q. Anne's reign, or in the intervals between the death or resignation of one chancellor and the nomination of another.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son, whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years.[b] There runs a story in the family, that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that during my nonage I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, 'that my parts were solid, and would wear well.' I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity

b It was strange, said Charles II. on a similar declaration, 'that there was not in all that time a wise man, or a fool, in the family.'

of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but shew it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that, having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid: and, as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.[c]

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance. Sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes

[c] A sarcasm on Mr. Greaves and his book intitled Pyramidographia, no less reprehensible than preceding sarcastic remarks on the Royal Society, the futility and invidiousness of which have been sufficiently shewn in various notes on the Tatler *passim*.—See Biogr. Brit. art. Greaves; Tatler, No. 216, No. 221, and notes.

I smoke a pipe at Child's;[d] and, whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politicks in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theatres both of Drury-lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind, than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband, or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker on,

[d] The situations of Will's, White's, and the Grecian coffee-houses, are ascertained likewise in the Tatler, No. 1, notes. Child's coffee-house was in St. Paul's church-yard, and the resort of the clergy; St. James's stood then where it does now; Jonathan's was in Change-alley, and the Rose tavern was on the outside of Temple-bar.

which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can in any way contribute to the diversion, or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose

me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason, likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public-weal. C.[d]

No. 2. FRIDAY, March 2, 1710–11.

——Ast alii sex
Et plures uno conclamant ore—

Juv. Sat. vii. 167

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir

d By Addison. The letter C signifies, probably, that it was written at Chelsea, where he had lodgings about this time.

Roger de Coverley.[e] His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square.[f] It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow[g] of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir

[e] The late Mr. Tyers, in an historical essay on Mr. Addison, 8vo. 1783, p. 42, says, that 'this character was understood to be drawn for Sir John Packington of Worcestershire, a tory, not without good sense, but abounding in absurdities.' The annotator did not find on enquiry, that the writer of the essay had any credible authority for the assertion, which is therefore only to be considered as a vague report. Mr. Tickell says, in the preface to his edition of Addison's works, p. xv. 'The characters here drawn by Steele, may serve as a *dramatis personæ*, or so many pictures for ornament, and explication of the whole.' It seems then to have been Mr. Tickell's opinion, that the account of the Spectator and the club are altogether fictitious, and contrived merely to give novelty and variety to the work. The members of the society are selected from the most conspicuous classes of mankind; the character of the Spectator, and that of Sir Roger, are new, and supported with infinite humour. By this contrivance, the instruction of didactic, is happily united with the entertainment of dramatic writers, and the reader is agreeably amused and edified by actions, characters, and examples, rather than by precept.

[f] At that time the genteelest part of the town. See the old map.

[g] The annotator hopes soon to be able to give a circumstantial and well-authenticated account of the real lady alluded to, under the character of this widow.

George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson[h] in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gypsies: but this is looked upon by his friends, rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session

[h] This fellow was a noted sharper, swaggerer, and debauchee about town, at the time here pointed out: he was well known in Black Friars and its then infamous purlieus. Oldys affirms on the authority of old John Bowman the player, that the character of Captain Hackam, in Shadwell's comedy called the Squire of Alsatia, was drawn to expose bully Dawson. Oldys's MS. notes on Langbaine's Lives, &c. p. 450, B. Museum. See the Squire of Alsatia, in the London Cries and Habits by Lauroon, 74 half sheets. Printed and sold by P. Tempest, &c. 1711.

with great abilities, and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business: exactly at five he passes through New-

Inn, crosses through Russel-court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose.[i] It is for the good of the audience when he is at the play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London: a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts; and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that, if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, among which the greatest favourite is, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself; and says, that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that

[i] See No. 1, note.

there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry,[k] a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession, where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for says he, that great man who has a mind to help me has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore, he will conclude, that a man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindi-

k It has been said, that the real person alluded to under this name was C. Kempenfelt, father of the admiral Kempenfelt who deplorably lost his life, when the Royal George of 100 guns sunk at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782.

cation. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb,[1] a gentleman, who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life; but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well; and remembers habits, as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat; and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his con-

[1] It has been said that a Colonel Cleland was supposed to have been the real person alluded to under this character. See the dedications of Nos 556—635 of the Spectator, and note.

versation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan, from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, 'He has good blood in his veins; Tom Mirabel begot him; the rogue cheated me in that affair; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to.' This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has had the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and, consequently, cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines, what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity

of his life create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions. R.[m]

No. 3. SATURDAY, March 3, 1710-11.

—Quoi quisque ferè studio devinctus adhæret
Aut quibus in rebus multùm sumus antè morati,
Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens,
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.

Lucr. l. iv. 959.

——What studies please, what most delight,
And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at night.

Creech.

In one of my late rambles, or rather speculations, I looked into the great hall where the bank is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they act in that just and regular economy. This revived in my memory the many discourses which I had both read and heard concerning the decay of public credit, with the methods of restoring it; and which, in my opinion, have always been defective, because they have always been made with an eye to separate interests and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night; so that I fell insensibly

[m] By Steele.

into a kind of methodical dream, which disposed all my contemplations into a vision, or allegory, or what else the reader shall please to call it.

Methought I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before; but to my surprise, instead of the company that I left there, I saw, towards the upper end of the hall, a beautiful virgin, seated on a throne of gold. Her name (as they told me) was Public Credit. The walls, instead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many acts of parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the magna charta, with the act of uniformity on the right hand, and the act of toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the act of settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the virgin that sat upon the throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such acts of parliament as had been made for the establishment of public funds. The lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her eye with them, and often smiled with a secret pleasure as she looked upon them; but, at the same time, shewed a very particular uneasiness if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared, indeed, infinitely timorous in all her behaviour: and whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she was troubled with vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her well-wishers, she changed colour, and startled at every thing she heard. She was likewise (as I afterwards found) a greater valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own sex, and subject to such momentary consumptions, that in the twinkling of an eye she would

fall away from the most florid complexion and the most healthful state of body, and wither into a skeleton. Her recoveries were often as sudden as her decays, insomuch that she would revive in a moment out of a wasting distemper, into a habit of the highest health and vigour.

I had very soon an opportunity of observing these quick turns and changes in her constitution. There sat at her feet a couple of secretaries, who received every hour letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and according to the news she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed colour, and discovered many symptoms of health or sickness.

Behind the throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled one upon another so high that they touched the ceiling. The floor on her right hand, and on her left, was covered with vast sums of gold, that rose up in pyramids on either side of her. But this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon inquiry, that she had the same virtue in her touch, which the poets tell us a Lydian king was formerly possessed of; and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal.

After a little dizziness, and confused hurry of thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methought the hall was alarmed, the doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous phantoms that I had ever seen (even in a dream) before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the most dissociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and persons;

for which reason I shall only inform my reader, that the first couple were Tyranny and Anarchy; the second were Bigotry and Atheism; the third, the Genius of a Commonwealth and a young man of about twenty-two years of age,[n] whose name I could not learn. He had a sword in his right hand, which in the dance he often brandished at the act of settlement; and a citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my ear, that he saw a spunge in his left hand.[o] The dance of so many jarring natures put me in mind of the sun, moon, and earth, in the Rehearsal,[p] that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the lady on the throne would have been almost frightened to distraction, had she seen but any one of these spectres: what then must have been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted and died away at the sight.

'Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori;
Nec vigor, et vires, et quæ modò visa placebant;
Nec corpus remanet———' Ovid. Met. iii. 491.

———'Her spirits faint,
Her blooming cheeks assume a pallid teint,
And scarce her form remains.'

There was as great a change in the hill of money-bags, and the heaps of money, the former shrinking, and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money.

The rest, that took up the same space and made the same figure as the bags that were really filled

[n] James Stuart, the pretended Prince of Wales, born June 10, 1688. See Tat. No. 187.

[o] To wipe out the national debt.

[p] Rehearsal, act v. sc. 1.

with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind, which, Homer tells us, his hero received as a present from Æolus. The great heaps of gold on either side the throne now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles, like Bath faggots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished. In the room of the frightful spectres, there now entered a second dance of apparitions, very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms: the first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand; the second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third, a person whom I had never seen,[q] with the Genius of Great Britain. At the first entrance, the lady revived; the bags swelled to their former bulk; the piles of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: and, for my own part, I was so transported with joy, that I awaked, though I must confess I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision, if I could have done it.

C.[r]

No. 4. MONDAY, March 5, 1710–11.

——Egregii mortalem altique silenti?
Hor. 2 Sat. vi. 58.
One of uncommon silence and reserve.

An author, when he first appears in the world, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but

q The elector of Hanover, afterwards George I.

r By Addison, dated, as the signature is supposed to imply, from Chelsea, where he lived much about this time.

his performances. With a good share of this vanity in my heart, I made it my business these three days to listen after my own fame; and as I have sometimes met with circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me as much mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this time observed some part of the species to be; what mere blanks they are when they first come abroad in the morning; how utterly they are at a stand, until they are set a-going by some paragraph in a newspaper.

Such persons are very acceptable to a young author, for they desire no more in any thing but to be new, to be agreeable. If I found consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the incapacity of others. These are mortals, who have a certain curiosity without power of reflection, and perused my papers like spectators rather than readers. But there is so little pleasure in inquiries that so nearly concern ourselves (it being the worst way in the world to fame, to be too anxious about it), that, upon the whole, I resolved for the future to go on in my ordinary way; and, without too much fear or hope about the business of reputation, to be very careful of the design of my actions, but very negligent of the consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous pursuit to act by any other rule than the care of satisfying our own minds in what we do. One would think a silent man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very little liable to misrepresentation; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a jesuit, for no other reason but my profound taciturnity. It is from this misfortune, that, to be out of harm's way, I have ever since affected crowds. He who

comes into assemblies only to gratify his curiosity, and not to make a figure, enjoys the pleasures of retirement in a more exquisite degree than he possibly could in his closet; the lover, the ambitious, and the miser, are followed thither by a worse crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude. I can very justly say with the ancient sage, 'I am never less alone than when alone.'

As I am insignificant to the company in public places, and as it is visible I do not come thither, as most do, to shew myself, I gratify the vanity of all who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, as a poet would bestow upon one of his audience. There are so many gratifications attend this public sort of obscurity, that some little distastes I daily receive have lost their anguish; and I did, the other day, without the least displeasure overhear one say of me, that strange fellow; and another answer, I have known the fellow's face these twelve years, and so must you; but I believe you are the first ever asked who he was. There are, I must confess, many to whom my person is as well known as that of their nearest relations, who give themselves no further trouble about calling me by my name or quality, but speak of me very currently by Mr. What-d'ye-call-him.

To make up for these trivial disadvantages, I have the high satisfaction of beholding all nature with an unprejudiced eye; and, having nothing to do with men's passions or interests, I can, with the greater sagacity, consider their talents, manners, failings, and merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want any one sense possess the others with greater force and vivacity. Thus, my want of, or rather resignation of speech, gives me all the advantages of a dumb man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary penetration in seeing; and flatter myself that I have looked into the highest and lowest of mankind, and made shrewd guesses, without being admitted to their conversation, at the inmost thoughts and reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill-fortune has no manner of force towards affecting my judgment. I see men flourishing in courts, and languishing in jails, without being prejudiced, from their circumstances, to their favour or disadvantage; but, from their inward manner of bearing their condition, often pity the prosperous, and admire the unhappy.

Those who converse with the dumb know, from the turn of their eyes and the changes of their countenance, their sentiments of the objects before them. I have indulged my silence to such an extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me answer my smiles with concurrent sentences, and argue to the very point I shaked my head at, without my speaking. Will Honeycomb was very entertaining the other night at a play, to a gentleman who sat on his right hand, while I was at his left. The gentleman believed Will was talking to himself, when, upon my looking with great approbation at a young thing in a box before us, he said, 'I am quite of another opinion. She has, I will allow, a very pleasing aspect; but, methinks, that simplicity in her countenance is rather childish than innocent.' When I observed her a second time, he said, 'I grant her dress is very becoming; but, perhaps,

the merit of that choice is owing to her mother; for though,' continued he, 'I allow a beauty to be as much to be commended for the elegance of her dress, as a wit for that of his language; yet if she has stolen the colour of her ribands from another, or had advice about her trimmings, I shall not allow her the praise of dress, any more than I would call a plagiary an author.' When I threw my eye towards the next woman to her, Will spoke what I looked, according to his romantic imagination, in the following manner:—

'Behold, you who dare, that charming virgin: behold the beauty of her person chastised by the innocence of her thoughts. Chastity, good nature, and affability, are the graces that play in her countenance; she knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious beauty, adorned with conscious virtue! What a spirit is there in those eyes! What a bloom in that person! How is the whole woman expressed in her appearance! Her air has the beauty of motion, and her look the force of language.'

It was prudence to turn away my eyes from this object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless creatures who make up the lump of that sex, and move a knowing eye no more than the portraitures of insignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures.

Thus, the working of my own mind is the general entertainment of my life: I never enter into the commerce of discourse with any but my particular friends, and not in public even with them. Such an habit has perhaps raised in me uncommon reflections; but this effect I cannot communicate but by my writings. As my pleasures are almost

wholly confined to those of the sight, I take it for a peculiar happiness that I have always had an easy and familiar admittance to the fair sex. If I never praised or flattered, I never belied or contradicted them. As these compose half the world, and are, by the just complaisance and gallantry of our nation, the more powerful part of our people, I shall dedicate a considerable share of these my speculations to their service; and shall lead the young through all the becoming duties of virginity, marriage, and widowhood. When it is a woman's day, in my works, I shall endeavour at a style and air suitable to their understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their entertainment, is not to be debased, but refined. A man may appear learned, without talking sentences; as in his ordinary gesture he discovers he can dance, though he does not cut capers. In a word, I shall take it for the greatest glory of my work, if among reasonable women this paper may furnish tea-table talk. In order to it, I shall treat on matters which relate to females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other sex, or as they are tied to them by blood, interest, or affection. Upon this occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that, whatever skill I may have in speculation, I shall never betray what the eyes of lovers say to each other in my presence. At the same time I shall not think myself obliged by this promise to conceal any false protestations which I observe made by glances in public assemblies; but endeavour to make both sexes appear in their conduct what they are in their hearts. By this means, love, during the time of my speculations, shall be carried on with the same sin-

cerity as any other affair of less consideration. As this is the greatest concern, men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest reproach for misbehaviour in it. Falsehood in love shall hereafter bear a blacker aspect than infidelity in friendship, or villany in business. For this great and good end, all breaches against that noble passion, the cement of society, shall be severely examined. But this, and all other matters loosely hinted at now, and in my former papers, shall have their proper place in my following discourses. The present writing is only to admonish the world, that they shall not find me an idle but a very busy Spectator. R.[8]

No. 5. TUESDAY, March 6, 1710–11.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?
Hor. Ars Poet, ver. 5.
Admitted to the sight, would you not laugh?

An opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common sense, however, requires that there should be nothing in the scenes and machines which may appear childish and absurd. How would the wits of King Charles's time have laughed, to have seen Nicolini exposed to a tempest in robes of ermine, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of pasteboard? What a field of raillery would they

[8] By Steele. Sir R. Steele, about the years 1715 and 1716, wrote the paper intitled The Town Talk, and another called The Tea Table.

It is not certainly known to what numbers these papers extended, as they were not reprinted after their first appearance in a folio form.

have been led into, had they been entertained with painted dragons spitting wild-fire, enchanted chariots drawn by Flanders mares, and real cascades in artificial landscapes? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide champaign country filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decoration partly real, and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said to the directors, as well as to the admirers of our modern opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with myself what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking what he had upon his shoulder, he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the opera. Sparrows for the opera! says his friend, licking his lips; what, are they to be roasted? No, no, says the other; they are to enter towards the end of the first act, and to fly about the stage.

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far, that I immediately bought the opera, by which means I perceived that the sparrows were to act the part of singing birds in a delightful grove; though, upon a nearer inquiry, I found the sparrows put the same trick upon the audience that sir Martin Mar-

all[t] practised upon his mistress: for though they flew in sight, the music proceeded from a concert of flagelets and bird-calls, which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found, by the discourse of the actors, that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprise the audience with a party of an hundred horse; and that there was actually a project of bringing the New-river into the house, to be employed in jetdeaus and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed till the summer season; when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter season, the opera of Rinaldo is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fire-works; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are several engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen.[u] However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to insure his house before he would let this opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that those scenes should be

[t] A comedy by J. Dryden, borrowed from Quinault's Amant Indiscret and the Etourdi of Molière. The duke of Newcastle gave it to Dryden, who adapted it to the stage; and it is entered on the books of the stationers' company, as the production of that nobleman.

[u] An alarm of fire having occasioned great confusion in the playhouse, a manager came forward, and begged the audience to be composed, for he had the pleasure to assure them that there was water enough a-top to drown them all.

very surprising, which were contrived by two poets of different nations, and raised by two magicians of different sexes. Armida (as we are told in the argument) was an Amazonian enchantress, and poor Signior Cassani (as we learn from the persons represented) a Christian conjurer (*Mago Christiano*). I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the black art, or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the magician, should deal with the devil.

To consider the poets after the conjurers, I shall give you a taste of the Italian from the first lines of his preface: '*Eccoti, benigno lettore, un parto di poche sere, che se ben nato di notte, non è però aborto di tenebre, mà si farà conoscere figlio d'Apollo con qualche raggio di Parnasso.*'—'Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which, though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus.' He afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer Handel the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of style, that he composed this opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of, before they have been two years at the university. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but to show that there is nothing in

this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians, such as Cicero and Virgil, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those authors much more than the modern Italians pretend to do. And as for the poet himself, from whom the dreams of this opera[w] are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur Boileau,[x] that one verse in Virgil is worth all the clinquant or tinsel of Tasso.

But to return to the sparrows. There have been so many flights of them let loose in this opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them: and that in other plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper scenes, so as to be seen flying in a lady's bedchamber, or perching upon a king's throne; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of casting into an opera, the story of Whittington and his Cat,[y] and that, in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of mice; but Mr. Rich, the proprietor of the playhouse, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all; and that, consequently, the princes of his stage might be as much infested with mice, as the prince of the island was before the cat's arrival upon it; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him; for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that

[w] Rinaldo, an opera, 8vo. 1711. The plan by Aaron Hill; the Italian words by sign. G. Rossi; and the music by Handel. It is neither better nor worse than most other operas, but was uncommonly successful; Walsh, it is said, got 1,500*l.* by printing it.

[x] Euvres de Boileau, Sat. ix.

[y] See more of the puppet-show of Whittington and his Cat, No. 14; and Tat. in 6 vols. vol. v. p. 412.

any of the performers in our opera pretend to equal the famous pied piper,[z] who made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot between London and Wise[a] (who will be appointed gardeners of the playhouse) to furnish the opera of Rinaldo and Armida with an orange-grove; and that, the next time it is acted, the singing birds will be personated by tom-tits, the undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience. C.[b]

No. 6. WEDNESDAY, March 7, 1710–11.

Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat———
Juv. Sat. xiii. 54.

'Twas impious then (so much was age revered)
For youth to keep their seats when an old man appear'd.

I know no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding; and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind; and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than of honesty and virtue. But this unhap-

[z] June 26, 1284, the rats and mice by which Hamelen was infested, were allured, it is said, by a piper, to a contiguous river, in which they were all drowned.

[a] London and Wise were the Queen's gardeners at this time, and jointly concerned in the publication of a book on gardening.

[b] By Addison, dated, perhaps, from Chelsea, where he had country lodgings at this time. See No. 7: final notes.

py affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason, Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being, than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's-inn-fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a trull at night, is not half so despicable a wretch as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion: and, while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every man who terminates his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions, is, says Sir Roger, in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. 'But,' continued he, 'for the loss of public and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an

air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible, in proportion to what more he robs the public of and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good: and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding; without this, a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion.'

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked intentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. 'What I aim at,' says he, 'is to represent, that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings, and neglect our manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion; but, instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man.' This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also at some times of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste. Sir Richard Black-

more[c] says, with as much good sense as virtue, 'It is a mighty shame and dishonour to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humour and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation.' He goes on soon after to say very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem[d] 'to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers; to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions; and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity.' This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public; and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis; and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humour another. To follow the dictates of the two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks, can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there any thing so just as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreea-

[c] See. Tat. Nos. 3, 14. Spect. Nos. 6, 339.
[d] Creation. See preface, Spect. No. 333, and note.

ble to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there any thing more common, than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors, is founded, methinks, upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age! I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance, that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

'It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man

cried out,—The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it.' R.[e]

No. 7. THURSDAY, March 8, 1710–11.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
Hor. 2, Ep. ii. 208.
Visions, and magic spells, can you despise,
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies?

Going yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a very strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' said she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. 'Thursday!' says she; 'No, child; if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with

[e] By Steele, who, it is thought, commonly distinguished his original papers by this mark, and generally used the letter T as an editorial signature; but there are instances, perhaps, that apparently militate against this supposition.

myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person who had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single.' My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table; and, being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. 'Do not you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?'—'Yes,' says he, 'my dear; and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.' The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the

figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect: for which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognosticks; a rusty nail or a crooked pin shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine, taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirm-

ed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sybils, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frighted out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil), and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befal me. I would not anticipate the relish of any

happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help; and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them. C.[f]

[f] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from Chelsea. See No. 5, note *ad fin.*

The signature of Addison's papers in the Spect. occur in this order; 1, C—2, L—3, I—4, O: of the real meaning of them probably no unexceptionable explication can now be given; but it is not very credible that Addison adopted these letters, and placed them in this order, merely because the combination of them made up the name of the Muse CLIO. The idea of their being the initials of the places from which Addison dated his papers is a mere conjecture, which the conjecturer would gladly exchange for a more satisfactory explanation. See No. 555; and a vague passage in Steele's dedication of The Drummer to Mr. Congreve, relative to the signature, and transcribed as a proper note on Spect. No. 221.

No. 8. FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1710–11.

At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepsit,
Et multo nebulæ circùm Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos——
VIRG. Æn. i. 415.

They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds.
DRYDEN.

I SHALL here communicate to the world a couple of letters, which I believe will give the reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furnish him with, and therefore shall make no apology for them:

'TO THE SPECTATOR, &c.

'SIR,

'I am one of the directors of the society for the reformation of manners, and therefore think myself a proper person for your correspondence. I have thoroughly examined the present state of religion in Great Britain, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant vice of every market town in the whole island. I can tell you the progress that virtue has made in all our cities, boroughs, and corporations; and know as well the evil practices that are committed in Berwick or Exeter, as what is done in my own family. In a word, sir, I have my correspondents in the remotest parts of the nation, who send me up punctual accounts from time to time of all the little irregularities that fall under their several districts and divisions.

'I am no less acquainted with the particular quarters and regions of this great town, than with the different parts and distributions of the whole nation. I can describe every parish by its impieties;

and can tell you in which of our streets lewdness prevails; which gaming has taken the possession of; and where drunkenness has got the better of them both. When I am disposed to raise a fine for the poor, I know the lanes and alleys that are inhabited by common swearers. When I would encourage the hospital of Bridewell, and inprove the hempen manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the haunts and resorts of female night-walkers.

After this short account of myself, I must let you know, that the design of this paper is to give you information of a certain irregular assembly, which I think falls very properly under your observation, especially since the persons it is composed of are criminals too considerable for the animadversions of our society. I mean, sir, the Midnight Mask, which has of late been frequently held in one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, and which I hear will be continued with additions and improvements.[g] As all the persons who compose this lawless assembly are masked, we dare not attack any of them in our way, lest we should send a woman of quality to Bridewell, or a peer of Great Britain to the Counter: besides that their numbers are so very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout our whole fraternity, though we were accompanied with all our guard of constables. Both these reasons, which secure them from our authority, make them obnoxious to yours; as both their disguise and their numbers will give no particular person reason to think himself affronted by you.

If we are rightly informed, the rules that are observed by this new society are wonderfully con-

[g] See Nos. 14, 101.

trived for the advancement of cuckoldom. The women either come by themselves, or are introduced by their friends, who are obliged to quit them, upon their first entrance, to the conversation of any body that addresses himself to them. There are several rooms where the parties may retire, and, if they please, shew their faces by consent. Whispers, squeezes, nods, and embraces, are the innocent freedoms of the place. In short, the whole design of this libidinous assembly seems to terminate in assignations and intrigues; and I hope you will take effectual methods, by your public advice and admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous multitude of both sexes from meeting together in so clandestine a manner.

'I am your humble servant, and fellow-labourer,

'T. B.'

Not long after the perusal of this letter, I received another upon the same subject; which, by the date and style of it, I take to be written by some young Templar:

'Sir, Middle Temple, 1710–11.

'When a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the best atonement he can make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like. In order to do this, I must acquaint you, that some time in February last I went to the Tuesday's masquerade. Upon my first going in I was attacked by half a dozen female quakers, who seemed willing to adopt me for a brother; but upon a nearer examination I found they were a sisterhood of coquettes, disguised in that precise habit. I was soon after taken out to dance, and, as I fancied, by a woman of the first

quality, for she was very tall, and moved gracefully. As soon as the minuet was over, we ogled one another through our masks; and as I am very well read in Waller, I repeated to her the four following verses out of his poem to Vandyke:

> "The heedless lover does not know
> Whose eyes they are that wound him so;
> But, confounded with thy art,
> Inquires her name that has his heart."

'I pronounced these words with such a languishing air, that I had some reason to conclude I had made a conquest. She told me that she hoped my face was not akin to my tongue; and looking upon her watch, I accidentally discovered the figure of a coronet on the back of it. I was so transported with the thought of such an amour, that I plied her from one room to another with all the gallantries I could invent; and at length brought things to so happy an issue, that she gave me a private meeting the next day, without page or footman, coach or equipage. My heart danced in raptures, but I had not lived in this golden dream above three days, before I found good reason to wish that I had continued true to my laundress. I have since heard, by a very great accident, that this fine lady does not live far from Covent-garden, and that I am not the first cully whom she has passed herself upon for a countess.

'Thus, sir, you see how I have mistaken a cloud for a Juno; and if you can make any use of this adventure, for the benefit of those who may possibly be as vain young coxcombs as myself, I do most heartily give you leave.

'I am, Sir, your most humble admirer,

'B. L.'

I design to visit the next masquerade myself, in the same habit I wore at Grand Cairo;[h] and till then shall suspend my judgment of this midnight entertainment.[i] C.[k]

*** Letters for the Spectator to be left with Mr. Buckley, at the Dolphin, in Little Britain.—Spect. in folio

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No. 9. SATURDAY, March 10, 1710–11.

——Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit ursis.
Juv. Sat. xv. 163.
Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.
Tate.

Man is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe that we take all occasions and pretensions of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a-week upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market-town in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances; the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding doors. If a candidate for this

[h] See Spect. No. 1.

[i] Nos. 14, 101, and notes on the masquerade.

[k] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from Chelsea. See No. 7, note *ad fin.*

corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three ton.

In opposition to this society, there sprung up another composed of scarecrows and skeletons, who, being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs; by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the club, or rather the confederacy, of the Kings. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of king Charles the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in this surname of King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with republican and anti-monarchical principles.

A christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club. That of the George's, which used to meet at the sign of the George on St. George's day, and swear, 'Before George,' is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present in several parts of this city what they call street clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in Ormond-street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me there was at that time a very good club in it; he also told me, upon further discourse with him, that two or three noisy country squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the club (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for it of a sociable nature and good conversation.

The Hum-Drum club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member, was made up of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The Mum club (as I am informed) is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the reign of king Charles the Second: I mean, the club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The president of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single combat; and, as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shewn a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club, consisting only of men of honour, did not continue

long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-cat[l] itself is said to have taken its original from a mutton-pie. The Beef-steak[m] and October clubs are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.

When men are thus knit together by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and cheerful conversation; there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this paper with a scheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little alehouse. How I came thither I may inform

[l] An account of this club, which took its name from Christopher Cat, the maker of their mutton pies, has been given in the new edition of the Tatler, with notes, in 6 vols. The portraits of its members were drawn by Kneller, who was himself one of their number; and all portraits of the same dimensions and form are at this time called kit-cat pictures. The original portraits are now the property of William Baker, Esq., to whom they came by inheritance from J. Tonson, who was secretary to the club. It was originally formed in Shire-lane, about the time of the trial of the seven bishops, for a little free evening conversation; but, in Queen Anne's reign, comprehended above forty noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank for quality, merit, and fortune, firm friends to the Hanoverian succession.

[m] Of this club, it is said, that Mrs. Woffington, the only woman in it, was president; Richard Estcourt the comedian was their providore, and, as an honourable badge of his office, wore a small gridiron of gold hung round his neck with a green silk riband.

my reader at a more convenient time. These laws were enacted by a knot of artizans and mechanics, who used to meet every night; and, as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

RULES

To be observed in the Two-penny club, erected in this place for the preservation of friendship and good neighbourhood.

I. Every member at his first coming in shall lay down his two-pence.

II. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.

III. If any member absents himself, he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.

IV. If any member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.

V. If any member tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie an half-penny.

VI. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club for him.

VII. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.

VIII. If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door.

IX. If any member calls another a cuckold, he shall be turned out of the club.

X. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any member of it.

XI. None of the club shall have his clothes or shoes made or mended, but by a brother member.

XII. No non-juror shall be capable of being a member.

The morality of this little club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties, that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of Ben Jonson, the regulations of an old Roman club cited by Lipsius, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient Greek author.[n] C.[o]

No. 10. MONDAY, March 12, 1710–11.

Non alter quàm qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit: si brachia fortè remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.
Virg. Georg. i. 201.

So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.
Dryden.

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day:[p] so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest com-

[n] See rules for a club formerly established in Philadelphia. Supplement to Dr. Franklin's Works, 8vo. p. 533. Secret History of Clubs, &c. 8vo. 1709: re-published with additions, 12mo. 1746. Truth and falsehood are so blended in this catch-penny book, that it is difficult to collect any certain information from it. The last edition is worse than the first.

[o] By Addison, dated, perhaps, from Chelsea. See Nos. 6, 7, final notes.

[p] 'Ces discours ont paru d'abord un a un, sur des feuilles volantes, en forme de gazettes, et il s'en est debite jusques à vingt mille par jour, &c.'
Le Spectatuer, Pref.

See Tatler, with notes, Vol. vi. No 271, p. 452, note on Dr. Johnson's calculation, &c.

putation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age has fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

I would, therefore, in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up

and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that, where the Spectator appears, the other public prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable.

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies; I mean, the fraternity of Spectators who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, fellows of the royal society,[q] templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stir-

[p] See New Tatler, Nos. 216, 221, 236, and notes on the illiberal treatment of the R. S.

ring; and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper; and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribands is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of

knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male-beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent, if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments, of the sex. In the mean while, I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day: but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery. C.[r]

[r] By Addison, dated, perhaps, from Chelsea. See Nos. 6, 7, final notes.

No. 11. TUESDAY, March 13, 1710–11.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.

Juv. Sat. ii. 63.

The doves are censur'd, while the crows are spar'd.

Arietta is visited by all persons of both sexes who have any pretence to wit and gallantry, She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth or infirmities of age; and her conversation is so mixed with gayety and prudence, that she is agreeable both to the young and the old. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable; and, as she is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their interests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance by my friend Will Honeycomb, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly, as a civil inoffensive man. I found her accompanied with one person only, a common-place talker, who upon my entrance arose, and, after a very slight civility, sat down again; then turning to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I found was upon the old topic of constancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and, with the ornaments of insignificant laughs and gestures, enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and songs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the general levity of women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself be-

fore a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, till the larum ceased of itself; which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated story of the Ephesian Matron.

Arietta seemed to regard this piece of raillery as an outrage done to her sex; as indeed I have always observed that women, whether out of a nicer regard to their honour, or what other reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general aspersions which are cast upon their sex, than men are by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered herself from the serious anger she was in, she replied in the following manner:

'Sir, when I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this subject is, and that the story you have given us is not quite two thousand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of presumption to dispute with you: but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. The man, walking with that noble animal, shewed him, in the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion. Upon which the lion said very justly, "We lions are none of us painters, else we could shew a hundred men killed by lions, for one lion killed by a man." You men are writers; and can represent us women as unbecoming as you please in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your discourse, that hypocrisy is the very foundation of our education; and that an ability to dissemble our affections, is a professed part of our breeding. These, and such other reflections are sprinkled up and down the writings of all ages, by authors, who

leave behind them memorials of their resentment against the scorn of particular women, in invectives against the whole sex. Such a writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated Petronius, who invented the pleasant aggravations of the frailty of the Ephesian lady; but when we consider this question between the sexes, which has been either a point of dispute or raillery ever since there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from such as have not either ambition or capacity to embellish their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amusing myself with Ligon's[s]

[s] The plan of this edition admits of very little enlargement; but a story so singular cannot well be passed over without some illustration. The very little that can be said of it here, is taken from a French work too expensive to be common, and unrivalled in its kind. Ligon, on whose authority the whole relation is ultimately rested, was in Barbadoes when this detestable transaction happened; and his account, written with great simplicity, has intrinsic marks of veracity. His description of Yarico is interesting, and he tells the sad story of her wrongs with commendable simplicity and honest indignation. This lovely Indian soon found an admirer in the house of bondage, and not long after proved with child to a white domestic in the family of her master. When the time of her labor came, she secretly withdrew into a wood, from which she returned three hours after, bearing in her arms, with great gayety, the fruit of her love, that promised in time to be as beautiful as its mother. Her fellow slaves were not sufficiently numerous to undertake the revenge of her injuries, but they contrived to communicate their resentment to all the negroes in the island. Yarico's flagrant ill-treatment, in concurrence with severities inflicted on slaves, or said to have been inflicted, by hard-hearted masters about this time, became the cause, or the occasion, of an alarming conspiracy of the negroes for a general massacre, and, in 1649, went very nigh to have cost the lives of all the English in Barbadoes. The intended insurrection was happily discovered but just in time to prevent the perpetration of the mischief, in consequence of the lenity and kindness of an Englishman to his negro slave, who was in confederacy with the unfortunate people of his complexion. For particulars, the curious must be referred to the Hist. Gen. des Voyages, tom. xv. liv. viii. p. 598, 599, 19 tomes 4to. Paris; and A true and exact History of Barbadoes, &c., by Richard Ligon, gent. fol. 1673, p. 55, &c. in which book there are passages that illustrate and authenticate, in several respects, the account of the Courten family given in the Tatler, in six vols. with notes, vol. vi. *ad finem;* now inserted more accurately, with the life of William Courten, Esq. in the new edition of the Biographia Britannica.

Account of Barbadoes; and, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico.

"Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, in the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to

each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and bredes. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being

exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

"To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considerations, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him; but he only made use of that information to rise in his demands upon the purchaser."

I was so touched with this story (which I think should be always a counterpart to the Ephesian Matron) that I left the room with tears in my eyes, which a woman of Arietta's good sense did, I am sure, take for greater applause than any compliments I could make her. R.[t]

[t] By Steele. See Note on signature R, No. 6, *ad fin.*

No. 12. WEDNESDAY, March 14, 1710–11.

——Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.
Pers. Sat. v. 92.
I root th' old woman from thy trembling heart.

At my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an advertisement of the Daily Courant, in the following words: 'Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; if any one can give notice of him to R. B., fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.' As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years: my

coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire, I point to my chimney; if water, to my basin; upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not to disturb the gentleman. At my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried Pish, and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress (though I am by) whether the gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress (who is indeed an excellent housewife) scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house, and enter into all companies with the same liberty as a cat or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their discourse, but my landlady's daughters telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman (for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family), they went on without minding me. I seated my-

self by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and, pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moon-light, and of others that had been conjured into the Red-sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their curtains at midnight; with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire. I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so very attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelvemonth. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had

marched up against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons who have been terrified, even to distraction, at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bullrush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, 'to pull the old woman out of our hearts,' (as Persius expresses it in the motto of my paper,) and extinguish those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their absurdity. Or, if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an interest in Him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hand, and moderates them after such a manner, that it is impossible for one being to break loose upon another without his knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think ourselves most alone: but instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same consort of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in paradise; and had doubt-

less his eye upon a verse in old Hesiod, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage:

——'Nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night and lift our thoughts to heav'n.'

C.[u] PARAD. LOST.

No. 13. THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1710–11.

Dic mihi, si fias tu leo, qualis eris?
MART. xii. 93.
Were you a lion, how would you behave?

THERE is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signior Nicolini's[w] combat with a lion in the Haymarket, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain. Upon the first rumour of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame lion sent from the tower every opera night, in order to be killed by Hydaspes. This report, though altogether

[u] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from Chelsea. See No. 7, note on the signatures C, L, I, O, *ad finem*.

[w] See Tatler, No. 115, and note on S. Nicolini.

groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper regions of the playhouse, that some of the most refined politicians in those parts of the audience gave it out in a whisper that the lion was a cousin-german of the tiger who made his appearance in King William's days, and that the stage would be supplied with lions at the public expense during the whole session. Many likewise were the conjectures of the treatment which this lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior Nicolini: some supposed that he was to subdue him in recitativo, as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the hero, by reason of his received opinion, that a lion will not hurt a virgin: several, who pretended to have seen the opera in Italy, had informed their friends, that the lion was to act a part in High Dutch, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough-bass, before he fell at the feet of Hydaspes. To clear up a matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended lion is really the savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my discoveries, I must acquaint the reader, that upon my walking behind the scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally justled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me, and, upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. The lion, seeing me very much surprised, told me, in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleased; 'for,' says he, 'I do not intend to hurt any body.' I thanked him very kindly, and passed by him: and in a little time after saw him leap upon the stage,

and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several, that the lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my reader that the lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first lion was a candle-snuffer, who, being a fellow of a testy choleric temper, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done: besides, it was observed of him, that he grew more surly every time he came out of the lion; and having dropped some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. Nicolini for what he pleased, out of his lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him: and it is verily believed, to this day, that, had he been brought upon the stage another time, he would certainly have done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.

The second lion was a tailor by trade, who belonged to the playhouse, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish for his part; insomuch that, after a short modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of Hydaspes, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of shewing his variety of Italian trips. It is said, indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-colour doublet; but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a tailor.

I must not omit, that it was this second lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting lion at present is, as I am informed, a country gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says very handsomely, in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain; that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it; and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner, than in gaming and drinking: but at the same time says, with a very agreeable raillery upon himself, that, if his name should be known, the ill-natured world might call him 'the ass in the lion's skin.' This gentleman's temper is made out of such a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he outdoes both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my narrative, without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised to a gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare myself an admirer; namely, that Signior Nicolini and the lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a pipe together behind the scenes; by which their common enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the stage: but upon inquiry I find, that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the drama. Besides, this is what is practised every day in Westminster-hall, where nothing is more usual than to see a couple of lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signior Nicolini, who in acting this part only complies with the wretched taste of his audience; he knows very well, that the lion has many more admirers than himself; as they say of the famous equestrian statue on the Pont-Neuf at Paris, that more people go to see the horse than the king who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just indignation to see a person whose action gives new majesty to kings, resolution to heroes, and softness to lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his behaviour, and degraded into the character of the London Prentice. I have often wished that our tragedians would copy after this great master in action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an English tragedy appear with that action which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera! In the mean time, I have related this combat of the lion, to shew what are at present the reigning entertainments of the politer part of Great Britain.

Audiences have often been reproached by writers for the coarseness of their taste: but our present grievance does not seem to be the want of a good taste, but of common sense. C.[x]

[x] By Addison, who 'perhaps,' says Sir John Hawkins, 'from the bad success of Rosamond, was led to think that only nonsense was fit to be set to music; and this error is farther to be accounted for by that want of taste, not to say of skill in music, which he manifests in preferring the French to the Italian composers, and in his general sentiments of music and musicians, in which he is ever wrong.' Hawkins's History of Music, 4to. vol. v. b. ii. c. 5, p. 147, 148, note. See Tat. No. 18.

Sir John's severe censure appears to be refuted by the sentiments of music and musicians which Addison gives us in No. 29, to which this

*** Just published, The Monthly Weather Paper, being baroscopical discoveries of the alterations of the weather every day and night in March 1710–11.

The curious publications, called Barometer Papers, were generally half sheets, printed every fortnight, on one side only, and sold at a penny a piece. The philomaths did not act with their usual cunning, when they meddled with barometers and thermometers; for these instruments, which they thought to have made subservient to their knavery, became eventually destructive to their trade. The Weather Papers, which they persisted in obtruding on the public with the utmost impudence and ignorance, were at first very lucrative to this numerous tribe of swindlers; but in the end knocked up all astrological business, in which a little before and at the beginning of this century, noblemen, gentlemen, and scholars, were dabblers. See Tat. in 6 vols. No. 228, note; *et passim.*

No. 14. FRIDAY, March 16, 1710–11.

——Teque his, infelix, exue monstris.
Ovid, Met. iv. 590.
Wretch that thou art! put off this monstrous shape.

I was reflecting this morning upon the spirit and humour of the public diversions five and twenty years ago, and those of the present time; and lamented to myself, that though in those days they neglected their morality, they kept up their good sense; but that the beau monde, at present, is only grown more childish, not more innocent, than the former. While I was in this train of thought, an odd fellow, whose face I have often seen at the playhouse, gave me the following letter with these words: 'Sir, the Lion presents his humble service to you, and desired me to give this into your own hands.'

harsh animadversion seems to be totally inapplicable. See Spectator, No. 29, *passim.* The knight seems to be singular in an opinion, that Addison was wrong in his notions of music and painting, and in every thing, even his style in writing is not excepted, which he certainly censures with the worst grace imaginable.

'SIR, 'From my Den in the Haymarket, March 15.

'I HAVE read all your papers, and have stifled my resentment against your reflections upon operas, till that of this day, wherein you plainly insinuate, that Signior Nicolini and myself have a correspondence more friendly than is consistent with the valour of his character or the fierceness of mine. I desire you would, for your own sake, forbear such intimations for the future; and must say it is a great piece of ill nature in you, to shew so great an esteem for a foreigner, and to discourage a lion that is your own countryman.

'I take notice of your fable of the lion and man,[y] but am so equally concerned in that matter, that I shall not be offended to which soever of the animals the superiority is given. You have misrepresented me, in saying that I am a country gentleman who act only for my diversion; whereas, had I still the same woods to range in which I once had when I was a fox hunter, I should not resign my manhood for a maintenance; and assure you, as low as my circumstances are at present, I am so much a man of honour, that I would scorn to be any beast for bread but a lion. Yours, &c.'

I had no sooner ended this, than one of my landlady's children brought me in several others, with some of which I shall make up my present paper, they all having a tendency to the same subject, viz., the elegance of our present diversions.

'SIR, 'Covent Garden, March 13.

'I HAVE been for twenty years under-sexton of this parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and have

[y] See Spect. No. 11, marked as this paper is, with Steele's peculiar signature, R.

not missed tolling in to prayers six times in all those years; which office I have performed to my great satisfaction, till this fortnight last past, during which time I find my congregation take the warning of my bell, morning and evening, to go to a puppet-show set forth by one Powell under the Piazzas. By this means I have not only lost my two customers, whom I used to place for sixpence apiece over against Mrs. Rachel Eyebright, but Mrs. Rachel herself is gone thither also. There now appear among us none but a few ordinary people, who come to church only to say their prayers, so that I have no work worth speaking of but on Sundays. I have placed my son at the Piazzas, to acquaint the ladies that the bell rings for church, and that it stands on the other side of the Garden; but they only laugh at the child.

'I desire you would lay this before all the world, that I may not be made such a tool for the future, and that punchinello may choose hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr. Powell has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house; which if you can remedy, you will very much oblige,

'SIR, Yours, &c.'

The following epistle I find is from the undertaker of the masquerade.[z]

'SIR,

'I HAVE observed the rules of my mask so carefully (in not inquiring into persons), that I cannot tell whether you were one of the company or not last Tuesday; but if you were not, and still design to come, I desire you would, for your own

[z] See Spect. No. 8, No. 101. Guard. No. 142, No. 154, and notes on the masquerade.

entertainment, please to admonish the town, that all persons indifferently are not fit for this sort of diversion. I could wish, Sir, you could make them understand that it is a kind of acting to go in masquerade, and a man should be able to say or do things proper for the dress in which he appears. We have now and then rakes in the habit of Roman senators, and grave politicians in the dress of rakes. The misfortune of the thing is, that people dress themselves in what they have a mind to be, and not what they are fit for. There is not a girl in the town, but let her have her will in going to a mask, and she shall dress as a shepherdess. But let me beg of them to read the Arcadia, or some other good romance, before they appear in any such character at my house. The last day we presented, every body was so rashly habited, that when they came to speak to each other, a nymph with a crook had not a word to say but in the pert style of the pit bawdry; and a man in the habit of a philosopher was speechless, till an occasion offered of expressing himself in the refuse of the tyring rooms. We had a judge that danced a minuet, with a quaker for his partner, while half a dozen harlequins stood by as spectators: a Turk drank me off two bottles of wine, and a Jew eat me up half a ham of bacon. If I can bring my design to bear, and make the maskers preserve their characters in my assemblies, I hope you will allow there is a foundation laid for more elegant and improving gallantries than any the town at present affords, and, consequently, that you will give your approbation to the endeavours of,

'Sir, Your most obedient humble Servant.'

I am very glad the following epistle obliges me

to mention Mr. Powell a second time in the same paper; for indeed there cannot be too great encouragement given to his skill in motions,[a] provided he is under proper restrictions.

'SIR,

'THE opera at the Haymarket, and that under the little Piazza in Covent Garden, being at present the two leading diversions of the town, and Mr. Powell professing in his advertisements to set up Whittington and his Cat[b] against Rinaldo and Armida, my curiosity led me the beginning of last week to view both these performances, and make my observations upon them.

'First, therefore, I cannot but observe that Mr. Powell wisely forbearing to give his company a bill of fare before-hand, every scene is new and unexpected; whereas it is certain, that the undertakers of the Haymarket, having raised too great an expectation in their printed opera, very much disappoint their audience on the stage.

'The king of Jerusalem is obliged to come from the city on foot, instead of being drawn in a triumphant chariot by white horses, as my opera-book had promised me; and thus, while I expected Armida's dragons should rush forward towards Argentes, I found the hero was obliged to go to Armida, and hand her out of her coach. We had also but a very short allowance of thunder and lightning; though I cannot in this place omit doing justice to the boy who had the direction of the two painted dragons, and made them spit fire and smoke. He

[a] Puppet-shows were formerly called motions.

[b] The curious may see the original advertisement of this puppet-show, and ample accounts of Powell, in a late edition of the Tatler, vol. iii. No. 78, p. 27; vol. v. p. 412; vol. vi. No. 236, p. 173, *et passim*.

flashed out his rosin in such just proportions and in such due time, that I could not forbear conceiving hopes of his being one day a most excellent player. I saw, indeed, but two things wanting to render his whole action complete; I mean, the keeping his head a little lower, and hiding his candle.

'I observe that Mr. Powell and the undertakers had both the same thought, and I think much about the same time, of introducing animals on their several stages, though indeed with very different success. The sparrows and chaffinches at the Haymarket fly as yet very irregularly over the stage; and instead of perching on the trees, and performing their parts, these young actors either get into the galleries, or put out the candles; whereas Mr. Powell has so well disciplined his pig, that in the first scene he and Punch dance a minuet together. I am informed, however, that Mr. Powell resolves to excel his adversaries in their own way; and introduce larks in his next opera of Susannah, or Innocence Betrayed, which will be exhibited next week with a pair of new elders.

'The moral of Mr. Powell's drama is violated, I confess, by Punch's national reflections on the French, and King Harry's laying his leg upon the Queen's lap, in too ludicrous a manner before so great an assembly.

'As to the mechanism and scenery, every thing, indeed, was uniform and of a piece, and the scenes were managed very dexterously; which calls on me to take notice, that at the Haymarket the undertakers forgetting to change their side-scenes, we were presented with a prospect of the ocean in the midst of a delightful grove: and though the gentlemen on the stage had very much contributed to

the beauty of the grove, by walking up and down between the trees, I must own I was not a little astonished to see a well-dressed young fellow, in a full-bottomed wig, appear in the midst of the sea, and without any visible concern taking snuff.

'I shall only observe one thing further, in which both dramas agree; which is, that by the squeak of their voices the heroes of each are eunuchs; and as the wit in both pieces is equal, I must prefer the performance of Mr. Powell, because it is in our own language.

'I am, &c.'

*** ADVERTISEMENT.

On the first of April will be performed, at the playhouse in the Haymarket, an opera called The Cruelty of Atreus.

N. B. The scene, wherein Thyestes eats his own children, is to be performed by the famous Mr. Psalmanazar, lately arrived from Formosa; the whole supper being set to kettle-drums.—Tatler in folio. See Life of Psalmanazar, &c. 8vo. 1764. He ate all his flesh-meat raw.

R.[c]

No. 15. SATURDAY, March 17, 1710–11.

Parva leves capiunt animos———
Ovid. Ars. Am. i. 159.
Light minds are pleas'd with trifles.

When I was in France, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages, and party-coloured habits of that fantastic nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a lady that sat in a

[c] By Steele. The humour of the strictures on the opera in these papers is pointed; it is said the pope, on reading them, laughed till his sides shook. There are very many numbers besides this, that well merit the attention of such as pretend to distinguish with wonderful facility between Addison's and Steele's papers. See No. 6, final note.

coach adorned with gilded cupids, and finely painted with the Loves of Venus and Adonis. The coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaded behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful pages, that were stuck among the harness, and, by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The lady was the unfortunate Cleanthe, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy novel. She had, for several years, received the addresses of a gentleman, whom, after a long and intimate acquaintance, she forsook, upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress; for in two months after she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence, being sent thither partly by the loss of one lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on this unaccountable humour in womankind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that befal the sex from this light fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young lady that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who, for several months together, did all they could to recommend themselves by complacency of behaviour and agreeableness of conversation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers very luckily be-

thought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his liveries, which had so good an effect that he married her the very week after.

The useful conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside and appearance. Talk of a new-married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their coach and six, or eat in plate. Mention the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her gown and petticoat. A ball is a great help to discourse, and a birth-day furnishes conversation for a twelvemonth after. A furbelow of precious stones, an hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topics. In short, they consider only the drapery of the species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind that make persons illustrious in themselves and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life, than the solid and substantial blessings of it. A girl who has been trained up in this kind of conversation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed gloves may be her ruin. In a word, lace and ribands, silver and gold galloons, with the like glittering gewgaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds or low educations, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the

next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

Aurelia, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an economy, in its hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little commonwealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of Fulvia! she considers her husband as her steward, and looks upon

discretion and good housewifery as little domestic virtues unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world, when she is not in the ring, the play-house, or the drawing-room. She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and restlessness of thought, and is never easy in any one place, when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an opera the first night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and calls every woman of a prudent, modest, and retired life, a poor-spirited unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to Fulvia, if she knew that her setting herself to view is but exposing herself, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous?

I cannot conclude my paper, without observing, that Virgil has very finely touched upon this female passion for dress and show, in the character of Camilla; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that, after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. 'A golden bow,' says he, 'hung upon his shoulder; his garment was buckled with a golden clasp, and his head covered with an helmet of the same shining metal.' The Amazon immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with:

'———Totumque incauta per agmen
Fœmineo prædæ et spoliorum ardebat amore.'
Æn. xi. 782.

This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the poet (by a nice concealed moral) represents to have been the destruction of his female hero.

C.[d]

No. 16. MONDAY, March 19, 1710–11.

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.
Hor. 1 Ep. i. 11.
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all.
Pope.

I have received a letter, desiring me to be very satirical upon the little muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver garters buckled below the knee, that have been lately seen at the Rainbow coffee-house in Fleet-street; a third sends me an heavy complaint against fringed gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an ornament of either sex which one or other of my correspondents has not inveighed against with some bitterness, and recommended to my observation. I must therefore, once for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention to sink the dignity of this my paper with reflections upon red-heels or top-knots, but rather to enter into the passions of mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that gave birth to all those little extravagances which appear in their outward dress and behaviour. Foppish and fantastic ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of gar-

[d] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from Chelsea, where he had, at this time, country lodgings. See Spect. No. 7, final note on Addison's signatures C, L, I, and O.

niture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves, when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my remedies to the first seeds and principles of an affected dress, without descending to the dress itself; though at the same time I must own that I have thoughts of creating an officer under me, to be entitled The Censor of Small Wares, and of allotting him one day in a week for the execution of such his office. An operator of this nature might act under me, with the same regard as a surgeon to a physician; the one might be employed in healing those blotches and tumours which break out in the body, while the other is sweetening the blood and rectifying the constitution.

To speak truly, the young people of both sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into long swords or sweeping trains, bushy head-dresses or full bottomed periwigs, with several other incumbrances of dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently, lest they should be oppressed with ornaments, and overrun with the luxuriancy of their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I should give the preference to a quaker that is trimmed close and almost cut to the quick, or to a beau that is loaden with such a redundance of excrescences. I must therefore desire my correspondents to let me know how they approve my project, and whether they think the erecting of such a petty censorship may not turn to the emolument of the public; for I would not do any thing of this nature rashly and without advice.

There is another set of correspondents to whom I must address myself in the second place; I mean,

such as fill their letters with private scandal, and black accounts of particular persons and families. The world is so full of ill-nature, that I have lampoons sent me by people who cannot spell, and satires composed by those who scarce know how to write. By the last post in particular I received a packet of scandal which is not legible; and have a whole bundle of letters in women's hands that are full of blots and calumnies, insomuch that when I see the name Cælia, Phillis, Pastora, or the like, at the bottom of a scrawl, I conclude of course that it brings me some account of a fallen virgin, a faithless wife, or an amorous widow. I must therefore inform these my correspondents, that it is not my design to be a publisher of intrigues and cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous stories out of their present lurking holes into broad day-light. If I attack the vicious, I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular criminal. In short, I have so much of a Drawcansir[e] in me, that I shall pass over a single foe to charge whole armies. It is not Lais or Silenus, but the harlot and the drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall consider the crime as it appears in a species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual. I think it was Caligula, who wished the whole city of Rome had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall do out of humanity, what that emperor would have done in the cruelty of his temper, and aim every stroke at a collective body of offenders. At the same time I am very sensible that nothing spreads a paper like private calumny and defamation; but as my speculations are not under

[e] The name of the character in The Rehearsal.

this necessity, they are not exposed to this temptation.

In the next place, I must apply myself to my party correspondents, who are continually teasing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I asked by both sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned spectator of the rogueries that are committed by the party which is opposite to him that writes the letter. About two days since, I was reproached with an old Grecian law, that forbids any man to stand as a neuter or looker-on in the divisions of his country. However, as I am very sensible my paper would lose its whole effect, should it run into the outrages of a party, I shall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks that way. If I can any way assuage private inflammations, or allay public ferments, I shall apply myself to it with my utmost endeavours; but will never let my heart reproach me with having done any thing towards increasing those feuds and animosities that extinguish religion, deface government, and make a nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing heads will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my correspondents. I shall therefore acquaint my reader, that if he has started any hint which he is not able to pursue; if he has met with any surprising story which he does not know how to tell; if he has discovered any epidemical vice which has escaped my observation, or has heard of any uncommon virtue which he would desire to publish; in short, if he has any materials that can furnish out an innocent diversion, I shall promise him my best assistance in the working of them up for a public entertainment.

This paper, my reader will find was intended for an answer to a multitude of correspondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I single out one of them in particular, who has made me so very humble a request, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR, March 15, 1710–11.

'I AM at present so unfortunate as to have nothing to do but to mind my own business; and therefore beg of you that you will be pleased to put me into some small post under you. I observe that you have appointed your printer and publisher to receive letters and advertisements for the city of London; and shall think myself very much honoured by you, if you will appoint me to take in letters and advertisements for the city of Westminster and the duchy of Lancaster. Though I cannot promise to fill such an employment with sufficient abilities, I will endeavour to make up with industry and fidelity what I want in parts and genius.

'I am, SIR, your most obedient servant,

C.[f] 'CHARLES LILLIE.'

No. 17. TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1710–11.

—Tetrum ante omnia vultum.
JUV. x. 191.
—— A visage rough,
Deformed, unfeatured.

SINCE our persons are not of our own making, when they are such as appear defective or uncomely, it

[f] Spect. No. 16, by Addison, dated, it is supposed, from Chelsea. See No. 7, *ad finem*, on Addison's signatures.

is, methinks, an honest and laudable fortitude to dare to be ugly; at least to keep ourselves from being abashed with a consciousness of imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no guilt. I would not defend a haggard beau, for passing away much time at a glass, and giving softnesses and languishing graces to deformity: all I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our countenance and shape, so far, as never to give ourselves an uneasy reflection on that subject. It is to the ordinary people, who are not accustomed to make very proper remarks on any occasion, matter of great jest, if a man enters with a prominent pair of shoulders into an assembly, or is distinguished by an expansion of mouth, or obliquity of aspect. It is happy for a man that has any of these oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that occasion. When he can possess himself with such a cheerfulness, women and children, who were at first frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to rally him for natural defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jest upon himself for them.

Madam Maintenon's first husband was an hero in this kind, and has drawn many pleasantries from the irregularity of his shape, which he describes as very much resembling the letter Z. He diverts himself likewise by representing to his reader the make of an engine and pully, with which he used to take off his hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a visage, and the owner of it thinks it an aspect of dignity, he must be of very great quality to be exempt from raillery. The best expedient therefore is to be pleasant upon himself.

Prince Harry and Falstaff, in Shakspeare, have carried the ridicule upon fat and lean as far as it will go. Falstaff is humourously called woolsack, bed-presser, and hill of flesh; Harry, a starveling, an elves-skin, a sheath, a bow-case, and a tuck. There is, in several incidents of the conversation between them, the jest still kept up upon the person. Great tenderness and sensibility in this point is one of the greatest weaknesses of self-love. For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the mould of my face, which is not quite so long as it is broad. Whether this might not partly arise from my opening my mouth much seldomer than other people, and by consequence not so much lengthening the fibres of my visage, I am not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of countenance by the shortness of my face, and was formerly at great pains in concealing it by wearing a periwig with an high foretop, and letting my beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this delicacy, and could be contented it were much shorter, provided it might qualify me for a member of the merry club which the following letter gives me an account of. I have received it from Oxford; and as it abounds with the spirit of mirth and good-humour which is natural to that place, I shall set it down word for word as it came to me.

'MOST PROFOUND SIR,

'HAVING been very well entertained, in the last of your speculations that I have yet seen, by your specimen upon clubs, which I therefore hope you will continue, I shall take the liberty to furnish you with a brief account of such a one as perhaps you have not seen in all your travels, unless it was your fortune to touch upon some of the woody

parts of the African continent, in your voyage to or from Grand Cairo. There have arose in this university (long since you left us without saying any thing) several of these inferior hebdomadal societies, as the Punning club, the Witty club, and, amongst the rest, the Handsome club; as a burlesque upon which, a certain merry species, that seem to have come into the world in masquerade, for some years last past have associated themselves together, and assumed the name of the Ugly club. This ill-favoured fraternity consists of a president and twelve fellows; the choice of which is not confined by patent to any particular foundation (as St. John's men would have the world believe, and have therefore erected a separate society within themselves), but liberty is left to elect from any school in Great Britain, provided the candidates be within the rules of the club, as set forth in a Table, intitled The Act of Deformity; a clause or two of which I shall transmit to you.

'I. That no person whatsoever shall be admitted without a visible quearity in his aspect, or peculiar cast of countenance; of which the president and officers for the time being are to determine, and the president to have the casting voice.

'II. That a singular regard be had, upon examination, to the gibbosity of the gentlemen that offer themselves as founder's kinsmen; or to the obliquity of their figure, in what sort soever.

'III. That if the quantity of any man's nose be eminently miscalculated, whether as to length or breadth, he shall have a just pretence to be elected.

'Lastly, That if there shall be two or more competitors for the same vacancy, *cæteris paribus*, he that has the thickest skin to have the preference.

'Every fresh member, upon his first night, is to entertain the company with a dish of cod-fish, and a speech in praise of Æsop; whose portraiture they have in full proportion, or rather disproportion, over the chimney; and their design is, as soon as their funds are sufficient, to purchase the heads of Thersites, Duns Scotus, Scarron, Hudibras, and the old gentleman in Oldham, with all the celebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture for the club-room.

'As they have always been professed admirers of the other sex, so they unanimously declare that they will give all possible encouragement to such as will take the benefit of the statute, though none yet have appeared to do it.

'The worthy president, who is their most devoted champion, has lately shewn me two copies of verses, composed by a gentleman of his society; the first, a congratulatory ode, inscribed to Mrs. Touchwood, upon the loss of her two fore-teeth; the other, a panegyric upon Mrs. Andiron's left shoulder. Mrs. Vizard (he says), since the small-pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and a top toast in the club; but I never heard him so lavish of his fine things, as upon old Nell Trot, who constantly officiates at their table; her he even adores and extols as the very counterpart of Mother Shipton; in short, Nell (says he) is one of the extraordinary works of nature; but as for complexion, shape, and features, so valued by others, they are all mere outside and symmetry, which is his aversion. Give me leave to add, that the president is a facetious, pleasant gentleman, and never more so, than when he has got (as he calls them) his dear mummers about him; and he often protests it does him good to meet a fellow with a right genuine grimace in

his air (which is so agreeable in the generality of the French nation); and, as an instance of his sincerity in this particular, he gave me a sight of a list in his pocket-book of all of this class who for these five years have fallen under his observation, with himself at the head of them, and in the rear (as one of a promising and improving aspect),

'Sir, your obliged and humble servant,

'Alex. Carbuncle.'

Oxford, *March* 12, 1710. R.[g]

No. 18. WEDNESDAY, March 21, 1710–11.

— Equiti quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudia vana.
Hor. 2 Ep. i. 187.
But now our nobles too are fops and vain,
Neglect the sense, but love the painted scene.
Creech.

It is my design in this paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the Italian opera, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the English stage; for there is no question but our great-grand-children will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

Arsinoe was the first opera that gave us a taste of Italian music. The great success this opera met with produced some attempts of forming pieces upon Italian plans, which should give a more natu-

[g] By Steele. See note to No. 4, *ad finem*, on R; and No. 7, final note on Steele's signatures.

ral and reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the poetasters and fiddlers of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this day, 'That nothing is capable of being well set to music, that is not nonsense.' [h]

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian operas; and as there was no great danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our authors would often make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they pretended to translate; their chief care being to make the numbers of the English verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in Camilla:

Barbara si t'intendo, &c.
'Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning.'

which expresses the resentments of an angry lover, was translated into that English lamentation,

'Frail are a lover's hopes,' &c.

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined persons of the British nation dying away and languishing to notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary transposition of words, which were drawn out of the phrase of one tongue into that of another, made the music appear very absurd in one tongue that was very natural in the other. I remem-

[h] See No. 15, note *ad finem.*

ber an Italian verse that ran thus, word for word;

'And turn'd my rage into pity;'

which the English for rhyme sake translated,

'And into pity turn'd my rage.'

By this means the soft notes that were adapted to pity in the Italian, fell upon the word rage in the English; and the angry sounds that were turned to rage in the original, were made to express pity in the translation. It oftentimes happened likewise, that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word 'and' pursued through the whole gamut; have been entertained with many a melodious 'the;' and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon 'then,' 'for,' and 'from;' to the eternal honour of our English particles.

The next step to our refinement was the introducing of Italian actors into our opera; who sung their parts in their own language, at the same time that our countrymen performed theirs in our native tongue. The king or hero of the play generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English. The lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess, in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera; and therefore, to ease them-

selves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the language of our own stage; insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wise forefathers, will make the following reflection: 'In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Italian tongue was so well understood in England, that operas were acted on the public stage in that language.'

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shews itself at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

If the Italians have a genius for music above the English, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an author lived that was able to write the Phædra and Hippolitus) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Music is cer-

tainly a very agreeable entertainment: but if it would take the entire possession of our ears; if it would make us incapable of hearing sense; if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature; I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth.

At present our notions of music are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so it be of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a royal palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his plan for a new one; and, though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good architect. I shall take the same liberty in a following paper, of giving my opinion upon the subject of music; which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be considered by those who are masters in the art. C.[1]

No. 19. THURSDAY, March 22, 1710–11.

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt animi, raro et perpauca loquentis.
Hor. 1 Sat. iv. 17.
Thank heaven that made me of an humble mind;
To action little, less to words inclin'd!

Observing one person behold another, who was an utter stranger to him, with a cast of his eye, which,

[1] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.

methought, expressed an emotion of heart very different from what could be raised by an object so agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret sorrow, the condition of an envious man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have, by their fascination, blasted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir Francis Bacon says, some have been so curious as to remark the times and seasons when the stroke of an envious eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed, that it has been when the person envied has been in any circumstance of glory and triumph. At such a time the mind of the prosperous man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more exposed to the malignity. But I shall not dwell upon speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of authors upon this miserable affection; but, keeping in the road of common life, consider the envious man with relation to these three heads, his pains, his reliefs, and his happiness.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom, are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this! to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or

success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage. Will Prosper [k] is an honest tale-bearer, he makes it his business to join in conversation with envious men. He points to such an handsome young fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a great fortune. When they doubt, he adds circumstances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their distress, by assuring them, that, to his knowledge, he has an uncle will leave him some thousands. Will has many arts of this kind to torture this sort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly, they wish such piece of news is true, he has the malice to speak some good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man are those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in an illustrious character. It is matter of great consolation to an envious person, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himself, or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears so altered in circumstances, that the fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret satisfaction to these malignants; for the person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as soon as his merit is shared among others. I remember, some years ago, there came out an excellent poem without the name of the author. The little wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the supposed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to suppress the opinion that it was

[k] See Spect. No. 20.

his. That again failed. The next refuge was to say that it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honest fellow, who sat among a cluster of them in debate on this subject, cried out, 'Gentlemen, if you are sure none of yourselves had a hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.' But the most usual succour to the envious, in cases of nameless merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular person. You see an envious man clear up his countenance, if, in the relation of any man's great happiness in one point, you mention his uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man's favour, is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the envious man in delight, it is like reading of the seat of a giant in a romance; the magnificence of his house consists in the many limbs of men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves success in any uncommon undertaking, miscarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been useful and laudable meets with contempt and derision, the envious man under the colour of hating vain-glory, can smile with an inward wantonness of heart at the ill effect it may have upon an honest ambition for the future.

Having thoroughly considered the nature of this passion, I have made it my study how to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from these my speculations; and, if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I have a genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-house one of my papers commended, I immediately

apprehended the envy that would spring from that applause; and therefore gave a description of my face the next day; being resolved, as I grow in reputation for wit, to resign my pretensions to beauty. This, I hope, may give some ease to those unhappy gentlemen who do me the honour to torment themselves upon the account of this my paper. As their case is very deplorable, and deserves compassion, I shall sometimes be dull in pity to them, and will from time to time administer consolations to them by further discoveries of my person. In the mean while, if any one says the Spectator has wit, it may be some relief to them to think that he does not shew it in company. And if any one praises his morality, they may comfort themselves by considering that his face is none of the longest. R.[1]

*** The Flint Glass-house in White-Friars having left off work, there is a good quantity of all sorts of drinking-glasses, decanters, cruets, and other sorts, both fine and ordinary glass, to be sold there. The house, &c. to be let to any other business, but no more for a glass-house.—Spect. in folio. See No. 509, and note.

No. 20. FRIDAY, March 23, 1710–11.

———Κύνος ὀμματ' ἔχων——
Hom. Il. i. 225.
Thou dog in forehead.———
Pope.

Among the other hardy undertakings which I have proposed to myself, that of the correction of impudence is what I have very much at heart. This in a particular manner is my province as Spectator; for it is generally an offence committed by the eyes, and that against such as the offenders would perhaps never have an opportunity of injuring in any

[1] By Steele. See No. 5, final note on signature R.; and No. 324, note *ad finem*, on Steele's editorial signature, &c.

other way. The following letter is a complaint of a young lady, who sets forth a trespass of this kind, with that command of herself as befits beauty and innocence, and yet with so much spirit as sufficiently expresses her indignation. The whole transaction is performed with the eyes; and the crime is no less than employing them in such a manner, as to divert the eyes of others from the best use they can make of them, even looking up to heaven.

'SIR,

'THERE never was (I believe) an acceptable man, but had some awkward imitators. Ever since the Spectator appeared, have I remarked a kind of men, whom I choose to call Starers; that without any regard to time, place, or modesty, disturb a large company with their impertinent eyes. Spectators make up a proper assembly for a puppet-show or a bear-garden; but devout supplicants and attentive hearers are the audience one ought to expect in churches. I am, Sir, member of a small pious congregation near one of the north gates of this city; much the greater part of us indeed are females, and used to behave ourselves in a regular attentive manner, till very lately one whole aisle has been disturbed by one of these monstrous starers: he is the head taller than any one in the church; but for the greater advantage of exposing himself, stands upon a hassock, and commands the whole congregation, to the great annoyance of the devoutest part of the auditory; for what with blushing, confusion, and vexation, we can neither mind the prayers nor sermon. Your animadversion upon this insolence would be a great favor to,

'SIR, your most humble servant,

'S. C.'

I have frequently seen of this sort of fellows, and do not think there can be a greater aggravation of an offence, than that it is committed where the criminal is protected by the sacredness of the place which he violates. Many reflections of this sort might be very justly made upon this kind of behaviour; but a starer is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing; and a fellow that is capable of shewing an impudent front before a whole congregation, and can bear being a public spectacle, is not so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. If, therefore, my correspondent does not inform me, that within seven days after this date the barbarian does not at least stand upon his own legs only, without an eminence, my friend Will Prosper[m] has promised to take an hassock opposite to him, and stare against him in defence of the ladies. I have given him directions, according to the most exact rules of optics, to place himself in such a manner, that he shall meet his eyes wherever he throws them. I have hopes that when Will confronts him, and all the ladies, in whose behalf he engages him, cast kind looks and wishes of success at their champion, he will have some shame, and feel a little of the pain he has so often put others to, of being out of countenance.

It has, indeed, been time out of mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this family of Starers have infested public assemblies: and I know no other way to obviate so great an evil, except, in the case of fixing their eyes upon woman, some male friend will take the part of such as are under the oppression of impudence, and encounter the eyes of the Starers wherever they meet them.

[m] See Spect. No. 19. W. Prosper, an honest tale-bearer, &c.

While we suffer our women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no defence, but in the end to cast yielding glances at the Starers: and in this case, a man who has no sense of shame has the same advantage over his mistress, as he who has no regard for his own life has over his adversary. While the generality of the world are fettered by rules, and move by proper and just methods, he who has no respect to any of them, carries away the reward due to that propriety of behaviour, with no other merit but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent fellow to be a sort of outlaw in good breeding, and therefore what is said of him no nation or person can be concerned for. For this reason, one may be free upon him. I have put myself to great pains in considering this prevailing quality which we call impudence, and have taken notice that it exerts itself in a different manner, according to the different soils wherein such subjects of these dominions, as are masters of it, were born. Impudence in an Englishman is sullen and insolent; in a Scotchman, it is untractable and rapacious; in an Irishman, absurd and fawning. As the course of the world now runs, the impudent Englishman behaves like a surly landlord, the Scot like an ill-received guest, and the Irishman like a stranger, who knows he is not welcome. There is seldom any thing entertaining either in the impudence of a South or North Briton; but that of an Irishman is always comic. A true and genuine impudence is ever the effect of ignorance without the least sense of it. The best and most successful starers now in this town are of that nation; they have usually the advantage of the stature mentioned in the above letter of my correspondent, and generally take their

stands in the eye of women of fortune; insomuch that I have known one of them, three months after he came from plough, with a tolerable good air lead out a woman from a play, which one of our own breed, after four years at Oxford and two at the Temple, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but these people have usually the preference to our own fools, in the opinion of the sillier part of womankind. Perhaps it is, that an English coxcomb is seldom so obsequious as an Irish one; and when the design of pleasing is visible, an absurdity in the way towards it is easily forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go on without reflection that they are such, are more to be tolerated, than a set of fellows among us who profess impudence with an air of humour, and think to carry off the most inexcusable of all faults in the world, with no other apology than saying in a gay tone, 'I put an impudent face upon the matter.' No; no man shall be allowed the advantages of impudence, who is conscious that he is such. If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise; and it shall be expected that he blush, when he sees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the want of modesty; without which, beauty is ungraceful, and wit detestable. R.[n]

[n] By Steele. See final note to Nos. 5, 324; note *ad fin.*

No. 21. SATURDAY, March 24, 1710–11.

—— Locus est et pluribus umbris.
Hor. 1 Ep. v. 28.
There's room enough, and each may bring his friend.
Creech.

I am sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great professions of divinity, law, and physic; how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the clergy into generals, field-officers, and subalterns. Among the first we may reckon bishops, deans, and arch-deacons. Among the second are doctors of divinity, prebendaries, and all that wear scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the subalterns. As for the first class, our constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding competitors are numberless. Upon a strict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the second division, several brevets having been granted for the converting of subalterns into scarf-officers; insomuch that within my memory the price of lustring is raised above two-pence in a yard. As for the subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the laity, by the splitting of their freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the elections in England.

The body of the law is no less encumbered with superfluous members, that are like Virgil's army, which he tells us was so crowded many of them had not room to use their weapons. This prodigious society of men may be divided into the litigious

and peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coach-fulls to Westminster-hall, every morning in term time. Martial's description of this species of lawyers is full of humour:

'Iras et verba locant.'

'Men that hire out their words and anger;' that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must, however, observe to the reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the litigious are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of shewing their passion at the bar. Nevertheless as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the hall every day, that they may shew themselves in a readiness to enter the lists, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The peaceable lawyers are, in the first place, many of the benchers of the several inns of court, who seem to be the dignitaries of the law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a ruler than a pleader. These men live peaceably in their habitations, eating once a day, and dancing once a year,[o] for the honour of their respective societies.

Another numberless branch of peaceable lawyers, are those young men who, being placed at the inns of court in order to study the laws of their country, frequent the play-house more than Westminster-hall, and are seen in all public assemblies, except in a court of justice. I shall say nothing of those silent

[o] See Dugdale's Origines Juridicales.

and busy multitudes that are employed within doors in the drawing up of writings and conveyances; nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such chamber-practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men. The sight of them is enough to make a man serious; for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in physicians it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and overrun the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly; but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in physic among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science very much flourishes in the north at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This body of men in our own country may be described like the British army in Cæsar's time: some of them slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and despatch so much business in so short a time. Besides this body of regular troops, there are stragglers, who, without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable retainers to physic, who, for want of other patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of cats in an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive, or impaling of insects upon the point of a needle for microscopical observations; besides those that are employed

in the gathering of weeds, and the chase of butterflies: not to mention the cockleshell-merchants and spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these professions is crowded with multitudes that seek their livelihood in them, and how many men of merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said to be of the science than the profession; I very much wonder at the humour of parents, who will not rather choose to place their sons in a way of life where an honest industry cannot but thrive, than in stations where the greatest probity, learning, and good sense may miscarry. How many men are country-curates, that might have made themselves aldermen of London, by a right improvement of a smaller sum of money than what is usually laid out upon a learned education? A sober frugal person, of slender parts and a slow apprehension, might have thrived in trade, though he starves upon physic; as a man would be well enough pleased to buy silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his pulse. Vagellius is careful, studious, and obliging, but withal a little thick-skulled; he has not a single client, but might have had abundance of customers. The misfortune is, that parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore desire their sons may be of it: whereas, in so great an affair of life, they should consider the genius and abilities of their children, more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in stations of life which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but, on

the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its professors. Fleets of merchantmen are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropics. C.[p]

No. 22. MONDAY, March 26, 1711.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 188.
—— Whatever contradicts my senso
I hate to see, and never can believe.
Roscommon.

The word Spectator being most usually understood as one of the audience at public representations in our theatres, I seldom fail of many letters relating to plays and operas. But indeed there are such monstrous things done in both, that if one had not been an eye-witness of them, one could not believe that such matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human life, or is a picture of nature, that is regarded by the greater part of the company. The understanding is dismissed from our entertainments. Our mirth is the laughter of fools, and our admiration the wonder of idiots; else such improbable, monstrous, and incoherent dreams could not go off as they do, not only without the utmost scorn and contempt, but even with the loudest applause and approbation. But the letters of my correspondents will represent this affair in a more lively manner than any discourse of

[p] By Addison, who desires his readers to compare with this, what is said in No. 108, *ad finem*. See No. 7, final note on Addison's signatures.

my own: I shall therefore give them to my reader with only this preparation, that they all come from players, and that the business of playing is now so managed that you are not to be surprised when I say one or two of them are rational, others sensitive and vegetative actors, and others wholly inanimate. I shall not place these as I have named them, but as they have precedence in the opinion of their audiences.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR having been so humble as to take notice of the epistles of other animals, emboldens me, who am the wild boar that was killed by Mrs. Tofts, to represent to you, that I think I was hardly used in not having the part of the lion in Hydaspes given to me. It would have been but a natural step for me to have personated that noble creature, after having behaved myself to satisfaction in the part above mentioned. But that of a lion is too great a character for one that never trod the stage before but upon two legs. As for the little resistance which I made, I hope it may be excused, when it is considered that the dart was thrown at me by so fair a hand. I must confess I had but just put on my brutality; and Camilla's charms were such, that beholding her erect mien, hearing her charming voice, and astonished with her graceful motion, I could not keep up to my assumed fierceness, but died like a man. I am, SIR, your most humble servant,

'THOMAS PRONE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'This is to let you understand, that the playhouse is a representation of the world in nothing so much as in this particular, that no one rises in it

according to his merit. I have acted several parts of household-stuff with great applause for many years: I am one of the men in the hangings in The Emperor of the Moon; I have twice performed the third chair in an English opera; and have rehearsed the pump in the Fortune-Hunters. I am now grown old, and hope you will recommend me so effectually, as that I may say something before I go off the stage: in which you will do a great act of charity to

Your most humble servant,

'WILLIAM SCRENE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'UNDERSTANDING that Mr. Screne has writ to you, and desired to be raised from dumb and still parts; I desire, if you give him motion or speech, that you would advance me in my way, and let me keep on in what I humbly presume I am a master, to wit, in representing human and still life together. I have several times acted one of the finest flower-pots in the same opera wherein Mr. Screne is a chair; therefore, upon this promotion, request that I may succeed him in the hangings, with my hand in the orange-trees. Your humble servant,

'RALPH SIMPLE.'

'SIR, 'Drury-lane, March 24, 1710–11.

'I saw your friend the Templar this evening in the pit, and thought he looked very little pleased with the representation of the mad scene of The Pilgrim. I wish, Sir, you would do us the favour to animadvert frequently upon the false taste the town is in, with relation to plays as well as operas. It certainly requires a degree of understanding to play justly; but such is our condition, that we are to suspend our reason to perform our parts. As to scenes of madness, you know, Sir, there are noble instances

of this kind in Shakspeare; but then it is the disturbance of a noble mind, from generous and human resentments. It is like that grief which we have for the decease of our friends. It is no diminution, but a recommendation of human nature, that in such incidents passion gets the better of reason; and all we can think to comfort ourselves, is impotent against half what we feel. I will not mention that we had an idiot in the scene, and all the sense it is represented to have, is that of lust. As for myself, who have long taken pains in personating the passions, I have to-night acted only an appetite. The part I played is Thirst, but it is represented as written rather by a drayman than a poet. I come in with a tub about me, that tub hung with quart pots, with a full gallon at my mouth. I am ashamed to tell you that I pleased very much, and this was introduced as a madness; but sure it was not human madness, for a mule or an ass may have been as dry as ever I was in my life. I am, Sir,

'Your most obedient and humble servant.'

'From the Savoy in the Strand.

'Mr. Spectator,

'If you can read it with dry eyes, I give you this trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortunate king Latinus, and believe I am the first prince that dated from this palace since John of Gaunt. Such is the uncertainty of all human greatness, that I, who lately never moved without a guard, am now pressed as a common soldier, and am to sail with the first fair wind against my brother Lewis of France. It is a very hard thing to put off a character which one has appeared in with applause. This I experienced since the loss of my diadem; for, upon quarrelling with another recruit, I spoke my indignation out of my part in *recitativo;*

"———— Most audacious slave,
Dar'st thou an angry monarch's fury brave?"

The words were no sooner out of my mouth, when a sergeant knocked me down, and asked me if I had a mind to mutiny, in talking things nobody understood. You see, Sir, my unhappy circumstances; and if by your mediation you can procure a subsidy for a prince (who never failed to make all that beheld him merry at his appearance) you will merit the thanks of your friend,

'THE KING OF LATIUM.'[q]

ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE PUBLIC.

Within two doors of the masquerade lives an eminent Italian chirurgeon, arrived from the carnival at Venice, of great experience in private cures. Accommodations are provided, and persons admitted in their masquing habits.

He has cured since his coming thither, in less than a fortnight, four scaramouches, a mountebank doctor, two Turkish bassas, three nuns, and a morrice dancer.

'*Venienti occurrite morbo.*'

N. B. any person may agree by the great, and be kept in repair by the year. The doctor draws teeth without pulling off your mask.

R.[r]

*** A Treatise concerning the principles of Human Knowledge, part i. Wherein the chief causes of error and difficulty in the sciences, with the grounds of scepticism, atheism, and irreligion, are inquired into. By George Berkeley, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.—Spect. in folio, No. 20. See Guardian, Bp. Berkeley's papers, *passim*.

[q] See Camilla, an opera, 4to. 1706 and 1709.

[r] By Steele. See final note to No. 5,—No. 324, note *ad finem* on signature T.

No. 23. TUESDAY, March 27, 1711.

Sævit atrox Volscens nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem, nec quò se ardens immittere possit.
VIRG. Æn. ix. 420.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing round,
Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound;
Nor knew to fix revenge.———
DRYDEN.

*

THERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous spirit, than the giving of secret stabs to a man's reputation. Lampoons and satires, that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humour and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil society. His satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be most exempt from it.

* The following endorsement at the top of this paper, No. 23, is in a set of the Spectator, in 12mo. of the edition in 1712, which contains some MS. notes by a Spanish merchant, who lived at the time of the original publication.

'The character of Dr. Swift.'

This was Mr. Blundel's opinion, and whether it was well-grounded, ill-grounded, or un-grounded, probably he was not singular in the thought. The intimacy between Swift, Steele, and Addison was now over; and that they were about this time estranged, appears from Swift's own testimony, dated March 16, 1710–11. See Swift's Works, edit. cr. 8vo. vol. xxii. p. 188. See No. 509, Blundel's MS. note; *et passim.*

Virtue, merit, and every thing that is praiseworthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these arrows that fly in the dark; and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must indeed be confessed, that a lampoon or a satire do not carry in them robbery or murder; but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up as a mark of infamy and derision? And in this case a man should consider, that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered to them, are not without their secret anguish. I have often observed a passage in Socrates's behaviour at his death, in a light wherein none of the critics have considered it. That excellent man, entertaining his friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, at his entering upon it says, that he does not believe any the most comic genius can censure him for talking upon such a subject at such a time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon Aristophanes, who writ a comedy on purpose to ridicule the discourses of that divine philosopher. It has been observed by many writers, that Socrates was so little moved at this piece of buffoonery, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the stage, and never expressed the least resentment of it. But with submission, I think the remark I

have here made shows us, that this unworthy treatment made an impression upon his mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When Julius Cæsar was lampooned by Catullus, he invited him to a supper, and treated him with such a generous civility, that he made the poet his friend ever after. Cardinal Mazarine gave the same kind of treatment to the learned Quillet, who had reflected upon his eminence in a famous Latin poem. The cardinal sent for him, and, after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good abbey that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made pope, the statue of Pasquin was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen because his laundress was made a princess. This was a reflection upon the pope's sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in those mean circumstances that Pasquin represented her. As this pasquinade made a great noise in Rome, the pope offered a considerable sum of money to any person that should discover the author of it. The author relying upon his holiness's generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the satirist for the future, ordered his tongue

to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. Aretine[s] is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the kings of Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a letter of his extant, in which he makes his boasts that he had laid the Sophi of Persia under contribution.

Though in the various examples which I have here drawn together, these several great men behaved themselves very differently towards the wits of the age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly shewed that they were very sensible of their reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a man that I thought was capable of giving these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person, whose reputation he thus assaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary scribblers of lampoons. An innocent young lady shall be exposed for an unhappy feature: a father of a family turned to ridicule for some domestic calamity: a wife be made uneasy all her life for a misinterpreted word or action: nay, a good, a temperate, and a just man shall be put out of countenance by the representation of those qualities that should do him honour:—so pernicious a thing is wit, when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate writers, that without any malice have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance to a certain levity of temper, and a silly ambition of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of raillery and satire:

[s] Peter Aretine, infamous for his writings, died in 1556. See his Letters, b. vi. fol. 115.

as if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured man than a wit. Where there is this little petulant humour in an author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which reason I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the one will only attack his enemies and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a fable out of Sir Roger L'Estrange, which accidentally lies before me.—A company of waggish boys were watching of frogs at the side of a pond, and still as any of them put up their heads, they would be pelting them down again with stones. "Children," says one of the frogs, "you never consider, that though this be play to you, 'tis death to us." *

As this week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to serious thoughts,[t] I shall indulge myself in such speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the season; and in the mean time, as the settling in ourselves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this paper endeavoured to expose that particular breach of charity which has been generally overlooked by divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it.

* Just published, Æsop Naturalized: being a Collection of Fables, from Æsop, Lockman, &c. The third edition, with above 50 new titles, 8vo. printed for D. Midwinter, at the Three Crowns, St. Paul's Churchyard.—Spect. *in folio.*

C.[u]

[t] The week before Easter.

[u] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7, on Addison's signatures.

No. 24. WEDNESDAY, March 28, 1711.

Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantùm,
Arreptaque manu, Quid agis, dulcissime, rerum?
Hor. 1. Sat, ix. 3.

Comes up a fop (I knew but by fame),
And seiz'd my hand, and called me by name—
———My dear!—how dost?

There are in this town a great number of insignificant people, who are by no means fit for the better sort of conversation, and yet have an impertinent ambition of appearing with those to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the Park, one of them will certainly join with you, though you are in company with ladies; if you drink a bottle, they will find your haunts. What makes such fellows the more burdensome is, that they neither offend or please so far as to be taken notice of for either. It is, I presume, for this reason that my correspondents are willing by my means to be rid of them. The two following letters are writ by persons who suffer by such impertinence. A worthy old bachelor, who sets in for his dose of claret every night at such an hour, is teased by a swarm of them; who, because they are sure of room and good fire, have taken it in their heads to keep a sort of club in his company; though the sober gentleman himself is an utter enemy to such meetings.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'The aversion I for some years have had to clubs in general, gave me a perfect relish for your speculation on that subject;[w] but I have since

[w] See Spect. Nos. 9, 474, &c.

been extremely mortified by the malicious world's ranking me amongst the supporters of such impertinent assemblies. I beg leave to state my case fairly; and, that done, I shall expect redress from your judicious pen.

'I am, Sir, a bachelor of some standing, and a traveller; my business, to consult my own humour, which I gratify without controlling other people's; I have a room and a whole bed to myself: and I have a dog, a fiddle, and a gun; they please me, and injure no creature alive. My chief meal is a supper, which I always make at a tavern. I am constant to an hour, and not ill-humoured; for which reasons, though I invite nobody, I have no sooner supped, than I have a crowd about me of that sort of good company that know not whither else to go. It is true every man pays his share; yet, as they are intruders, I have an undoubted right to be the only speaker, or at least the loudest; which I maintain, and that to the great emolument of my audience. I sometimes tell them their own in pretty free language; and sometimes divert them with merry tales, according as I am in humour. I am one of those who live in taverns to a great age, by a sort of regular intemperance; I never go to bed drunk, but always flustered; I wear away very gently; am apt to be peevish, but never angry. Mr. Spectator, if you have kept various company, you know there is in every tavern in town some old humourist or other, who is master of the house as much as he that keeps it. The drawers are all in awe of him; and all the customers who frequent his company yield him a sort of comical obedience. I do not know but I may be such a fellow as this myself. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a club, because

so many impertinents will break in upon me, and come without appointment? Clinch, of Barnet,[x] has a nightly meeting, and shews to every one that will come in and pay; but then he is the only actor. Why should people miscall things? If his is allowed to be a consort, why may not mine be a lecture? However, Sir, I submit to you, and am,

'SIR, your most obedient, &c.

'THOMAS KIMBOW.'

'GOOD SIR,

'You and I were pressed against each other last winter in a crowd, in which uneasy posture we suffered together for almost half an hour. I thank you for all your civilities ever since, in being of my acquaintance wherever you meet me. But the other day you pulled off your hat to me in the Park, when I was walking with my mistress. She did not like your air, and said she wondered what strange fellows I was acquainted with. Dear Sir, consider it as much as my life is worth, if she should think we were intimate; therefore, I earnestly entreat you for the future to take no manner of notice of,

'SIR, your obliged and humble servant,

'WILL. FASHION.'

A like impertinence is also very troublesome to the superior and more intelligent part of the fair sex. It is, it seems, a great inconvenience, that those of the meanest capacities will pretend to make visits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the house (by filling an empty chair) than to the conversation they come

[x] See No. 21, note on the diversion he exhibited, constantly advertised under the name of a consort; not a concert.

into when they visit. A friend of mine hopes for redress in this case, by the publication of her letter in my paper; which she thinks those she would be rid of will take to themselves. It seems to be written with an eye to one of those pert, giddy, unthinking girls, who, upon the recommendation only of an agreeable person and a fashionable air, take themselves to be upon a level with women of the greatest merit.

'MADAM,

'I take this way to acquaint you with what common rules and forms would never permit me to tell you otherwise; to wit, that you and I, though equals in quality and fortune, are by no means suitable companions. You are, it is true, very pretty, can dance, and make a very good figure in a public assembly; but, alas! madam, you must go no further; distance and silence are your best recommendations; therefore let me beg of you never to make me any more visits. You come in a literal sense to see one, for you have nothing to say. I do not say this, that I would by any means lose your acquaintance; but I would keep it up with the strictest forms of good-breeding. Let us pay visits, but never see one another. If you will be so good as to deny yourself always to me, I shall return the obligation by giving the same orders to my servants. When accident makes us meet at a third place, we may mutually lament the misfortune of never finding one another at home, go in the same party to a benefit play, and smile at each other, and put down glasses as we pass in our coaches. Thus we may enjoy as much of each other's friendship as we are capable: for there are some people who are to be

known only by sight, with which sort of friendship I hope you will always honour,

MADAM,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARY TUESDAY.

'P. S. I subscribe myself by the name of the day I keep, that my supernumerary friends may know who I am.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

To prevent all mistakes that may happen among gentlemen of the other end of the town, who come but once a week to St. James's coffee-house, either by miscalling the servants, or requiring such things from them as are not properly within their respective provinces! this is to give notice, that Kidney, keeper of the book-debts of the outlying customers, and observer of those who go off without paying, having resigned that employment, is succeeded by John Sowton; to whose place of enterer of messages and first coffee-grinder William Bird is promoted; and Samuel Burdock comes as shoe-cleaner in the room of the said Bird.[y]

R.[z]

No. 25. THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1711.

——Ægrescitque medendo.
VIRG. Æn. xii. 46.
And sickens by the very means of health.

THE following letter will explain itself, and needs no apology.

'SIR,

'I am one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of Valetudinarians; and do confess to you, that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature,

[y] Steele No. 1, and note.

[z] Steele was the author of this paper, No. 24. See final notes to No. 5, and to No. 324, on Steele's signatures.

but I found my pulse was irregular; and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy myself afflicted with.[a] Dr. Sydenham's learned treatise of fevers threw me into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myself to the study of several authors, who have written upon phthisical distempers, and by that means fell into a consumption; till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that imagination. Not long after this I found in myself all the symptoms of the gout, except pain; but was cured of it by a treatise upon the gravel, written by a very ingenious author, who (as it is usual for physicians to convert one distemper into another) eased me of the gout by giving me the stone. I at length studied myself into a complication of distempers; but accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by Sanctorius,[b] I was resolved to direct myself by a scheme of rules, which I had collected from his observations. The learned world are very well ac-

[a] Mr. Tickell, in his preface to Addison's Works, says, that 'Addison never had a regular pulse,' which Steele questions, in his dedication of the Drummer to Mr. Congreve.

[b] Sanctorius or Santorius, the ingenious inventor of the first thermometer, as has been shewn in a note on Tatler, Vol. vi. No. 220, p. 24, &c. was a celebrated professor of medicine in the university of Padua, early in the seventeenth century, who, by means of a weighing chair of his own invention, made and ascertained many curious and important discoveries relative to insensible perspiration. On this subject he published at Venice, in 1634, 16mo. a very ingenious and interesting book, entitled De Medicina Statica, which has gone through very many editions, and has been translated into all the modern languages. The Latin edition before me is in 2 vols. 12mo. *Parisiis*, 1725; by glancing at which in a bookseller's shop, the annotator was led to conceive that Sanctorius had lived to befriend the important invention of inoculation for the small-pox, as is said in a note on Tatler, No. 55; but having bought the book, he soon after discovered that the paper De Variolarum insitione, annexed to the edition of Sanctorius above-mentioned, was written originally by Dr. Keill.

quainted with that gentleman's invention; who, for the better carrying on of his experiments, contrived a certain mathematical chair, which was so artificially hung upon springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as a pair of scales. By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by the other channels and distributions of nature.

'Having provided myself with this chair, I used to study, eat, drink, and sleep in it; insomuch that I may be said, for these three last years, to have lived in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am in full health, to be precisely two hundred weight, falling short of it about a pound after a day's fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; so that it is my continual employment to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to two hundred weight and half a pound; and if, after having dined, I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much small beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half pound; which, for my health's sake, I do the first Monday in every month. As soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner, I walk till I have perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover by my chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books, and study away three ounces more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the clock, but by my chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in

another with all diligence. In my days of abstinence I lose a pound and a half, and on solemn fasts am two pound lighter than on other days in the year.

'I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep, within a few grains more or less; and if, upon my rising, I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair. Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two hundred weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce in my health during a whole twelvemonth. And yet, Sir, notwithstanding this my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep my body in its proper poise, so it is that I find myself in a sick and languishing condition. My complexion is grown very sallow, my pulse low, and my body hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to consider me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige

Your humble servant.'

This letter puts me in mind of an Italian epitaph, written on the monument of a valetudinarian: '*Stavo ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui:*' which it is impossible to translate.[c] The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflection made by some historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight than in a battle; and may be applied to those

[c] It may be so; but the following translation seems necessary to give an English reader some idea of the Italian epitaph: 'I was well; but trying to be better, I am here.'

multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death, by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of life, as the only end of it; to make our health our business; to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or course of physic; are purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy human nature, that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides, that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature; as it is impossible we should take delight in any thing that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind and capacity for business are in a great measure the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which Martial has mentioned as the perfection of happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for death.

In answer to the gentleman, who tempers his

health by ounces and by scruples, and instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his chair, I shall tell him a short fable. Jupiter, says the mythologist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate. He obtained his request; and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sunshine among his several fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his neighbours. Upon which (says the fable) he desired Jupiter to take the weather again into his own hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself.

C.[d]

No. 26. FRIDAY, March 30, 1711.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres O beate Sexti.
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.—

Hor. 1 Od. iv. 13.

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate:
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years:
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
To story'd ghosts, and Pluto's house below.

Creech.

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster-Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is

[d] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.

applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

'Γλαῦκόν τε Μεδόντα τε Θερσιλοχόν τε.'

HOM.

'Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.'

VIRG.

'Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus.'

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by 'the path of an arrow,' which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of an human body.

Upon this I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed on him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive

an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones.

By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

C.[e]

*** These are to certify, that Eliz. Milfris, born in Nightingale-lane in the parish of St. John, Wapping, was under the misfortune of blindness, that her sight was despaired of till we recommended her to Sir Wm. Read, her majesty's principal oculist, in Durham-yard, and by his directions to the Lady Read, who, as by him instructed to cure all curable distempers incident to the eyes, has, by the use of proper medicines, restored her to sight. Attested by us, March 17, 1710–11.

Thomas Cooper, curate of St. John, Wapping.
John Wilson, churchwarden.
Ja. Jackson, constable.

Spect. in folio. See Tat. with notes, No. 224, *et passim.*

††† Just published, the sixth edition of Bat upon Bat, a poem. On the parts, patience, and pains of Barth. Kempster, clerk, poet, cutler of Holyrood parish, in Southampton. By a Person of Quality. With a Vision, wherein is described Bat's person and ingenuity. Also an Account of the ancient and present State of Southampton, by the same author. Dedicated to the Gentry of Hampshire, &c.—Spectator in folio.

[e] By Addison, dated, it is thought, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7, on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O; and No. 221, on cabalistical letters, &c. note.

No. 27. SATURDAY, March 31, 1711.

Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica, diesque
Lenta videtur opus debentibus, ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum;
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter, id quod
Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,
Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

Hor. 1 Ep. i. 20.

IMITATED.

Long as to him, who works for debt, the day;
Long as the night to her, whose love's away;
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul,
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Pope.

There is scarce a thinking man in the world, who is involved in the business of it, but lives under a secret impatience of the hurry and fatigue he suffers, and has formed a resolution to fix himself, one time or other, in such a state as is suitable to the end of his being. You hear men every day in conversation profess that all the honour, power, and riches, which they propose to themselves, cannot give satisfaction enough to reward them for half the anxiety they undergo in the pursuit or possession of them. While men are in this temper (which happens very frequently), how inconsistent are they with themselves? They are wearied with the toil they bear, but cannot find in their hearts to relinquish it; retirement is what they want, but they cannot betake themselves to it. While they pant after shade and covert, they still affect to appear in the most glittering scenes of life. But sure this is but just as

reasonable as if a man should call for more lights, when he has a mind to go to sleep.

Since then it is certain that our own hearts deceive us in the love of the world, and that we cannot command ourselves enough to resign it, though we every day wish ourselves disengaged from its allurements; let us not stand upon a formal taking of leave, but wean ourselves from them while we are in the midst of them.

It is certainly the general intention of the greater part of mankind to accomplish this work, and live according to their own approbation, as soon as they possibly can. But since the duration of life is so uncertain, and that has been a common topic of discourse ever since there was such a thing as life itself, how is it possible that we should defer a moment the beginning to live according to the rules of reason?

The man of business has ever some one point to carry, and then he tells himself he will bid adieu to all the vanity of ambition. The man of pleasure resolves to take his leave at least, and part civilly with his mistress; but the ambitious man is entangled every moment in a fresh pursuit, and the lover sees new charms in the object he fancied he could abandon. It is, therefore, a fantastical way of thinking, when we promise ourselves an alteration in our conduct from change of place and difference of circumstances; the same passions will attend us wherever we are, till they are conquered; and we can never live to our satisfaction, in the deepest retirement, unless we are capable of living so in some measure amidst the noise and business of the world.

I have ever thought men were better known by what could be observed of them from a perusal of

their private letters, than any other way. My friend, the clergyman,[f] the other day, upon a serious discourse with him concerning the danger of procrastination, gave me the following letters from persons with whom he lives in great friendship and intimacy, according to the good breeding and good sense of his character. The first is from a man of business, who is his convert: the second, from one of whom he conceives good hopes: the third, from one who is in no state at all, but carried one way and another by starts.

'SIR,

'I KNOW not with what words to express to you the sense I have of the high obligation you have laid upon me, in the penance you enjoined me of doing some good or other to a person of worth every day I live. The station I am in furnishes me with daily opportunities of this kind: and the noble principle with which you have inspired me, of benevolence to all I have to deal with, quickens my application in every thing I undertake. When I relieve merit from discountenance; when I assist a friendless person; when I produce concealed worth; I am displeased with myself for having designed to leave the world in order to be virtuous. I am sorry you decline the occasions which the condition I am in might afford me of enlarging your fortunes; but know I contribute more to your satisfaction, when I acknowledge I am the better man, from the influence and authority you have over,

'SIR,

'Your most obliged and most humble servant,

R. O.'

[f] See Tat. No. 112, &c. notes on Mr. R. Parker; and Guardian, No. 103, note on Mr. Deane Bartelett, of Merton College, &c.

'SIR,

'I AM entirely convinced of the truth of what you were pleased to say to me, when I was last with you alone. You told me then of the silly way I was in; but you told me so, as I saw you loved me, otherwise I could not obey your commands in letting you know my thoughts so sincerely as I do at present. I know "the creature, for whom I resign so much of my character," is all that you said of her; but then the trifler has something in her so undesigning and harmless, that her guilt in one kind disappears by the comparison of her innocence in another. Will you, virtuous men, allow no alteration of offences? Must dear Chloe be called by the hard name you pious people give to common women? I keep the solemn promise I made you, in writing to you the state of my mind, after your kind admonition; and will endeavour to get the better of this fondness, which makes me so much her humble servant, that I am almost ashamed to subscribe myself yours, 'T. D.'

'SIR,

'THERE is no state of life so anxious as that of a man who does not live according to the dictates of his own reason. It will seem odd to you, when I assure you that my love of retirement first of all brought me to court; but this will be no riddle, when I acquaint you that I placed myself here with a design of getting so much money as might enable me to purchase a handsome retreat in the country. At present my circumstances enable me, and my duty prompts me, to pass away the remaining part of my life in such a retirement as I at first proposed to myself; but to my great misfortune I have entirely lost the relish of it, and should now return to the

country with greater reluctance than I at first came to court. I am so unhappy, as to know that what I am fond of are trifles, and that what I neglect is of the greatest importance: in short, I find a contest in my own mind between reason and fashion. I remember you once told me, that I might live in the world, and out of it, at the same time. Let me beg of you to explain this paradox more at large to me, that I may conform my life, if possible, both to my duty and my inclination.

'I am your most humble servant,

R.[g] 'R. B.'

Letters are directed 'For the Spectator, to be left at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain, post paid.'—N. B. In the form of a direction, this makes a figure in the last column of the Spect. in folio.

No. 28. MONDAY, April 2, 1711.

———Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.
Hor. 2 Od. x. 19.
Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

I shall here present my reader with a letter from a projector, concerning a new office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.

'SIR,

'Observing that you have thoughts of creating certain officers under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities which you yourself

[g] By Steele. See final notes to Nos. 5, 324.

cannot attend to; and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign-posts[h] of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own country, who are curious spectators of the same; I do humbly propose that you would be pleased to make me your superintendent of all such figures and devices as are, or shall be made use of on this occasion; with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an officer, there is nothing like sound literature and good sense to be met with in those objects, that are every where thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions; not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Afric. Strange! that one who has all the birds and beasts in nature to choose out of, should live at the sign of an *Ens Rationis!*

'My first task therefore should be, like that of Hercules, to clear the city from monsters. In the second place, I would forbid, that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign; such as the bell and the neat's tongue, the dog and gridiron. The fox and goose may be supposed to have met; but what has the fox and the seven stars to do together?

[h] As the plan of this edition can only admit of references, or notes, in the fewest words possible, such as are curious to know the principles on which signs apparently fanciful may be traced to their originals with great probability, and often with certainty, must here be referred to the notes on the late edition of the Tatler, Vol. i. No. 18, Vol. iii. No. 87, p. 32, and the additional note upon it; Vol. v. p. 415. It would be very easy to show, that this raillery loses much of its poignancy, when passing the sign-posts at which it is levelled; it falls ultimately, as it must do, on the devices of heraldry.

And when did the lamb and dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post? As for the cat and fiddle, there is a conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that any thing I have here said should affect it. I must however observe to you upon this subject, that it is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his sign that of the master whom he served; as the husband, after marriage, gives a place to his mistress's arms in his own coat. This I take to have given rise to many of those absurdities which are committed over our heads; and, as I am informed, first occasioned the three nuns and a hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would therefore establish certain rules, for the determining how far one tradesman may give the sign of another, and in what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

'In the third place, I would enjoin every shop to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent, than to see a bawd at the sign of the angel, or a tailor at the lion? A cook should not live at the boot, nor a shoemaker at the roasted pig; and yet for want of this regulation, I have seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king's head at a sword cutler's.

'An ingenious foreigner observes, that several of those gentlemen who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their coats of arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact. But though it may not be necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade, to show some such marks of it before their doors.

'When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. Salmon to have lived at the sign of the trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her namesake. Mr. Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature: and here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure of a bell has given occasion to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know that Abel Drugger gained great applause by it in the time of Ben Jonson. Our apocryphal heathen god[i] is also represented by this figure; which, in conjunction with the dragon, make a very handsome picture in several of our streets. As for the bell-savage, which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell to the reading of an old romance translated out of the French; which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in the wilderness, and is called in the French *La belle Sauvage*;[k] and is every where translated by our countrymen the bell-savage. This piece of philology will, I hope, convince you, that I have made sign-posts my study, and consequently qualified myself for the employment, which I solicit at your hands. But, before I conclude my letter, I must communicate to you another remark, which I have made upon the subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd guess at the humour of the inhabitant by the sign that hangs before his door. A surly chol-

[i] St. George. [k] See No. 66.

eric fellow generally makes choice of a bear; as men of milder dispositions frequently live at the lamb. Seeing a punch-bowl painted upon a sign near Charing Cross, and very curiously garnished, with a couple of angels hovering over it and squeezing a lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after the master of the house, and found, upon inquiry, as I had guessed by the little *agrémens* upon his sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, Sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a gentleman of your great abilities; so humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage,

'I remain, &c.'

I shall add to the foregoing letter another, which came to me by the same penny-post.

'From my own apartment near Charing Cross.

'HONOURED SIR,

'HAVING heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I have brought with me a rope-dancer that was caught in one of the woods belonging to the Great Mogul. He is by birth a monkey; but swings upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale, like any reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction to the quality; and if they will make a subscription for him, I will send for a brother of his out of Holland, that is a very good tumbler; and also for another of the same family whom I design for my merry-andrew, as being an excellent mimic, and the greatest droll in the country where he now is. I hope to have this entertainment in readiness for the next winter; and doubt not but it will please more than the opera, or puppet-show. I will not say that a monkey is a better man than some of the opera heroes; but certainly he is a better representative of a man, than

the most artificial composition of wood and wire. If you will be pleased to give me a good word in your paper, you shall be every night a spectator at my show for nothing.

C.[1] 'I am, &c.'

No. 29. TUESDAY, April 3, 1711.

——Sermo lingua concinnus utraque
Suavior: ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.
Hor. 1 Sat. x. 23.
Both tongues united sweeter sounds produce,
Like Chian mix'd with Falernian juice.

There is nothing that has more startled our English audience, than the Italian *recitativo* at its first entrance upon the stage. People were wonderfully surprised to hear generals singing the word of command, and ladies delivering messages in music. Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a lover chanting out a billet-doux, and even the superscription of a letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old play of 'Enter a king and two fiddlers solus,' was now no longer an absurdity, when it was impossible for a hero in the desert, or a princess in her closet, to speak any thing unaccompanied with musical instruments.

But however this Italian method of acting in recitativo might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our English opera before this innovation: the transition from an air to recitative music being more natural, than the passing from a song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in Purcell's operas.

[1] By Addison, Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.

The only fault I find in our present practice, is the making use of Italian recitativo with English words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I must observe that the tone, or (as the French call it) the accent of every nation in their ordinary speech is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the Welsh and Scotch, who border so near upon us. By the tone or accent I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence. Thus it is very common for an English gentleman when he hears a French tragedy, to complain that the actors all of them speak in a tone: and therefore he very wisely prefers his own countrymen, not considering that a foreigner complains of the same tone in an English actor.

For this reason, the recitative music, in every language, should be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for otherwise, what may properly express a passion in one language will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in Italy knows very well that the cadences in the recitativo bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary conversation, or, to speak more properly, are only the accents of their language made more musical and tuneful.

Thus the notes of interrogation, or admiration, in the Italian music (if one may so call them), which resemble their accents in discourse on such occasions, are not unlike the ordinary tones of an English voice when we are angry; insomuch that I have often seen our audiences extremely mistaken as to what has been doing upon the stage, and expecting to see the hero knock down his messenger, when he

has been asking him a question; or fancying that he quarrels with his friend, when he only bids him good-morrow.

For this reason the Italian artists cannot agree with our English musicians in admiring Purcell's compositions, and thinking his tunes so wonderfully adapted to his words; because both nations do not always express the same passions by the same sounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion, that an English composer should not follow the Italian recitative too servilely, but make use of many gentle deviations from it, in compliance with his own native language. He may copy out of it all the lulling softness and 'dying falls' (as Shakspeare calls them), but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an English audience; and, by humouring the tone of our voices in ordinary conversation, have the same regard to the accent of his own language, as those persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed, that several of the singing birds of our own country learn to sweeten their voices, and mellow the harshness of their natural notes, by practising under those that come from warmer climates. In the same manner I would allow the Italian opera to lend our English music as much as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the subject matter of it be English.

A composer should fit his music to the genius of the people, and consider that the delicacy of hearing, and taste of harmony, has been formed upon those sounds which every country abounds with: in short, that music is of a relative nature, and

what is harmony to one ear, may be dissonance to another.

The same observations which I have made upon the recitative part of music, may be applied to all our songs and airs in general.

Signior Baptist Lully acted like a man of sense in this particular. He found the French music extremely defective, and very often barbarous. However, knowing the genius of the people, the humour of their language, and the prejudiced ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the French music, and plant the Italian in its stead; but only to cultivate and civilize it with innumerable graces and modulations which he borrowed from the Italian. By this means [m] the French music is now perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not so good as the Italian, you only mean that it does not please you so well; for there is scarce a Frenchman who would not wonder to hear you give the Italian such a preference. The music of the French is indeed very properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent, as their whole opera wonderfully favours the genius of such a gay and airy people.[n] The chorus in which that opera abounds, gives the parterre frequent opportunities of joining in consort[o] with the stage. This inclination of the audience to sing along with the actors so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the performer on the stage do no more in a celebrated song, than the clerk of a parish church, who serves only to raise the psalm, and is afterwards drowned in the music of the congregation. Every actor that comes on the stage is a beau. The queens and heroines are so painted, that they appear as ruddy and

[m] These means. [n] See No. 13, note. [o] Concert.

cherry-cheeked as milk-maids. The shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedge and bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.

I remember the last opera I saw in that merry nation was the Rape of Proserpine, where Pluto, to make the more tempting figure, puts himself in a French equipage, and brings Ascalaphus along with him as his valet de chambre. This is what we call folly and impertinence; but what the French look upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that music, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear, is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing. C.[p]

*** Complete sets of this paper for the month of March, are sold by Mr. Greaves in St. James's-street; Mr. Lillie, perfumer, the corner of Beaufort-buildings; Messrs. Sanger, Knapton, Round, and Mrs. Baldwin. —Spect. in folio.

[p] By Addison, Chelsea. See final note to No. 7, on Addison's signatures, C, L, I, O; No. 221 on the same subject, and notes *ibidem*.

No. 30. WEDNESDAY, April 4, 1711.

Si, Mimnermus uti cœnset, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.
Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 65.
If nothing, as Mimnermus strives to prove,
Can e'er be pleasant without mirth and love,
Then live in mirth and love, thy sports pursue.
Creech.

One common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular. The passion of love is the most general concern among men; and I am glad to hear by my last advices from Oxford, that there are a set of sighers in that university, who have erected themselves into a society in honour of that tender passion. These gentlemen are of that sort of inamoratos, who are not so very much lost to common sense, but that they understand the folly they are guilty of; and for that reason separate themselves from all other company, because they will enjoy the pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a man comes into the club, he is not obliged to make any introduction to his discourse, but at once, as he is seating himself in his chair, speaks in the thread of his own thoughts, 'She gave me a very obliging glance; she never looked so well in her life as this evening;' or the like reflection, without regard to any other member of the society; for in this assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every man claims the full liberty of talking to himself. Instead of snuff-boxes and canes, which are usual helps to discourse with other young fellows, these have each some piece of riband, a broken fan, or an old girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair person remembered by each respective token. According to the

representation of the matter from my letters, the company appear like so many players rehearsing behind the scenes: one is sighing and lamenting his destiny in beseeching terms; another declaring he will break his chains; and another, in dumb-show, striving to express his passion by his gesture. It is very ordinary in the assembly for one of a sudden to rise and make a discourse concerning his passion in general, and describe the temper of his mind in such a manner, as that the whole company shall join in the description, and feel the force of it. In this case, if any man has declared the violence of his flame in more pathetic terms, he is made president for that night, out of respect to his superior passion.

We had some years ago in this town a set of people who met and dressed like lovers, and were distinguished by the name of the Fringe-glove club; but they were persons of such moderate intellects, even before they were impaired by their passion, that their irregularities could not furnish sufficient variety of folly to afford daily new impertinences; by which means that institution dropped. These fellows could express their passion in nothing but their dress; but the Oxonians are fantastical now they are lovers, in proportion to their learning and understanding before they became such. The thoughts of the ancient poets on this agreeable phrenzy, are translated in honour of some modern beauty; and Chloris is won to-day by the same compliment that was made to Lesba a thousand years ago. But as far as I can learn, the patron of the club is the renowned Don Quixote. The adventures of that gentle knight are frequently mentioned in the society, under the colour of laughing at the pas-

sion and themselves: but at the same time, though they are sensible of the extravagances of that unhappy warrior, they do not observe, that to turn all the reading of the best and wisest writings into rhapsodies of love, is a phrenzy no less diverting than that of the aforesaid accomplished Spaniard. A gentleman, who, I hope, will continue his correspondence, is lately admitted into the fraternity, and sent me the following letter:

'SIR,

'SINCE I find you take notice of clubs, I beg leave to give you an account of one in Oxford, which you have nowhere mentioned, and perhaps never heard of. We distinguish ourselves by the title of the Amorous club, are all votaries of Cupid, and admirers of the fair sex. The reason that we are so little known in the world, is the secrecy which we are obliged to live under in the university. Our constitution runs counter to that of the place wherein we live: for in love there are no doctors; and we all profess so high a passion, that we admit of no graduates in it. Our presidentship is bestowed according to the dignity of passion; our number is unlimited; and our statutes are like those of the druids, recorded in our own breasts only, and explained by the majority of the company. A mistress, and a poem in her praise, will introduce any candidate. Without the latter no one can be admitted; for he that is not in love enough to rhyme is unqualified for our society. To speak disrespectfully of any woman, is expulsion from our gentle society. As we are at present all of us gownmen, instead of duelling when we are rivals, we drink together the health of our mistress. The manner of doing this sometimes indeed creates debates; on

such occasions we have recourse to the rules of love among the ancients.

> "Nævia sex Cyathis, septem Justina bibatur."
> MART. Epig. i. 72.
> "Six cups to Nævia, to Justina seven."

This method of a glass to every letter of her name, occasioned the other night a dispute of some warmth. A young student, who is in love with Mrs. Elizabeth Dimple, was so unreasonable as to begin her health under the name of *Elizabetha;* which so exasperated the club, that by common consent we retrenched it to Betty. We look upon a man as no company that does not sigh five times in a quarter of an hour; and look upon a member as very absurd, that is so much himself as to make a direct answer to a question. In fine, the whole assembly is made up of absent men, that is, of such persons as have lost their locality, and whose minds and bodies never keep company with one another. As I am an unfortunate member of this distracted society, you cannot expect a very regular account of it; for which reason I hope you will pardon me that I so abruptly subscribe myself,

'SIR, Your most obedient humble servant,

'T. B.'

'I forgot to tell you, that Albina, who has six votaries in this club, is one of your readers.'

R.[q]

*** London: Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain; and sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-lane; where advertisements are taken in; as also by Charles Lillie, perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings in the Strand.—Spect. in folio. Semper.

[q] By Steele. See final notes to No. 6.—No. 324, on Steele's signatures, R and T.

No. 31. THURSDAY, April 5, 1711.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui! ——
Virg. Æn. vi. 266.
What I have heard, permit me to relate.

Last night, upon my going into a coffee-house not far from the Hay-market theatre, I diverted myself for above half an hour with overhearing the discourse of one, who, by the shabbiness of his dress, the extravagance of his conceptions, and the hurry of his speech, I discovered to be of that species who are generally distinguished by the title of Projectors. This gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by his audience, was entertaining a whole table of listeners with the project of an opera, which he told us had not cost him above two or three mornings in the contrivance, and which he was ready to put in execution, provided he might find his account in it. He said, that he had observed the great trouble and inconvenience which ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several shows that are exhibited in different quarters of the town. The dancing monkeys are in one place; the puppet-show in another; the opera in a third; not to mention the lions, that are almost a whole day's journey from the politer part of the town. By this means people of figure are forced to lose half the winter after their coming to town, before they have seen all the strange sights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our projector drew out of his pocket the scheme of an opera, intitled The Expedition of Alexander the Great; in which he had disposed all the remarkable shows about town, among the scenes and decorations of his piece. The thought, he confessed, was not originally his own,

but that he had taken the hint of it from several performances which he had seen upon our stage: in one of which there was a raree-show; in another a ladder dance, and in others a posture-man, a moving picture, with many curiosities of the like nature.

[r] This Expedition of Alexander opens with his consulting the oracle at Delphos, in which the dumb conjuror, who has been visited by so many persons of quality of late years, is to be introduced as telling his fortune. At the same time Clinch, of Barnet, is represented in another corner of the temple, as ringing the bells of Delphos, for joy of his arrival. The tent of Darius is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs. Salmon, where Alexander is to fall in love with a piece of wax-work, that represents the beautiful Statira. When Alexander comes into that country, in which Quintus Curtius tells us the dogs were so exceeding fierce that they would not lose their hold, though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a scene of Hockley in the Hole, in which is to be represented all the diversions of that place, the bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the theatre, by reason of the lowness of the roof. The several woods in Asia, which Alexander must be supposed to pass through, will give the audience a sight of monkey dancing upon ropes, with many other pleasantries of that ludicrous species. At the same time, if there chance to be any strange animals in town, whether birds or beasts, they may be either let loose among the woods, or driven across the stage by some of the country people of

[r] For the illustration of this whole paragraph, see Tatler with notes, No. 14, *et passim*. See also Spect. No. 36.

Asia. In the last great battle, Pinkethman is to personate king Porus upon an elephant, and is to be encountered by Powell, representing Alexander the Great, upon a dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. Powell is desired to call by the name of Bucephalus. Upon the close of this great decisive battle, when the two kings are thoroughly reconciled, to show the mutual friendship and good correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a puppet-show, in which the ingenious Mr. Powell, junior, may have an opportunity of displaying his whole art of machinery, for the diversion of the two monarchs. Some at the table urged, that a puppet-show was not a suitable entertainment for Alexander the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the conqueror touched upon that part of India which is said to be inhabited by the pigmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal immediately overruled. Our projector further added, that, after the reconciliation of these two kings, they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his guest with the German artist,* Mr. Pinkethman's heathen gods, or any of the like diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applause by the whole table. Upon which the under-

* Lately arrived a rare and curious artist, who in the presence of all spectators makes all sorts and fashions of Indian China, and other curious figures of various colours as small as they please. Also all sorts of birds, fowls, images of men, &c. He bloweth all colours of glass curiously, &c. He showeth a glass of water wherein four or five images rise or fall as he pleases; with several rarities. A wheel turned by human power, which spins 10,000 yards of glass in less than half an hour. He makes for sale, artificial eyes to admiration, curiously coloured, and not to be discerned from natural eyes, and teaches how they may fix them in their heads themselves, to the great satisfaction of all who use them.—*Vivat Regina.* No date. Harl. MSS. 5961; Tat. with notes, Vol. vi. No. 252, *ad fin.*

taker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his design; for that Alexander being a Greek, it was his intention that the whole opera should be acted in that language, which was a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the Ionick dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole audience, because there are fewer of them who understand Greek than Italian. The only difficulty that remained, was how to get performers, unless we could persuade some gentlemen of the universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the stage; but this objection soon vanished, when the projector informed us that the Greeks were at present the only musicians in the Turkish empire, and that it would be very easy for our factory at Smyrna to furnish us every year with a colony of musicians, by the opportunity of the Turkey fleet; besides, says he, if we want any single voice for any lower part in the opera, Lawrence can learn to speak Greek, as well as he does Italian, in a fortnight's time.

The projector having thus settled matters, to the good-liking of all that heard him, he left his seat at the table, and planted himself before the fire, where I had unluckily taken my stand for the convenience of overhearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a quarter of a minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a button[8] of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner. 'Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary genius for music that lives in Switzerland,

[8] See Guard. No. 84; and Spect. No. 268. Notes on Mr. James Heywood.

who has so strong a spring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ sound like a drum; and if I could but procure a subscription of about ten thousand pound every winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the English stage. After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an answer, when, by good luck, a gentleman that had entered the coffee-house since the projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his Swiss compositions, cried out in a kind of laugh, 'Is our music then to receive further improvements from Switzerland!' This alarmed the projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to answer him. I took the opportunity of the diversion which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my penny upon the bar, retired with some precipitation. C.[t]

No. 32. FRIDAY, April 6, 1711.

Nil illi larva aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.
Hor. 1 Sat. v. 64.
He wants no tragic vizor to increase
His natural deformity of face.

THE late discourse concerning the statutes of the Ugly club, having been so well received at Oxford, that, contrary to the strict rules of the society, they have been so partial as to take my own testimonial, and admit me into that select body; I could not restrain the vanity of publishing to the world the honour which is done me. It is no small satisfaction

[t] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7, on the signatures C, L, I, O. No. 221, and notes.

that I have given occasion for the president's showing both his invention and reading to such advantage as my correspondent reports he did: but it is not to be doubted there were many very proper hums and pauses in his harangue, which lose their ugliness in the narration, and which my correspondent (begging his pardon) has no very good talent at representing. I very much approve of the contempt the society has of beauty. Nothing ought to be laudable in a man, in which his will is not concerned; therefore our society can follow nature, and where she has thought fit, as it were, to mock herself, we can do so too, and be merry upon the occasion.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR making public the late trouble I gave you, you will find to have been the occasion of this. Who should I meet at the coffee-house door the other night, but my old friend Mr. President? I saw somewhat had pleased him; and as soon as he had cast his eyes upon me, "O ho, doctor, rare news from London (says he), the Spectator has made honourable mention of the club (man), and published to the world his sincere desire to be a member, with a recommendatory description of his phiz: and though our constitution has made no particular provision for short faces, yet his being an extraordinary case, I believe we shall find an hole for him to creep in at; for I assure you he is not against the canon; and if his sides are as compact as his joles, he need not disguise himself to make one of us." I presently called for the paper,[n] to see how you looked in print; and after we had regaled ourselves awhile upon the

[n] Spect. No. 1. Not a print strictly speaking; either engraven or etched.

pleasant image of our proselyte, Mr. President told me I should be his stranger at the next night's club: where we were no sooner come, and pipes brought, but Mr. President began an harangue upon your introduction to my epistle, setting forth, with no less volubility of speech than strength of reason, "That a speculation of this nature was what had been long and much wanted; and that he doubted not but it would be of inestimable value to the public, in reconciling even of bodies and souls; in composing and quieting the minds of men under all corporal redundancies, deficiencies, and irregularities whatsoever; and making every one sit down content in his own carcase, though it were not perhaps so mathematically put together as he could wish." And again, "How that for the want of a due consideration of what you first advance,—viz. that our faces are not of our own choosing,—people had been transported beyond all good breeding, and hurried themselves into unaccountable and fatal extravagances: as, how many impartial looking-glasses had been censured and calumniated, nay, and sometimes shivered into ten thousand splinters, only for a fair representation of the truth; how many head-strings and garters had been made accessary, and actually forfeited, only because folks must needs quarrel with their own shadows. And who (continues he) but is deeply sensible, that one great source of the uneasiness and misery of life, especially amongst those of distinction, arises from nothing in the world else, but too severe a contemplation of an indefeasible contexture of our external parts, or certain natural and invincible dispositions to be fat or lean? when a little more of Mr. Spectator's philosophy would take off all this. In the mean time let them

observe, that there is not one of their grievances of this sort, but perhaps, in some ages of the world, has been highly in vogue, and may be so again; nay, in some country or other, ten to one is so at this day. My lady Ample is the most miserable woman in the world, purely of her own making. She even grudges herself meat and drink, for fear she should thrive by them; and is constantly crying out, 'In a quarter of a year more I shall be quite out of all manner of shape!' Now the lady's misfortune seems to be only this, that she is planted in a wrong soil; for go but to the other side of the water, it is a jest at Haerlem to talk of a shape under eighteen stone. These wise traders regulate their beauties as they do their butter, by the pound; and Miss Cross, when she first arrived in the Low Countries, was not computed to be so handsome as Madam Van Brisket by near half a ton. On the other hand, there is squire Lath, a proper gentleman of fifteen hundred pound per annum, as well as of an unblameable life and conversation; yet would not I be the esquire for half his estate; for if it was as much more, he would freely part with it all for a pair of legs to his mind: whereas in the reign of our first king Edward of glorious memory, nothing more modish than a brace of your fine taper supporters; and his majesty, without an inch of calf, managed affairs in peace and war as laudably as the bravest and most politic of his ancestors; and was as terrible to his neighbours under the royal name of Longshanks, as Cœur de Lion to the Saracens before him. If we look farther back into history, we shall find that Alexander the Great wore his head a little over the left shoulder, and then not a soul stirred out till he had adjusted his neck-bone; the whole

nobility addressed the prince and each other obliquely, and all matters of importance were concerted and carried on in the Macedonian court with their polls on one side. For about the first century nothing made more noise in the world than Roman noses, and then not a word of them till they revived again in eighty-eight.[x] Nor is it so very long since Richard the Third set up half the backs of the nation; and high shoulders, as well as high noses, were the top of the fashion. But to come to ourselves, gentlemen, though I find by my quinquennial observations that we shall never get ladies enough to make a party in our own country, yet might we meet with better success among some of our allies. And what think you if our board sat for a Dutch piece? Truly I am of opinion, that as odd as we appear in flesh and blood, we should be no such strange things in mezzotinto. But this project may rest till our number is complete; and this being our election night, give me leave to propose Mr. Spectator. You see his inclinations, and perhaps we may not have his fellow."

'I found most of them (as it is usual in all such cases) were prepared; but one of the seniors (whom, by the bye, Mr. President had taken all this pains to bring over) sat still, and cocking his chin, which seemed only to be levelled at his nose, very gravely declared, "That in case he had had sufficient knowledge of you, no man should have been more willing to have served you; but that he, for his part, had always had regard to his own conscience, as well as other people's merit; and he did not know but that

[x] On the accession of king William III. in compliment to whom Dryden, in the plates to his translation of Virgil, had Æneas always represented with a Roman nose.

you might be a handsome fellow; for as for your own certificate, it was every body's business to speak for themselves." Mr. President immediately retorted, "A handsome fellow! why he is a wit, Sir, and you know the proverb:" and, to ease the old gentleman of his scruples, cried, "That for matter of merit it was all one, you might wear a mask." This threw him into a pause, and he looked desirous of three days to consider on it; but Mr. President improved the thought, and followed him up with an old story. "That wits were privileged to wear what masks they pleased in all ages; and that a vizard had been the constant crown of their labours, which was generally presented them by the hand of some satyr, and sometimes of Apollo himself:" for the truth of which he appealed to the frontispiece of several books, and particularly to the English Juvenal, to which he referred him; and only added, "That such authors were the *Larvati*, or *Larva donati* of the ancients. This cleared up all; and in the conclusion, you were chose probationer; and Mr. President put round your health as such, protesting, "That though, indeed, he talked of a vizard, he did not believe all the while you had any more occasion for it than the cat-a-mountain; so that all you have to do now, is to pay your fees, which are here very reasonable, if you are not imposed upon; and you may stile yourself *Informis Societatis Socius*, which I am desired to acquaint you with; and upon the same, I beg you to accept of the congratulation of,

'Sir, your obliged humble servant,

Oxford, March 21 'A. C.'

R.[y]

[y] By Steele. See final notes to Nos. 5 and 324.

No. 33. SATURDAY, April 7, 1711.

Fervidus tecum puer, et solutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque nymphæ,
Et p: ùm comis sine te juventas,
Mercurisque.
Hor. i. Od. xxx 5.

The graces with their zones unloos'd;
The nymphs their beauties all expos'd;
From every spring, and every plain;
Thy pow'rful, hot, and winged Boy;
And youth that's dull without thy joy;
And Mercury compose thy train.
Creech.

A friend of mine has two daughters, whom I will call Letitia and Daphne: the former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives; the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form, the good and ill of their life seems to turn. Letitia has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing else but commendations of her features and complexion, by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Letitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These

causes have produced suitable effects, and Letitia is as insipid a companion as Daphne is an agreeable one. Letitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please: Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. Letitia has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears cheerful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Letitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of Letitia; while Daphne used him with the good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister: insomuch that he would often say to her, 'Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Letitia!—' She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Letitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Letitia, and charmed with the repeated instances of good-humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with—'Faith, Daphne,' continued he, 'I am in love with thee, and despise thy sister sincerely.' The manner of his declaring himself gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter.—'Nay,' says he, 'I knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your father.' He did so; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprise, and

was very glad he had now no care left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this conquest of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular; for which reason I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter,[z] to the professed beauties, who are a people almost as unsufferable as the professed wits:—

'Monsieur St. Evremond has concluded one of his essays with affirming, that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued too far; yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favourite distinction. From hence it is that all arts, which pretend to improve or preserve it, meet with so general a reception among the sex. To say nothing of many false helps and contraband wares of beauty, which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of a good family, in any county of South Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of May-dew, or is unfurnished with some receipt or other in favour of her complexion; and I have known a physician of learning and sense, after

[z] The friend who was the author of this letter was Mr. John Hughes. See a second letter on the same subject by the same author.—Spectator No. 53.

eight years study in the University, and a course of travels into most countries of Europe, owe the first raising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

'This has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether groundless, that nature may be helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders; and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

'In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims: viz.

'That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

'That pride destroys all symmetry and grace; and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox.

'That no woman is capable of being beautiful, who is not incapable of being false.

'And, That what would be odious in a friend, is deformity in a mistress.

'From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty, consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr. Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms: and those who seem to have

been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable, in a great measure, of finishing what she has left imperfect.

'It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at Kneller's. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty, heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth! virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty. That agreeableness, which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvass may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she, who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

'When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming:

"Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love!"

'Without this irradiating power, the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

'I cannot better close this moral, than by a short epitaph written by Ben Jonson, with a spirit which nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing:

"Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which when alive did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live."

'I am, SIR, your most humble servant,
R.[a] 'R. B.'

No. 34. MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1711.

——————parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera——
JUV. Sat. xv. 159.
From spotted skins the leopard does refrain.
TATE.

THE club of which I am a member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed, as it were, out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know every thing that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers too have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of

[a] By Steele. See final notes to Nos. 5 and 324, on Steele's signatures R. and T.

their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies (but for your comfort, says Will, they are not those of the most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show; that some of them were likewise very much surprised that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him, that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and farther added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues and cuckoldoms. 'In short,' says Sir Andrew, 'if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use.'

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of

King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then showed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. 'But after all,' says he, 'I think your raillery has made too great an excursion in attacking several persons of the inns of court; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.'

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a pish! and told us, that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. 'Let our good friend,' says he, 'attack every one that deserves it: I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator,' applying himself to me, 'to take care how you meddle with country squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect.'

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till, by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the Clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised: that it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof: that vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me, that, whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pay a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out; and was followed by

Sir Roger and the Captain; who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased, provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found, that by this means they should spoil their proscription: and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found; I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely. If the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with any thing in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must, however, entreat every particular person who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper, that is not written in the spirit of benevolence and with a love to mankind. C.[a]

[a] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to No 7, on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O; No. 221 and notes on cabalistical letters, &c.

*** An advertisement, dated May 10, 1711, announced about this time the sale of several acres in the Levels of Havering and Daggenham, decreed to be sold by her majesty's commissioners of sewers for non-payment of taxes assessed for repair of a breach in the Level of Daggenham, *very likely now to be made up.* The words in Italics are the very words of the advertisement. See Capt. John Perry's Account of Stopping Daggenham Breach, a very curious but scarce book, 8vo. 1721. Printed for B. Tooke.

No. 35. TUESDAY, April 10, 1711.

—risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.
Catull. Carm. 39. *in Enat.*
Nothing so foolish as the laugh of fools.

Among all kinds of writing, there is none in which authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, an head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet, if we look into the productions of several writers who set up for men of humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought do we meet with? If they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd, inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humourists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering, that humour should always lie under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain

regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. Shadwell, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty rake, in one of his plays, as very much surprized to hear one say that breaking of windows was not humour; and I question not but several English readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chimerical titles, are rather the offspring of a distempered brain than works of humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory; and, by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense; Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of a collateral line called Mirth, by whom he had issue, Humour. Humour, therefore, being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper: sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit; sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress; insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a

judge, and as jocular as a merry-andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my readers, when they meet with this pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descended from Good Sense; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as true Humour generally looks serious while every body laughs about him, False Humour is always laughing whilst every body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious and a cheat.

The impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from Falsehood, who was the mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a son called Frenzy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laughter, on whom he begot that monstrous infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of False Humour, and, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may, at one view, behold their different pedigrees and relations.

Falsehood.
Nonsense.
Frenzy.————Laughter.
False Humour.

Truth.
Good Sense.
Wit.————Mirth.
Humour.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of False Humour, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might in particular enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general, that False Humour differs from the True, as a monkey does from a man.

First of all, he is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, he so much delights in mimicry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, he is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For, having but small talents, he must be merry where he can, not where he should.

Fourthly, being entirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, being incapable of any thing but mock representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of

false humourists; but as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit which discovers itself in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small wits that infest the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the general rule I have prescribed myself, of attacking multitudes; since every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the libeller and lampooner, and to annoy them wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others. C.[b]

No. 36. WEDNESDAY, April 11, 1711.

———immania monstra
Perferimus—
Virg. Æn. iii. 583.
Things the most out of nature we endure.

I shall not put myself to any farther pains for this day's entertainment, than barely to publish the letters and titles of petitions from the playhouse, with the minutes I have made upon the latter for my conduct in relation to them.

'Drury-lane, April the 9th.

'Upon reading the project which is set forth in one of your late papers,[c] of making an alliance between all the bulls, bears, elephants, and lions, which are separately exposed to public view in the cities of London and Westminster; together with the other wonders, shows, and monsters, whereof you

[b] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7, on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O; and No. 221.

[c] See Spect. No. 31.

made respective mention in the said speculation; we, the chief actors of this play-house, met and sat upon the said design. It is with great delight that we expect the execution of this work; and in order to contribute to it we have given warning to all our ghosts to get their livelihoods where they can, and not to appear among us after day-break of the 16th instant. We are resolved to take this opportunity to part with every thing which does not contribute to the representation of human life; and shall make a free gift of all animated utensils to your projector. The hangings you formerly mentioned are run away; as are likewise a set of chairs, each of which was met upon two legs going through the Rose tavern at two this morning. We hope, Sir, you will give proper notice to the town that we are endeavouring at these regulations; and that we intend for the future to show no monsters, but men who are converted into such by their own industry and affectation. If you will please to be at the house to-night, you will see me do my endeavour to show some unnatural appearances which are in vogue among the polite and well-bred. I am to represent, in the character of a fine lady dancing, all the distortions which are frequently taken for graces in mien and gesture. This, Sir, is a specimen of the method we shall take to expose the monsters which come within the notice of a regular theatre; and we desire nothing more gross may be admitted by you Spectators for the future. We have cashiered three companies of theatrical guards, and design our kings shall for the future make love, and sit in council, without an army; and wait only your direction, whether you will have them reinforce king Porus, or join the troops of Macedon. Mr. Pinkethman resolves to

consult his pantheon of heathen gods in opposition to the oracle of Delphos, and doubts not but he shall turn the fortunes of Porus, when he personates him. I am desired by the company to inform you, that they submit to your censures; and shall have you in greater veneration than Hercules was in of old, if you can drive monsters from the theatre; and think your merit will be as much greater than his, as to convince is more than to conquer.

'I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

'T. D.'

'SIR,

'WHEN I acquaint you with the great and unexpected vicissitudes of my fortune, I doubt not but I shall obtain your pity and favour. I have for many years last past been Thunderer to the play-house; and have not only made as much noise out of the clouds as any predecessor of mine in the theatre that ever bore that character, but also have descended and spoke on the stage as the bold Thunderer in The Rehearsal. When they got me down thus low, they thought fit to degrade me farther, and make me a ghost. I was contented with this for these two last winters; but they carry their tyranny still farther, and, not satisfied that I am banished from above ground, they have given me to understand that I am wholly to depart their dominions, and taken from me even my subterraneous employment. Now, Sir, what I desire of you is, that if your undertaker thinks fit to use fire-arms (as other authors have done) in the time of Alexander, I may be a cannon against Porus, or else provide for me in the burning of Persepolis, or what other method you shall think fit.

'SALMONEUS of Covent-Garden.'

The petition of all the Devils of the play-house in behalf of themselves and families, setting forth their expulsion from thence, with certificates of their good life and conversation, and praying relief.

The merit of this petition referred to Mr. Chr. Rich,[d] who made them devils.

The petition of the Grave-digger in Hamlet, to command the Pioneers in the expedition of Alexander.

Granted.

The petition of William Bullock,[e] to be Hephestion to Pinkethman the Great.[f]

Granted.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A widow gentlewoman, well born by father and mother's side, being the daughter of Thomas Prater, once an eminent practitioner in the law, and of Letitia Tattle, a family well known in all parts of this kingdom, having been reduced by misfortunes to wait on several great persons, and for some time to be teacher at a boarding-school of young ladies, giveth notice to the public, That she hath lately taken a house near Bloomsbury-square, commodiously situated next the fields in a good air; where she teaches all sorts of birds of the loquacious kind, as parrots, starlings, magpies, and others, to imitate human voices in greater perfection than ever yet was practised. They are not only instructed to pronounce words distinctly, and in a proper tone and accent, but to speak the language with great purity and volubility of tongue, together with all the fashionable phrases and compliments now in use, either at tea-tables, or visiting days. Those that have good voices may be taught to sing the newest opera-airs, and, if required, to

[d] See Tatler, Nos. 42, and 99; and notes on Divito, under which name the patentee of the play-house, Mr. Rich, is there mentioned. See also Cibber's Apology, &c. *passim.*

[e] See Tatler, Nos. 7, and 188; Spectator, No. 44; and notes on Bullock.

[f] See Tatler, Nos. 4, 7, 20, and 188; Spectator, Nos. 31, and 370; and notes on Pinkethman. See also C. Cibber's Apology for his own Life, vol. i. p. 112, *seq. et passim.* Edit. 12mo. 2 vols. 1756, where there is a full account of Pinkethman, of dramatic characters and affairs in the author's own time, and much curious information in the history of the stage, antecedent to his personal engagement and concern with it.

speak either Italian or French, paying something extraordinary above the common rates. They whose friends are not able to pay the full prices, may be taken as half boarders. She teaches such as are designed for the diversion of the public, and to act in enchanted woods on the theatres, by the great. As she has often observed with much concern how indecent an education is usually given these innocent creatures, which, in some measure, is owing to their being placed in rooms next the street, where, to the great offence of chaste and tender ears, they learn ribaldry, obscene songs, and immodest expressions from passengers and idle people, as also to cry fish and card-matches, with other useless parts of learning to birds who have rich friends, she has fitted up proper and neat apartments for them in the back part of her said house; where she suffers none to approach them but herself, and a servant-maid who is deaf and dumb, and whom she provided on purpose to prepare their food and cleanse their cages; having found by long experience how hard a thing it is for those to keep silence who have the use of speech, and the dangers her scholars are exposed to, by the strong impressions that are made by harsh sounds and vulgar dialects. In short, if they are birds of any parts or capacity, she will undertake to render them so accomplished in the compass of a twelvemonth, that they shall be fit conversation for such ladies as love to choose their friends and companions out of this species. R.[1]

No. 37. THURSDAY, April 12, 1711.

—— Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Fœmineas assueta manus——
VIRG. Æn. vii. 805.
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd.
DRYDEN.

Some months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, inclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora,[g] and, as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library, till such time as she was in a

[1] By Steele. See final note to No. 5.

[g] See Nos. 92, 140, and 163; and notes on Leonora, and Miss Shepheard, whose name by marriage became Mrs. Perry, the lady here alluded to.

readiness to receive me. The very sound of a lady's library gave me a great curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture.[h] The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colours, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was inclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarines, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in china ware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the number, like fagots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixt kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto, or in a library.

[h] See Tat. in 8vo. with notes, No. 23; Lover, No. 10; and Swift's Works, vol. xxii. cr. 8vo. p. 55.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

Ogleby's Virgil.
Dryden's Juvenal.
Cassandra.
Cleopatra.
Astræa.
Sir Isaac Newton's Works.
The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.
Pembroke's Arcadia.
Locke on Human Understanding: with a paper of patches in it.
A Spelling Book.
A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.
Sherlock upon Death.
The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
Sir William Temple's Essays.
Father Malebranche's Search after Truth, translated into English.
A book of Novels.
The Academy of Compliments.
Culpepper's Midwifery.
The Ladies Calling.
Tales in Verse by Mr. Durfey; bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.
All the Classic Authors in Wood.
A set of Elzevirs by the same Hand.

Clelia: which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.
Baker's Chronicle.
Advice to a Daughter.
The New Atalantis, with a Key to it.
Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.
A Prayer-book: with a bottle of Hungary-Water by the side of it.
Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.
Fielding's Trial.
Seneca's Morals.
Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.
La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and upon my presenting her with a letter from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health: I answered Yes, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men (as she has often said herself), but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male visitants, except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without

scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottos covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet, which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of The Purling Stream. The knight likewise tells me, that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country, not (says Sir Roger) that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales. For she says that every bird that is killed in her ground, will spoil a consort, and she shall certainly miss him next year.

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex, who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she

been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading, shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it. C.[k]

No. 38. FRIDAY, April 13, 1711.

———Cupias non placuisse nimis.
MART.
One would not please too much.

A late conversation which I fell into, gave me an opportunity of observing a great deal of beauty in a very handsome woman, and as much wit in an ingenious man, turned into deformity in the one, and absurdity in the other, by the mere force of affectation. The fair one had something in her person upon which her thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to show to advantage in every look, word, and gesture. The gentleman was as diligent to do justice to his fine parts, as the lady to her beauteous form. You might see his imagination on the stretch to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her; while she writhed herself into as many different postures to engage him. When she laughed, her lips were to sever at a great-

[k] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from Chelsea. See final note to Nos. 7, and 221, and penult. note.

er distance than ordinary to show her teeth; her fan was to point to somewhat at a distance, that in the reach she may discover the roundness of her arm; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own folly, and is so wholly discomposed, that her tucker is to be adjusted, her bosom exposed, and the whole woman put into new airs and graces. While she was doing all this, the gallant had time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind observation on some other lady to feed her vanity. These unhappy effects of affectation naturally led me to look into that strange state of mind which so generally discolours the behaviour of most people we meet with.

The learned Dr. Burnet, in his Theory of the Earth, takes occasion to observe, that every thought is attended with a consciousness and representativeness; the mind has nothing presented to it but what is immediately followed by a reflection or conscience, which tells you whether that which was so presented is graceful or unbecoming. This act of the mind discovers itself in the gesture, by a proper behaviour in those whose consciousness goes no farther than to direct them in the just progress of their present thought or action; but betrays an interruption in every second thought, when the consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a man's own conceptions; which sort of consciousness is what we call affectation.

As the love of praise is implanted in our bosoms as a strong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult task to get above a desire of it for things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose hearts are fixed upon the pleasures they have in the

consciousness that they are the objects of love and admiration, are ever changing the air of their countenances, and altering the attitude of their bodies, to strike the hearts of their beholders with new sense of their beauty. The dressing part of our sex, whose minds are the same with the sillier part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy condition to be regarded for a well-tied cravat, an hat cocked with an unusual briskness, a very well-chosen coat, or other instances of merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

But this apparent affectation, arising from an ill-governed consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in such loose and trivial minds as these: but when you see it reign in characters of worth and distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some indignation. It creeps into the heart of the wise man as well as that of the coxcomb. When you see a man of sense look about for applause, and discover an itching inclination to be commended; lay traps for a little incense, even from those whose opinion he values in nothing but his own favour; who is safe against this weakness? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The best way to get clear of such a light fondness for applause, is to take all possible care to throw off the love of it upon occasions that are not in themselves laudable, but as it appears we hope for no praise from them. Of this nature are all graces in men's persons, dress, and bodily deportment, which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their force in proportion to our endeavour to make them such.

When our consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the

chief purpose either in business or pleasure, we shall never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: but when we give the passion for praise an unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfections robs us of what is due to us for great virtues and worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard to their way of speaking and acting, instead of having their thought bent upon what they should do or say; and by that means bury a capacity for great things, by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called affectation; but it has some tincture of it, at least so far, as that their fear of erring in a thing of no consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough disregard to himself in such particulars, that a man can act with a laudable sufficiency: his heart is fixed upon one point in view; and he commits no errors, because he thinks nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havock affectation makes in that part of the world which should be most polite, is visible wherever we turn our eyes: it pushes men not only into impertinences in conversation, but also in their premeditated speeches. At the bar, it torments the bench, whose business it is to cut off all superfluities in what is spoken before it by the practitioner; as well as several little pieces of injustice which arise from the law itself. I have seen it make a man run from the purpose before a judge, who was, when at the bar himself, so close and logical a pleader, that,

with all the pomp of eloquence in his power, he never spoke a word too much.[1]

It might be borne even here, but it often ascends the pulpit itself; and the declaimer in that sacred place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last day itself with so many quaint phrases, that there is no man who understands raillery but must resolve to sin no more. Nay, you may behold him sometimes in prayer, for a proper delivery of the great truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well-turned phrase, and mention his own unworthiness in a way so very becoming, that the air of the pretty gentleman is preserved under the lowliness of the preacher.

I shall end this with a short letter I writ the other day to a very witty man, overrun with the fault I am speaking of:

'DEAR SIR,

'I SPENT some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of the unsufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you an hint of it, you asked me whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think of him? No; but praise is not to be the entertainment of every moment. He that hopes for it must be able to suspend the possession of it till proper periods of life, or death itself. If you would not rather be commended than be praise-worthy, contemn little merits; and allow no man to be so free with you, as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions:

[1] This seems to be intended as a compliment to chancellor Cowper.

where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities. Till then you will never have of either, further than,

T.[m] 'Sir, your humble servant.'

No. 39. SATURDAY, April 14, 1711.

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum scribo———

Hor. 2 Ep. ii. 102.

IMITATED.

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head'd rhyming race.

Pope.

As a perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments. A virtuous man (says Seneca), struggling with misfortunes, is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with pleasure; and such a pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, soothe affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence.

It is no wonder therefore that in all the polite nations of the world, this part of the drama has met with public encouragement.

The modern tragedy excels that of Greece and Rome, in the intricacy and disposition of the fable; but, what a Christian writer would be ashamed to

[m] By Steele. It has the signature R. in the original publication in folio. See final notes to Nos. 5, and 324.

own, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of the performance.

This I may show more at large hereafter: and in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the improvement of the English tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

Aristotle observes, that the Iambic verse in the Greek tongue was the most proper for tragedy: because at the same time that it lifted up the discourse from prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of verse. 'For,' says he, 'we may observe that men in ordinary discourse very often speak iambics, without taking notice of it.' We may make the same observation of our English blank verse, which often enters into our common discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a due medium between rhyme and prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a play in rhyme; which is as absurd in English, as a tragedy of hexameters would have been in Greek or Latin. The solecism is, I think, still greater in those plays that have some scenes in rhyme and some in blank verse, which are to be looked upon as two several languages; or where we see some particular similies dignified with rhyme, at the same time that every thing about them lies in blank verse. I would not, however, debar the poet from concluding his tragedy, or, if he pleases, every act of it, with two or three couplets, which may have the same effect as an air in the Italian opera after a long recitativo, and give the actor a graceful exit. Besides, that we see a diversity of numbers in some parts of the

old tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the same continued modulation of voice. For the same reason I do not dislike the speeches in our English tragedy that close with an hemistick, or half verse, notwithstanding the person who speaks after it begins a new verse, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt pauses and breakings off in the middle of a verse, when they humour any passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must observe that our English poets have succeeded much better in the style, than in the sentiments of their tragedies. Their language is very often noble and sonorous, but the sense either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient tragedies, and indeed in those of Corneille and Racine, though the expressions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression. Whether this defect in our tragedies may arise from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taste of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain English, before he turned it into blank verse; and if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would consider the naked thought of every speech in it, when divested of all its tragic ornaments. By this means, without being imposed upon by words, we

may judge impartially of the thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a blaze of eloquence, or show itself in such a variety of lights as are generally made use of by the writers of our English tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions in which they are clothed. Shakspeare is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine observation in Aristotle to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. The expression, says he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for these (namely, the opinions, manners, and passions) are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases and elaborate expressions. Horace, who copied most of his criticisms after Aristotle, seems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule, in the following verses:

'Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri:
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.'

ARS Poet. ver. 95.

'Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve:
Peleus and Telephus, exiled and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.'

ROSCOMMON.

Among our modern English poets, there is none who was better turned for tragedy than Lee; if, instead of favouring the impetuosity of his genius, he had restrained it, and kept it within its proper

bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully suited to tragedy, but frequently lost in such a cloud of words that it is hard to see the beauty of them. There is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smoke, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently succeeds in the passionate parts of the tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his efforts, and eases the style of those epithets and metaphors in which he so much abounds. What can be more natural, more soft, or more passionate, than that line in Statira's speech, where she describes the charms of Alexander's conversation—

'Then he would talk—Good Gods! how he would talk!'

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the description of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpressibly beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond character of the person that speaks it. There is a simplicity in the words, that outshines the utmost pride of expression.

Otway has followed nature in the language of his tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts more than any of our English poets. As there is something familiar and domestic in the fable of his tragedy, more than in those of any other poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expressions. For which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting part of his tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phrase in those parts, which, by Aristotle's rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression.

It has been observed by others, that this poet has founded his tragedy of Venice Preserved, on so wrong a plot, that the greatest characters in it are those of rebels and traitors. Had the hero of his

play discovered the same good qualities in the defence of his country, that he showed for its ruin and subversion, the audience could not enough pity and admire him: but as he is now represented, we can only say of him what the Roman historian says of Catiline, that his fall would have been glorious (*si pro patriâ sic concidisset*) had he so fallen in the service of his country.

C.[n]

No. 40. MONDAY, April 16, 1711.

Ac ne fortè putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cùm rectè tractant alii, laudare malignè;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.

Hor. 2 Ep. i. 208.

IMITATED.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignant arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t'instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes;
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

Pope.

The English writers of tragedy are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal

[n] By Addison, dated, as supposed, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7, on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O; No. 221, and notes on capital and cabalistical letters.

distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice.° Who were the first that established this rule I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave; and as the principal design of tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason the ancient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the most agreeable manner. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these kinds, and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind; and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and

° See Original Letters, familiar, moral, and critical, by Mr. J. Dennis, 2 vols. 8 vo. 1721, p. 407.

delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly we find, that more of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sink under their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best plays of this kind are, The Orphan, Venice Preserved, Alexander the Great, Theodosius, All for Love, Œdipus, Oroonoko, Othello, &c. King Lear is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as Shakspeare wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble tragedies, which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good tragedies, which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned criticism, have taken this turn; as The Mourning Bride, Tamerlane, Ulysses, Phædra and Hippolitus, with most of Mr. Dryden's. I must also allow, that many of Shakspeare's, and several of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the English tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The tragi-comedy, which is the product of the English theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of Æneas and Hudibras into one poem, as of writing such a motley piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to tragi-comedy, may in some measure be applied to all tragedies that have a double plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the English stage than upon any other: for though the grief of the audience, in such performances, be not changed into another passion, as in tragi-comedies; it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience however may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful choice of an under-plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same catastrophe.

There is also another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties of our English tragedy: I mean, those particular speeches which are commonly known by the name of Rants. The warm and passionate parts of a tragedy are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the players pronouncing in all the violence of action several parts of the tragedy which the author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen Powell very often raise himself a loud clap by this artifice. The poets that were acquainted with this secret, have given frequent occasion for such emotions in the actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into fustian. This hath filled the mouths of our heroes with bombast; and given them such sentiments, as proceed rather from a swelling than a greatness of mind.

Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the gods, frequently pass upon the audience for towering thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our tragic writers may make an ill use of. As our heroes are generally lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting kings, or affronting the gods, in one scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite of the boxes. Dryden and Lee, in several of their tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

But to show how a rant pleases beyond the most just and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would desire the reader, when he sees the tragedy of Œdipus, to observe how quietly the hero is dismissed at the end of the third act, after having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compassion:

> 'To you, good gods, I make my last appeal;
> Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.
> If in the maze of fate I blindly run,
> And backward tread those paths I sought to shun;
> Impute my errors to your own decree:
> My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.'

Let us then observe with what thunder-claps of applause he leaves the stage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth act; and you

will wonder to see an audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time.

'O that, as oft I have at Athens seen,
[*Where, by the way, there was no stage till many years after* Œdipus,]
The stage arise, and the big clouds descend;
So now, in very deed, I might behold
This pond'rous globe, and all yon marble roof,
Meet like the hands of Jove, and crush mankind;
For all the elements,' &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Having spoken of Mr. Powell, as sometimes raising himself applause from the ill taste of an audience; I must do him the justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the admiration of the best judges; as I doubt not but he will in the Conquest of Mexico, which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night. C.[p]

No. 41. TUESDAY, April 17, 1711.

——Tu non inventa reperta es.
Ovid Met. i. 651.
So found, is worse than lost.
Addison.

Compassion for the gentleman who writes the following letter, should not prevail upon me to fall upon the fair sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such impostures are not to be tolerated in civil society, and I think his misfortune ought to be made public, as a warning for other men always to examine into what they admire.

'SIR,

'Supposing you to be a person of general knowledge, I make my application to you on a very

[p] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to Nos. 7, 221, and notes.

particular occasion. I have a great mind to be rid of my wife, and hope, when you consider my case, you will be of opinion I have very just pretensions to a divorce. I am a mere man of the town, and have very little improvement, but what I have got from plays. I remember in the Silent Woman, the learned Dr. Cutberd or Dr. Otter (I forget which) makes one of the causes of separation to be *Error Personæ*, when a man marries a woman, and finds her not to be the same woman whom he intended to marry, but another. If that be law, it is, I presume, exactly my case. For you are to know, Mr. Spectator, that there are women who do not let their husbands see their faces till they are married.

'Not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly that part of the sex who paint. They are some of them so exquisitely skilful this way, that give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eyebrows, by their own industry. As for my dear, never man was so enamoured as I was of her fair forehead, neck, and arms, as well as the bright jet of her hair; but to my great astonishment I find they were all the effect of art. Her skin is so tarnished with this practice, that when she first wakes in a morning, she scarce seems young enough to be the mother of her whom I carried to bed the night before. I shall take the liberty to part with her by the first opportunity, unless her father will make her portion suitable to her real, not her assumed, countenance. This I thought fit to let him and her know, by your means. I am,

'SIR,

'Your most obedient humble servant.'

I cannot tell what the law, or the parents of the

lady will do for this injured gentleman, but must allow he has very much justice on his side. I have indeed very long observed this evil, and distinguished those of our women who wear their own, from those in borrowed complexions, by the Picts and the British. There does not need any great discernment to judge which are which. The British have a lively animated aspect; the Picts, though never so beautiful, have dead uninformed countenances. The muscles of a real face sometimes swell with soft passion, sudden surprise, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the objects before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imagination. But the Picts behold all things with the same air, whether they are joyful or sad: the same fixed insensibility appears upon all occasions. A Pict, though she takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance; a sigh in a languishing lover, if fetched too near her, would dissolve a feature; and a kiss snatched by a forward one, might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false fair ones, without saying something uncomplaisant; but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a room new painted: they may assure themselves the near approach of a lady who uses this practice is much more offensive.

Will Honeycomb told us one day an adventure he once had with a Pict. This lady had wit, as well as beauty, at will; and made it her business to gain hearts, for no other reason but to rally the torments of her lovers. She would make great advances to ensnare men, but without any manner of scruple break off when there was no provocation. Her ill-

nature and vanity made my friend very easily proof against the charms of her wit and conversation: but her beauteous form, instead of being blemished by her falsehood and inconstancy, every day increased upon him, and she had new attractions every time he saw her. When she observed Will irrevocably her slave, she began to use him as such, and after many steps towards such a cruelty, she at last utterly banished him. The unhappy lover strove in vain, by servile epistles, to revoke his doom; till at length he was forced to the last refuge, a round sum of money to her maid. This corrupt attendant placed him early in the morning behind the hangings in her mistress's dressing-room. He stood very conveniently to observe, without being seen. The Pict begins the face she designed to wear that day, and I have heard him protest she had worked a full half hour before he knew her to be the same woman. As soon as he saw the dawn of that complexion, for which he had so long languished, he thought fit to break from his concealment, repeating that of Cowley:

'Th' adorning thee with so much art,
Is but a barbarous skill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.'

The Pict stood before him in the utmost confusion, with the prettiest smirk imaginable on the finished side of her face, pale as ashes on the other. Honeycomb seized all her gally-pots and washes, and carried off his handkerchief full of brushes, scraps of Spanish wool, and phials of unguents. The lady went into the country, the lover was cured.

It is certain no faith ought to be kept with cheats, and an oath made to a Pict is of itself void.

I would therefore exhort all the British ladies to single them out, nor do I know any but Lindamira who should be exempt from discovery; for her own complexion is so delicate, that she ought to be allowed the covering it with paint, as a punishment for choosing to be the worst piece of art extant, instead of the master-piece of nature. As for my part, who have no expectations from women, and consider them only as they are part of the species, I do not half so much fear offending a beauty, as a woman of sense; I shall therefore produce several faces which have been in public these many years, and never appeared. It will be a very pretty entertainment in the playhouse (when I have abolished this custom), to see so many ladies, when they first lay it down, incog. in their own faces.

In the mean time, as a pattern for improving their charms, let the sex study the agreeable Statira. Her features are enlivened with the cheerfulness of her mind, and good-humour gives an alacrity to her eyes. She is graceful without affecting an air, and unconcerned without appearing careless. Her having no manner of art in her mind, makes her want none in her person.

How like is this lady, and how unlike is a Pict, to that description Dr. Donne gives of his mistress?

'——Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her body thought.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

A young gentlewoman of about nineteen years of age (bred in the family of a person of quality, lately deceased), who paints the finest flesh-colour, wants a place, and is to be heard of at the house of mynheer Grotesque, a Dutch painter in Barbican.

N. B. She is also well skilled in the drapery-part, and puts on

hoods, and mixes ribands so as to suit the colours of the face with great art and success. R.[q]

ADVERTISEMENT.

'For the benefit of Powell, at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, this present Tuesday, being the 17th of April, will be presented a play called The Indian Emperor; or, The Conquest of Mexico. The part of Cortes by Mr. Powell; Montezuma, Mr. Keen; Odmar, Mr. Mills; Guyomar, Mr. Booth; Almeria, Mrs. Knight; Alibech, Mrs. Porter; Cydaria, Mrs. Santlow.'—Spect. in folio. See No. 40, *ad finem*.

No. 42. WEDNESDAY, April 18, 1711.

Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Thuscum;
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
Divitæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor
Cum stetit in scena, concurrit dextera levæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Hor. 2 Ep. i. 202.

IMITATED.

Loud as the wolves on Orca's stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep:
Such is the shout, the long applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters——hark! the universal peal!—
But has he spoken?——Not a syllable.———
What shook the stage and made the people stare?
Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Pope.

Aristotle has observed, that ordinary writers in tragedy endeavour to raise terror and pity in their audience, not by proper sentiments and expressions, but by the dresses and decorations of the stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the English theatre. When the author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; when he would make us melancholy, the stage is darkened. But among all our tragic artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent

[q] By Steele. See final note to No. 6.

ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary method of making an hero, is to clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the sole of his foot. One would believe, that we thought a great man and a tall man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and notwithstanding any anxieties which he pretends for his mistress, his country, or his friends, one may see by his action, that his greatest care and concern is to keep the plume of feathers from falling off his head. For my own part, when I see a man uttering his complaints under such a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate lunatic, than a distressed hero. As these superfluous ornaments upon the head make a great man, a princess generally receives her grandeur from those additional incumbrances that fall into her tail; I mean the broad sweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds constant employment for a boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this sight, but I must confess, my eyes are wholly taken up with the page's part; and as for the queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the right adjusting of her train, lest it should chance to trip up her heels, or incommode her as she walks to and fro upon the stage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd spectacle, to see a queen venting her passion in a disordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her gown. The parts that the two persons act on the stage at the same time are very

different. The princess is afraid lest she should incur the displeasure of the king her father, or lose the hero her lover, whilst her attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her feet in her petticoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragic poet, to move the pity of his audience for his exiled kings and distressed heroes, used to make the actors represent them in dresses and clothes that were thread-bare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity seems as ill-contrived as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great idea of the persons introduced upon the stage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making great men, and adding dignity to kings and queens, is to accompany them with halberds and battle-axes. Two or three shifters of scenes, with the two candle-snuffers, make up a complete body of guards upon the English stage; and by the addition of a few porters dressed in red coats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the stage, when the poet has been disposed to do honour to his generals. It is impossible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such nature should be told, not represented.

—'Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.'
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 182.

'Yet there are things improper for a scene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.'
ROSCOMMON.

I should, therefore, in this particular, recommend to my countrymen the example of the French stage, where the kings and queens always appear unattended, and leave their guards behind the scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the French in banishing from our stage the noise of drums, trumpets, and huzzas; which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a battle in the Haymarket Theatre, one may hear it as far as Charing-Cross.

I have here only touched upon those particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize the persons of a tragedy; and shall show in another paper the several expedients which are practised by authors of a vulgar genius to move terror, pity, or admiration, in their hearers.

The tailor and the painter often contribute to the success of a tragedy more than the poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches; and our actors are very sensible, that a well-dressed play has sometimes brought them as full audiences as a well-written one. The Italians have a very good phrase to express this art of imposing upon the spectators by appearances; they call it the '*Fourberia della scena*,' 'The knavery, or trickish part of the drama.' But however the show and outside of the tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the more understanding part of the audience immediately see through it, and despise it.

A good poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battle in a description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in squadrons and battalions, or engaged in the confusion of a fight.

Our minds should be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious sentiments by what the actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the trappings or equipage of a king or hero give Brutus half that pomp and majesty which he receives from a few lines in Shakspeare? C.[r]

*** At Drury-lane, for the benefit of Mrs. Porter, Love's Last Shift; or, The Fool in Fashion: Sir Novelty, Mr. Cibber; Sir W. Wisewoud, Mr. Johnson; Loveless, Mr. Wilks; Worthy, Mr. Mills; Snap, Mr. Pinkethman; Sly, Mr. Bullock; Amanda, Mrs. Porter; Narcissa, Mrs. Oldfield; and Hilaria, Mrs. Bicknell.—Spect. in folio.

No. 43. THURSDAY, April 19, 1711.

Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.
Virg. Æn. vi. 854.

Be these thy arts; to bid contention cease,
Chain up stern wars and give the nations peace;
O'er subject lands extend thy gentle sway,
And teach with iron rod, the haughty to obey.

There are crowds of men, whose great misfortune it is that they were not bound to mechanic arts or trades; it being absolutely necessary for them to be led by some continual task or employment. These are such as we commonly call dull fellows; persons, who for want of something to do, out of a certain vacancy of thought, rather than curiosity, are ever meddling with things for which they are unfit. I cannot give you a notion of them better than by presenting you with a letter from a gentleman, who belongs to a society of this order of men, residing at Oxford.

[r] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See No. 7.

'SIR, 'Oxford, April 13, 1711.
Four o'Clock in the Morning.

'In some of your late speculations, I find some sketches towards an history of clubs: but you seem to me to show them in somewhat too ludicrous a light. I have well weighed that matter, and think, that the most important negotiations may be best carried on in such assemblies. I shall therefore, for the good of mankind (which, I trust, you and I are equally concerned for), propose an institution of that nature for example sake.

'I must confess the design and transactions of too many clubs are trifling, and manifestly of no consequence to the nation or public weal. Those I'll give you up. But you must do me then the justice to own, that nothing can be more useful or laudable than the scheme we go upon. To avoid nicknames and witticisms, we call ourselves The Hebdomadal Meeting. Our president continues for a year at least, and sometimes four or five: we are all grave, serious, designing men in our way: we think it our duty, as far as in us lies, to take care the constitution receives no harm—*Ne quid detrimenti res capiat publica*—to censure doctrines or facts, persons or things, which we don't like; to settle the nation at home, and to carry on the war abroad, where and in what manner we see fit. If other people are not of our opinion, we can't help that: 'twere better they were. Moreover we now and then condescend to direct, in some measure, the little affairs of our own university.

'Verily, Mr. Spectator, we are much offended at the act for importing French wines. A bottle or two of good solid edifying port at honest George's, made a night cheerful, and threw off reserve. But this plaguy French claret will not only cost us more

money, but do us less good. Had we been aware of it, before it had gone too far, I must tell you, we would have petitioned to be heard upon that subject. But let that pass.

'I must let you know likewise, good Sir, that we look upon a certain northern prince's march, in conjunction with infidels, to be palpably against our good-will and liking; and, for all Monsieur Palmquist, a most dangerous innovation; and we are by no means yet sure, that some people are not at the bottom on't. At least my own private letters leave room for a politician, well versed in matters of this nature, to suspect as much, as a penetrating friend of mine tells me.

'We think we have at last done the business with the malecontents in Hungary, and shall clap up a peace there.

'What the neutrality army is to do, or what the army in Flanders, and what two or three other princes, is not yet fully determined among us; and we wait impatiently for the coming in of the next Dyer's, who you must know is our authentic intelligence, our Aristotle in politics. And 'tis indeed but fit there should be some dernier resort, the absolute decider of all controversies.

'We were lately informed, that the gallant trained-bands had patrolled all night long about the streets of London. We indeed could not imagine any occasion for it; we guessed not a tittle on't aforehand; we were in nothing of the secret: and that city tradesmen, or their apprentices, should do duty or work during the holidays, we thought absolutely impossible. But Dyer being positive in it, and some letters from other people, who had talked with some who had it from those who should know,

giving some countenance to it, the chairman reported from the committee appointed to examine into that affair, that 'twas possible there might be something in't. I have much more to say to you, but my two good friends and neighbours, Dominic and Slyboots, are just come in, and the coffee's ready. I am, in the mean time,

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Your admirer and humble servant,

'ABRAHAM FROTH.'

You may observe the turn of their minds tends only to novelty, and not satisfaction in any thing. It would be disappointment to them to come to certainty in any thing, for that would gravel them, and put an end to their inquiries, which dull fellows do not make for information, but for exercise. I do not know but this may be a very good way of accounting for what we frequently see, to wit, that dull fellows prove very good men of business.[8] Business relieves them from their own natural heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do; whereas business to mercurial men is an interruption from their real existence and happiness. Though the dull part of mankind are harmless in their amusements, it were to be wished they had no vacant time, because they usually undertake something that makes their wants conspicuous, by their manner of supplying them. You shall seldom find a dull fellow of good education, but if he happens to have any leisure upon his hands, will turn his head to one of those two amusements for all fools of eminence, politics, or poetry. The former of these arts is the study of all dull people in general; but when dul-

[8] See No. 222, note, and No. 469.

ness is lodged in a person of a quick animal life, it generally exerts itself in poetry. One might here mention a few military writers, who give great entertainment to the age, by reason that the stupidity of their heads is quickened by the alacrity of their hearts. This constitution in a dull fellow gives vigour to nonsense, and makes the puddle boil, which would otherwise stagnate. The British Prince, that celebrated poem which was written in the reign of king Charles the Second, and deservedly called by the wits of that age incomparable, was the effect of such an happy genius as we are speaking of. From among many other distichs no less to be quoted on this account, I cannot but recite the two following lines:

> 'A painted vest prince Voltager had on,
> Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.'

Here, if the poet[t] had not been vivacious, as well as stupid, he could not, in the warmth and hurry of nonsense, have been capable of forgetting that neither prince Voltager, nor his grandfather, could strip a naked man of his doublet; but a fool of a colder constitution would have staid to have flead the Pict, and made buff of his skin, for the wearing of the conqueror.

To bring these observations to some useful purpose of life, what I would propose should be, that we imitated those wise nations, wherein every man learns some handicraft-work. Would it not employ a beau prettily enough, if, instead of eternally playing with a snuff-box, he spent some part of his time in making one? Such a method as this would very,

[t] The Hon. Edward Howard. See Tat. No. 63, note on Ned Softly; see also Tat. Nos. 17 21. and notes.

much conduce to the public emolument, by making every man living good for something; for there would then be no one member of human society, but would have some little pretension for some degree in it, like him who came to Will's coffee-house, upon the merit of having writ a posy of a ring.

R.[u]

No. 44. FRIDAY, April 20, 1711.

Tu quid ego et populus mecum desideret audi.
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 153.
Now hear what every auditor expects.
Roscommon.

Among the several artifices which are put in practice by the poets to fill the minds of an audience with terror, the first place is due to thunder and lightning, which are often made use of at the descending of a god, or the rising of a ghost, at the vanishing of a devil, or at the death of a tyrant. I have known a bell introduced into several tragedies with good effect; and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our English theatre so much as a ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A spectre has very often saved a play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the stage, or rose through a cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one word. There may be a proper season for these several terrors; and when they only come in as aids and assistances to the poet, they are not only to be excused but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the clock in Venice Preserved makes the hearts

[u] By Steele. See final notes to Nos. 6 and 324, on Steele's signatures, R. and T. See No. 536, let. 1, employment for beaus.

of the whole audience quake; and conveys a stronger terror to the mind than it is possible for words to do. The appearance of the ghost in Hamlet is a master-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumstances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the discourses that precede it. His dumb behaviour at his first entrance, strikes the imagination very strongly; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the speech with which young Hamlet accosts him without trembling?

> *Hor.* Look, my Lord, it comes!
> '*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
> Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd;
> Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell;
> Be thy events[w] wicked or charitable;
> Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
> That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
> King, Father, Royal Dane. Oh! answer me,
> Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
> Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
> Have burst their cearments? Why the sepulchre,
> Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
> Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
> To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
> That thou dead corse again in complete steel
> Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
> Making night hideous?'

I do not, therefore, find fault with the artifices above mentioned, when they are introduced with skill, and accompanied by proportionable sentiments and expressions in the writing.

For the moving of pity, our principal machine is the handkerchief; and indeed in our common tragedies, we should not know very often that the persons

[w] Events for advents, comings or visits. We read in other copies, intents.

are in distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this instrument of sorrow from the stage; I know a tragedy could not subsist without it: all that I would contend for, is to keep it from being misapplied. In a word, I would have the actor's tongue sympathize with his eyes.

A disconsolate mother, with a child in her hand, has frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in several tragedies. A modern writer, that observed how this had took in other plays, being resolved to double the distress, and melt his audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a princess upon the stage with a little boy in one hand and a girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third poet, being resolved to outwrite all his predecessors, a few years ago introduced three children with great success: and, as I am informed, a young gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate hearts, has a tragedy by him, where the first person that appears upon the stage is an afflicted widow in her mourning weeds, with half a dozen fatherless children attending her like those that usually hang about the figure of Charity. Thus several incidents that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving pity or terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is so very frequent upon the English stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign

of a cruel temper; and as this is often practised before the British audience, several French critics, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our stage strewed with carcasses in the last scene of a tragedy; and to observe in the wardrobe of the playhouse several daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls for poison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people: but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the French stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present censure. I remember in the famous play of Corneille, written upon the subject of the Horatii and Curiatii; the fierce young hero who had overcome the Curiatii one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his sister for his victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her lover,) in the height of his passion and resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the sentiments of nature, reason, or manhood could take place in him. However, to avoid public bloodshed, as soon as his passion is wrought to its height, he follows his sister the whole length of the stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this case, the fact ought not to have been represent-

ed, but to have been told, if there was any occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader to see how Sophocles has conducted a tragedy under the like delicate circumstances. Orestes was in the same condition with Hamlet in Shakspeare, his mother having murdered his father, and taken possession of his kingdom in conspiracy with her adulterer. That young prince, therefore, being determined to revenge his father's death upon those who filled his throne, conveys himself by a beautiful stratagem into his mother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a spectacle would have been too shocking to the audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the scenes; the mother is heard calling out to her son for mercy; and the son answering her, that she showed no mercy to his father; after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our plays there are speeches made behind the scenes, though there are other instances of this nature to be met with in those of the ancients; and I believe my reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful dialogue between the mother and her son behind the scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the audience. Orestes immediately after meets the usurper at the entrance of his palace; and by a very happy thought of the poet avoids killing him before the audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of soul before he would despatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the palace where he had slain his father, whose murder he would revenge in the very

same place where it was committed. By this means the poet observes that decency, which Horace afterwards established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the audience.

'Nec coram populo natos Medea trucidet.'
ARS. Poet. ver. 115.

'Let not Medea draw her murd'ring knife,
And spill her children's blood upon the stage.'
ROSCOMMON.

The French have therefore refined too much upon Horace's rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of death from the stage; but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the scenes. I would therefore recommend to my countrymen the practice of the ancient poets, who were very sparing of their public executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the audience. At the same time, I must observe, that though the devoted persons of the tragedy were seldom slain before the audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their death, which has always something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

'Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem,
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.'
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 185.

'Medea must not draw her murd'ring knife,
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare;
Cadmus and Progne's metamorphoses,
(She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake,)
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
I hate to see and never can believe.'

ROSCOMMON.

I have now gone through the several dramatic inventions which are made use of by the ignorant poets to supply the place of tragedy, and by the skilful to improve it; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with caution. It would be an endless task to consider comedy in the same light, and to mention the innumerable shifts that small wits put in practice to raise a laugh. Bullock in a short coat, and Norris in a long one, seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary comedies, a broad and a narrow brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of the scene lies in a shoulder belt, and sometimes in a pair of whiskers. A lover running about the stage with his head peeping out of a barrel,[x] was thought a very good jest in king Charles the Second's time; and invented by one of the first wits of that age. But because ridicule is not so delicate as compassion, and because the objects that make us laugh, are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for comic than tragic artifices, and, by consequence, a much greater indulgence to be allowed them. C.[y]

[x] The comedy of The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub, by sir George Etheridge, 1664.

[y] By Addison, probably written at Chelsea. See final note to Nos. 7, and 221.

No. 45. SATURDAY, April 21, 1711.

Natio comœda est.——
Juv. Sat. iii. 100.
The nation is a company of players.

There is nothing which I more desire than a safe and honourable peace, though at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our politics, but to our manners. What an inundation of ribands and brocades will break in upon us? What peals of laughter and impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the prevention of these great evils I could heartily wish that there was an act of parliament for prohibiting the importation of French fopperies.

The female inhabitants of our island have already received very strong impressions from this ludicrous nation, though by the length of the war (as there is no evil which has not some good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred countrywomen kept their valet-de-chambre, because forsooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own sex. I myself have seen one of these male Abigails tripping about the room with a looking-glass in his hand, and combing his lady's hair a whole morning together. Whether or no there was any truth in the story of a lady's being got with child by one of these her hand-maids, I cannot tell; but I think at present the whole race of them is extinct in our own country.

About the time that several of our sex were taken into this kind of service, the ladies likewise brought

up the fashion of receiving visits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill-breeding for a woman to refuse to see a man, because she was not stirring; and a porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made so awkward an excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my friend Will Honeycomb to carry me along with him to one of these travelled ladies, desiring him at the same time to present me as a foreigner who could not speak English, that so I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The lady, though willing to appear undrest, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the fair sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in her bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg or an arm. As the coquettes who introduced this custom grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing, that a woman of threescore years may kick and tumble her heart out, without making any impressions.

Sempronia is at present the most profest admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass which does such execution upon all the male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants? What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon, to

an ivory comb or a pin-cushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a message to her footman; and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch?

There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airiness of temper which are natural to most of the sex. It should be therefore the concern of every wise and virtuous woman to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behaviour of the French is to make the sex more fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it) more awakened, than is consistent either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private, or in whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, discretion and modesty, which in all other ages and countries have been regarded as the greatest ornaments of the fair sex, are considered as the ingredients of narrow conversation, and family behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the tragedy of Macbeth, and unfortunately placed myself under a woman of quality that is since dead; who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from France. A little before the rising of the curtain, she broke out into a loud soliloquy, 'When will the dear witches enter?' and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a lady that sat three boxes from her on her right hand, if those witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as Betterton was in one of the finest speeches of the play, she shook her

fan at another lady who sat as far on the left hand, and told her in a whisper that might be heard all over the pit, 'We must not expect to see Balloon to-night.' Not long after, calling out to a young baronet by his name, who sat three seats before me, she asked him, whether Macbeth's wife was still alive; and before he could give an answer, fell a talking of the ghost of Banquo. She had by this time formed a little audience to herself, and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the play, I got out of the sphere of her impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined parts of coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconstrained behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no wonder to see people endeavouring after it. But at the same time it is so very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious French author tells us, that the ladies of the court of France in his time thought it ill-breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might show a politeness in murdering them. He farther adds, that a lady of some quality at court, having accidentally made use of an hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have

brought home with them all the modesty, discretion, and good-sense, that they went abroad with. As, on the contrary, there are great numbers of travelled ladies, who have lived all their days within the smoke of London. I have known a woman that never was out of the parish of St. James's betray as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned up in half the countries of Europe.

C.[z]

No. 46. MONDAY, April 23, 1711.

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.
Ovid, Met l. i. ver. 9.
The jarring seeds of ill-concerted things.

When I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game: and when I meet any proper subject, I take the first opportunity of setting down an hint of it upon paper. At the same time I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford matter of speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheet full of hints, that would look like rhapsody of nonsense to any body but myself. There is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my speculations in the first principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all light, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at Lloyd's coffee-house, where the auctions are usually

[z] By Addison, dated, it is thought, from Chelsea. See No. 7, final note.

kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the coffee-house. It had raised so much laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of the coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, asking every body if they had dropped a written paper; but nobody challenging it, he was ordered by those merry gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the auction pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read as follows:

MINUTES.

Sir Roger de Coverley's country-seat—Yes, for I hate long speeches—Query, if a good Christian may be a conjuror—Childermas-day, saltseller, house-dog, screech-owl, cricket—Mr. Thomas Incle, of London, in the good ship called the Achilles. Yarico—*Ægrescitque medendo*—Ghosts—The Lady's library—Lion by trade a tailor—Dromedary called Bucephalus—Equipage the lady's *summum bonum*—Charles Lillie to be taken notice of—Short face a relief to envy—Redundancies in the three professions—King Latinus a recruit—Jew devouring a ham of bacon—Westminster-Abbey—Grand Cairo—Procrastination—April fools—Blue boars, red lions, hogs in armour—Enter a King and two Fiddlers *solus*—Admission into the Ugly club—Beauty how improveable—Families of true and false humour—The parrot's school-mistress—Face half Pict half British—No man to be an hero of tragedy under six foot—Club of sighers—Letters from flower-pots, elbow-

chairs, tapestry-figures, lion, thunder—The bell rings to the puppet-show—Old woman with a beard married to a smock-faced boy—My next coat to be turned up with blue—Fable of tongs and gridiron—Flower dyers—The soldier's prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the gally-pot—Pactolus in stockings with golden clocks to them—Bamboos, cudgels, drum-sticks—Slip of my landlady's eldest daughter—The black mare with a star in her forehead—The barber's pole—Will Honeycomb's coat-pocket—Cæsar's behaviour and my own in parallel circumstances—Poem in patch-work—*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*—The female conveyancer—The ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a madman, and others by somebody that had been taking notes out of the Spectator. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen, told us, with several politic winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it: that, for his part, he looked upon the dromedary, the gridiron, and the barber's pole, to signify something more than what is usually meant by those words; and that he thought the coffee-man could not do better than to carry the paper to one of the secretaries of state. He farther added, that he did not like the name of the outlandish man with the golden clock in his stockings. A young Oxford scholar, who chanced to be with his uncle at the coffee-house, discovered to us who this Pactolus was: and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the

boy as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and lit my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to my pipe and the Postman, took no further notice of any thing that had passed about me.

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give him the letters which relate to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an husband who suffers very much in his private affairs by the indiscreet zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the bishop of Salisbury in his travels;[a] '*Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia:*' 'Through too much piety she became impious.'

'SIR,

'I AM one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a gospel-gossip, so common among dissenters (especially friends). Lectures in the morning,

[a] Burnett's Letters, &c. let i. p. 5, edit. Rotterdam, 1687.

church-meetings at noon, and preparation sermons at night, take up so much of her time, it is very rare she knows what we have for dinner, unless when the preacher is to be at it. With him come a tribe, all brothers and sisters it seems; while others, really such, are deemed no relations. If at any time I have her company alone, she is a mere sermon pop-gun, repeating and discharging texts, proofs, and applications so perpetually, that however weary I may go to bed, the noise in my head will not let me sleep till towards morning. The misery of my case, and great numbers of such sufferers, plead your pity and speedy relief; otherwise must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into want, unless the happiness of being sooner talked to death prevent it. 'I am, &c. 'R. G.'

The second letter relating to the ogling-master, runs thus:

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM an Irish gentleman that have travelled many years for my improvement; during which time I have accomplished myself in the whole art of ogling, as it is at present practised in all the polite nations of Europe. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the advice of my friends, to set up for an ogling-master. I teach the church ogle in the morning, and the play-house ogle by candle-light. I have also brought over with me a new flying ogle fit for the ring; which I teach in the dusk of the evening, or in any hour of the day, by darkening one of my windows. I have a manuscript by me called The Complete Ogler, which I shall be ready to show you upon any occasion. In the mean time, I beg you will publish the substance of this letter

in an advertisement, and you will very much oblige, your, &c.'

C.[b]

No. 47. TUESDAY, April 24, 1711.

Ride, si sapis—
Mart.
Laugh, if you're wise.[c]

Mr. Hobbs, in his Discourse of Human Nature, which in my humble opinion is much the best of all his works, after some very curious observations upon laughter, concludes thus: 'The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.'

According to this author therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in this opinion. Every one laughs at somebody that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in England to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason, idiots are still in request in most of the courts of

[b] By Addison, Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.

[c] See Dennis's Original Letters, p. 147, 2 vols. 8vo. 1721.

Germany, where there is not a prince of any great magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their industry and application than for wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the Gaper, that is, the head of an idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing jest at Amsterdam.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr. Dennis has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines which are part of a translation of a satire in Monsieur Boileau:

> 'Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
> And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.'

Mr. Hobbs's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people abovementioned are stirrers up of laughter among men of a gross taste: but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of laughter, in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well, 'that they could eat them,' according to the old proverb: I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which

it loves best:—in Holland they are termed Pickled Herrings; in France, Jean Pottages; in Italy, Maccaronies; and in Great Britain, Jack Puddings. These merry wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other day in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years successively he has not made less than an hundred April fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy an halfpennyworth of incle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was despatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years, who are for making April fools every day in the year. These

gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of Biters:[d] a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chooses his fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind, or, to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation and pride of heart, which is generally called laughter, arises in him, from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. It is indeed very possible, that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations, if I show that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I shall pass by the consideration of those stage coxcombs that are able to shake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a club or merry meeting to subsist without them; I mean, those honest gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well-wishers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and chil-

[d] See Tat. No. 12, note; and Spect. No. 504.

dren, friends and foes, and in a word, stand as butts in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these butts who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a butt, who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid butt is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people: men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A butt with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh on his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was an hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a butt, after the following manner:—'Men of all sorts,' says that merry knight, 'take a pride to gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.'

C.[e]

No. 48. WEDNESDAY, April 25, 1711.

——Per multas aditum sibi sæpè figuras
Reperit—

Ovid, Met. xiv. 652.

Through various shapes he often finds access.

My correspondents take it ill if I do not, from time to time, let them know I have received their letters.

[e] By Addison, dated, it is thought, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.

The most effectual way will be to publish some of them that are upon important subjects; which I shall introduce with a letter of my own that I writ a fortnight ago to a fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary member.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS OF

THE UGLY CLUB.

'MAY IT PLEASE YOUR DEFORMITIES,

'I HAVE received the notification of the honour you have done me in admitting me into your society. I acknowledge my want of merit, and for that reason shall endeavour at all times to make up my own failures, by introducing and recommending to the club persons of more undoubted qualifications than I can pretend to. I shall next week come down in the stage-coach, in order to take my seat at the board; and shall bring with me a candidate of each sex. The persons I shall present to you, are an old beau and a modern Pict. If they are not so eminently gifted by nature as our assembly expects, give me leave to say their acquired ugliness is greater than any that has ever appeared before you. The beau has varied his dress every day of his life for these thirty years last past, and still added to the deformity he was born with. The Pict has still greater merit towards us, and has, ever since she came to years of discretion, deserted the handsome party, and taken all possible pains to acquire the face in which I shall present her to your consideration and favour. I am, GENTLEMEN,

'Your most obliged humble servant,

'THE SPECTATOR.

'P.S. I desire to know whether you admit people of quality.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'April 17.

'To show you there are among us of the vain weak sex, some that have honesty and fortitude enough to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thought so, I apply myself to you, to beg your interest and recommendation to the Ugly club. If my own word will not be taken, (though in this case a woman's may,) I can bring credible witness of my qualifications for their company, whether they insist upon hair, forehead, eyes, cheeks, or chin; to which I must add that I find it easier to lean to my left side than my right. I hope I am in all respects agreeable, and, for humour and mirth, I will keep up to the president himself. All the favour I will pretend to is, that, as I am the first woman who has appeared desirous of good company and agreeable conversation, I may take and keep the upper end of the table. And indeed I think they want a carver, which I can be, after as ugly a manner as they can wish. I desire your thoughts of my claim as soon as you can. Add to my features the length of my face, which is full half-yard; though I never knew the reason of it till you gave one for the shortness of yours. If I knew a name ugly enough to belong to the above-described face, I would feign one; but, to my unspeakable misfortune, my name is the only disagreeable prettiness about me; so prythee make one for me that signifies all the deformity in the world. You understand Latin, but be sure bring it in with my being, in the sincerity of my heart,

'Your most frightful admirer, and servant,

'HECATISSA.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I READ your discourse upon affectation,[f]

[f] Nos. 35, 38, 404, 460, and 515.

and, from the remarks made in it, examined my own heart so strictly, that I thought I had found out its most secret avenues, with a resolution to be aware of them for the future. But, alas! to my sorrow I now understand, that I have several follies which I do not know the root of. I am an old fellow, and extremely troubled with the gout; but having always a strong vanity towards being pleasing in the eyes of women, I never have a moment's ease, but I am mounted in high-heeled shoes, with a glazed wax-leather instep. Two days after a severe fit, I was invited to a friend's house in the city, where I believed I should see ladies; and, with my usual complaisance, crippled myself to wait upon them. A very sumptuous table, agreeable company, and kind reception, were but so many importunate additions to the torment I was in. A gentleman of the family observed my condition: and soon after the queen's health, he in the presence of the whole company, with his own hands, degraded me into an old pair of his own shoes. This operation before fine ladies, to me (who am by nature a coxcomb) was suffered with the same reluctance as they admit the help of men in their greatest extremity. The return of ease made me forgive the rough obligation laid upon me, which at that time relieved my body from a distemper, and will my mind for ever from a folly. For the charity received, I return my thanks this way.

'Your most humble servant.'

'SIR, 'Epping, April 18.

'WE have your papers here the morning they come out, and we have been very well entertained with your last, upon the false ornaments of persons who represent heroes in a tragedy. What

made your speculation come very seasonably among us is, that we have now at this place a company of strollers, who are very far from offending in the impertinent splendour of the drama. They are so far from falling into these false gallantries, that the stage is here in its original situation of a cart. Alexander the Great was acted by a fellow in a paper cravat. The next day the earl of Essex seemed to have no distress but his poverty; and my lord Foppington the same morning wanted any better means to show himself a fop, than by wearing stockings of different colours. In a word, though they have had a full barn for many days together, our itinerants are still so wretchedly poor, that without you can prevail to send us the furniture you forbid at the playhouse, the heroes appear only like sturdy beggars, and the heroines gypsies. We have had but one part which was performed and dressed with propriety, and that was Justice Clodpate. This was so well done, that it offended Mr. Justice Overdo, who, in the midst of our whole audience, was (like Quixote in the puppet-show) so highly provoked, that he told them, if they would move compassion, it should be in their own persons, and not in the characters of distressed princes and potentates. He told them, if they were so good at finding the way to people's hearts, they should do it at the end of bridges or church-porches, in their proper vocation of beggars. This, the justice says, they must expect, since they could not be contented to act heathen warriors, and such fellows as Alexander, but must presume to make a mockery of one of the quorum.

R.[ε] 'Your servant.'

ε By Steele. See final note to Nos. 6, and 324.

No. 49. THURSDAY, April 26, 1711.

——Hominem pagina nostra sapit.
Mart.
Men and their manners I describe.

It is very natural for a man who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for, if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general desire, and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favours, but still practise a skilful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very curious to observe the behaviour of great men and their clients; but the same passions and interests move men in lower spheres; and I (that have nothing else to do but make observations) see in every parish, street, lane, and alley of this populous city, a little potentate that has his court and his flatterers, who lay snares for his affection and favour, by the same arts that are practised upon men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men differ rather in the time of day in which they make a figure, than in any real greatness above one another. I, who am at the coffee-house at six in a morning, know that my friend Beaver, the haberdasher, has a

levee of more undissembled friends and admirers than most of the courtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man about him has, perhaps, a newspaper in his hand; but none can pretend to guess what step will be taken in any one court of Europe till Mr. Beaver has thrown down his pipe, and declares what measures the allies must enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coffee-house is near one of the inns of court, and Beaver has the audience and admiration of his neighbours from six till within a quarter of eight, at which time he is interrupted by the students of the house; some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster at eight in a morning, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there; and others come in their night-gowns to saunter away their time as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet in any of my walks, objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Searle's, and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-coloured gown, to be ensigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air which shows they regard one another for their vestments. I have observed that the superiority among these proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion. The gentleman in the strawberry sash, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every opera this last winter, and is supposed to receive favours from one of the actresses.

When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleasures of their desha-

bille, with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business or good sense in their faces, and come to the coffee-house either to transact affairs, or enjoy conversation. The persons to whose behaviour and discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of men; such as have not spirits too active to be happy, and well pleased in a private condition; nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthier part of mankind; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, sincere friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reason than imagination; which is the cause that there is no impatience or instability in their speech or action. You see in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet possession of the present instant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society, and those little communities which we express by the word neighbourhoods.

The coffee-house is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life. Eubulus presides over the middle hours of the day, when this assembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handsomely, without launching into expense; and exerts many noble and useful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wisdom and knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the office of a counsel, a judge, an executor, and a friend to all his acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend such offices, but also without the deference and homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of

thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest gratitude you can show him, is to let him see you are the better man for his services; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends he lends, at legal value, considerable sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the public stocks. He does not consider in whose hands his money will improve most, but where it will do most good.

Eubulus has so great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece of public news, they all of them appear dejected; and, on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good stomach and cheerful aspect when Eubulus seems to intimate that things go well. Nay, their veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other company they speak and act after him; are wise in his sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw him do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is Eubulus as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns that succeed each other from day-break till dinner time, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole series of them with the history of Tom the Tyrant;[h] who, as first minister of the coffee-house, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, and gives his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the disposition of liquors, coal, and cinders.

R.[i]

[h] The waiter of that coffee-house, frequently nick-named Sir Thomas. See Tat. Nos. 16, 17, 26, and 36.

[i] By Steele. See final notes to Nos. 6, and 324.

No. 50. FRIDAY, April 27, 1711.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.
Juv. Sat. xix. 321.
Good taste and nature always speak the same.

When the four Indian kings[k] were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the

[k] 'The Spectator is written by Steele, with Addison's help; it is often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian king, supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under-hints there are mine too; but I never see him or Addison.' From a letter of Swift to Mrs. Johnson, dated London, April 28, 1711.—See Swift's works, vol. xxii. p. 224, cr. 8vo. 1769.

Some account has been given of the four Indian kings in an antecedent note on Tat. No. 171, to which the reader is referred. For several years after this time, it was common at masquerades almost coeval with this paper, to assume the characters and dresses of Indian kings, as appears from a passage of a periodical work in 1717, conducted by Mr. Theobald, under the title of the Censor. See Censor, Vol. ii. No. 58, p. 194. The curious may see in the British Museum four beautiful pictures of these Indian chiefs in their peculiar dresses, and probably the representations they give are as faithful as they are elegant. There was an opinion that they were the figures of four Chinese Emperors, and some similarity in the names to those we meet with in the history of China favoured the supposition; but on the removal of the frames, and the plated glasses placed before them, which create some deception, and cover parts of the inscriptions, they prove to be, not coloured mezzotintos, or printed paintings in the ingenious method discovered about this time by James Le Blon, as was at first supposed, but fine pictures on ivory. The emperor of the Mohocks holds the wampum in his hand, a pledge of the amity of the six Indian nations, and his name as well as the names of his three royal companions correspond to those of the Indian kings given Tat. No. 171, and note, with no other variations in the orthography of the sounds, than their uncouthness may well be supposed to account for. The real name of the artist, for his cipher upon them was taken for that of Le Blon, is certainly known by the following endorsement, 'Drawn by the life, May 2, 1710, by Bernard Lens, jun.'

These fine pictures are not whole lengths; but from the following advertisements in the Tatler in folio, it appears that the four Indian kings were painted at full lengths by John Verelst, and that his paintings of them were in the collection of pictures belonging to queen Anne.

'Whereas an advertisement was published in the Supplement of yesterday, that the effigies of the four Indian kings were drawn from Mr. Verelst's original pictures, these are to give notice that Mr. Verelst has not permitted any person to take any draught or sketch from them. If he

rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of every

should, he will take care to have it correctly done by a skilful hand, and to inform the public thereof in the Tatler.' Signed John Verelst. At the Rainbow and Dove, by Ivy-bridge, in the Strand.—Tat. in fol. No. 172, May 16, 1710.

About half a year after, the following advertisement appeared at the end of Tat. No. 250 in folio, Nov. 14, 1710. 'This is to give notice, that the mezzotinto prints by John Simmonds, in whole lengths, of the four Indian kings, that are done from the original pictures drawn by John Verelst, which her majesty has at her palace at Kensington, are now to be delivered to subscribers, and sold at the Rainbow and Dove, the corner of Ivy-bridge, in the Strand.' This notice was re-printed with some variation in the Tat. in folio, at the ends of Nos. 253, 256, and 257.

Besides the prints of Simmonds, there were, it seems, other prints of the Indian chiefs, said to have been drawn from Verelst's original pictures, disowned by that painter as not originating from him, and represented in his advertisement as incorrect, and the workmanship of an unskilful hand.

Walpole in his Anecdotes of Painting, &c., gives some account of John, under the name of Simon Verelst, and says, 'he lived to a great age, certainly as late as 1710, and died in Suffolk-street,' i. e. Ivy-bridge lane. He was a Dutch flower-painter of capital excellence in that branch of the art of painting; and likewise attempted portraits, labouring them exceedingly, and finishing them with the same delicacy with his flowers, which he always introduced into them. His works were much admired, and his prices the greatest that had been known in this country: for one half length he was paid 110*l*. He was a real ornament to the reign of Cha. II. and greatly lessened the employment of sir Peter Lely, who retired to Kew, while Verelst engrossed the fashion. Walpole has recorded entertaining instances of the vanity of Kneller, and Jervase, mentioned Tat. Nos. 4, and 7; but Verelst was outright mad with vanity, and more than once confined as insane. In his confinement, under a proper regimen, towards the end of his life, he recovered his senses, but not his genius. His son Cornelius was of his father's profession, as was also his very accomplished daughter, who was an excellent colourist; painted in oil; drew small histories, and portraits both large and small; she understood music, and spoke with fluency Latin, German, Italian, and other languages. John Verelst had likewise a brother of the name of Herman, who painted history, fruit, and flowers; he lived abroad at Vienna till the Turks besieged it in 1683, but died in London about the beginning of this century, and was buried in St. Andrew's, Holborn.

John Simmonds, whom Walpole calls Simon, mentioned in the second advertisement, was the best mezzotinto scraper of his time; but he was soon excelled by Smith, White, and other improvers of his art. He copied the pictures of sir G. Kneller, and other masters with success, and died in 1755.

Bernard Lens sprang from a family of artists, and was an admirable

thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many inquiries of their landlord the upholsterer, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholsterer finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by king Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of kings made during their stay in the isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps

painter in miniature; he painted portraits in that way; but his excellence was copying the works of great masters, particularly Rubens and Vandyke, whose colouring he imitated exactly. He had three sons who followed their father's profession, who retired from business, made two sales of his pictures, and died at Knightsbridge in 1741.

James Le Blon above-mentioned invented his method of printing paintings, about the same time that Edward Kirkall invented his method of printed drawings; but though both of their inventions had much success and applause, yet they had no imitators. Their methods are probably too laborious, and too tedious; and in opulent countries, where there is great facility of getting money, it is seldom got by merit, the artists being in too much haste to deserve it. Le Blon, the inventor of the method of mezzotinto here spoken of, which adds at least the resemblance of colour to such prints, succeeded in his art sufficiently to convince the world that the want of colouring, a great deficiency in prints, was attainable and well worthy of acquisition. His discovery was however neglected, as the revival of encaustic painting has lately been, though the advantages of both these arts are so obvious and so desirable. He communicated his invention to the public in a book in 4to English and French, intitled Coloritto; or, The Harmony of Colouring in Painting reduced to mechanical Practice, under easy Precepts and infallible Rules. This ingenious man was an unfortunate projector, and, on the failure of one of his projects in this country, left it under some disgrace, and died, it is said, in an hospital at Paris. See Spect. No. 136, note; Tat. 171, and note.

communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of London are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the church of St. Paul:

'On the most rising partof the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am king. Our good brother E Tow O Koam, king of the Rivers, is of opinion it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The kings of Granajah and of the Six Nations believe that it was created with the earth, and produced on the same day with the sun and moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at first an huge misshapen rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry, till they had wrought in it all those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn out into pillars that stand like the trunks of so many trees bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some religion among this people; for they give it the name of a temple, and have a tradition that it was designed for men to pay their devotions in. And indeed there are several reasons which make us think that

the natives of this country had formerly among them some sort of worship; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred; but upon my going into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour. There was indeed a man in black, who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their worship to the deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and courtesying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

'The queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make a shift to gather out of one of them that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called whigs; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that, if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being kings.

'Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a tory, that was as great a monster as the whig, and would treat us as ill for being foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros.[1] But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides

[1] Of these two animals the Indian kings could have no ideas, and therefore seem here to be illustrating *obscurum per obscurius*, and explaining the monsters spoken of here by animals that were not really in their country.

deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

'These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works, but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows carried up and down the streets in little covered rooms, by a couple of porters who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them, which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

'We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a stag, or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the greatest abilities among them; but instead of that they conveyed us into an huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others who it seems were paid for it.

As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little black spots that are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.'

The author then proceeds to show the absurdity of breeches and petticoats, with many other curious observations which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking notice, that amidst these wild remarks there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking which we meet with in this abstract of the Indian journal, when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.

C.[m]

[m] It appears from the preceding quotation, that Swift believed Steele to have been the writer of this paper; for it seems he gave the hint of it to him. Nevertheless it has Addison's signature in the original publication in folio, and is reprinted by Mr. Tickell in his edition of Addison's Works in 4to.

*** At the desire of several ladies of quality, and for the entertainment of the emperor of the Mohocks, and the three Indian kings, being the last time of their public appearance, on Monday next, May 1, for the benefit of Mr. Hemmings, will be performed, at the Great Room in York-buildings, a Consort of Music, &c. See Tat. No. 171, note.

No. 51. SATURDAY, April 28, 1711.

Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurum.
Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 127.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth.
Pope.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'My fortune, quality, and person are such, as render me as conspicuous as any young woman in town. It is in my power to enjoy it in all its vanities; but I have, from a very careful education, contracted a great aversion to the forward air and fashion which is practised in all public places and assemblies. I attribute this very much to the style and manner of our plays. I was last night at the Funeral,[n] where a confident lover in the play, speaking of his mistress, cries out—"Oh that Harriot! to fold these arms about the waist of that beauteous, struggling, and at last yielding fair!" Such an image as this ought by no means to be presented to a chaste and regular audience. I expect your opinion of this sentence, and recommend to your consideration, as a Spectator, the conduct of the stage at present with relation to chastity and modesty. 'I am, Sir,

'Your constant reader and well-wisher.'

The complaint of this young lady is so just, that the offence is gross enough to have displeased per-

[n] A comedy by sir R. Steele, acted at Drury-lane, 4to, 1702, act ii. scene 1. See Le Spect. ou Le Socrate Moderne, tome i. pref. p. iv.

sons who cannot pretend to that delicacy and modesty of which she is mistress. But there is a great deal to be said in behalf of an author. If the audience would but consider the difficulty of keeping up a sprightly dialogue for five acts together, they would allow a writer, when he wants wit, and can't please any otherwise, to help it out with a little smuttiness. I will answer for the poets, that no one ever writ bawdry for any other reason than dearth of invention. When the author cannot strike out of himself any more of that which he has superior to those who make up the bulk of his audience, his natural recourse is to that which he has in common with them; and a description which gratifies a sensual appetite will please, when the author has nothing about him to delight a refined imagination. It is to such a poverty we must impute this and all other sentences in plays, which are of this kind, and which are commonly termed luscious expressions.°

This expedient to supply the deficiencies of wit has been used more or less by most of the authors who have succeeded on the stage; though I know but one who has professedly writ a play upon the basis of the desire of multiplying our species, and that is, the polite sir George Etheridge; if I understand what the lady would be at, in the play called She would if she could. Other poets have here and there given an intimation that there is this design, under all the disguises and affectations which

° Be it said here, to the honour of the author of this paper, that he practised the lessons which he taught, and did not reject good advice from what quarter soever it came. He published this lady's letter, and approved of her indignation. He submitted to her censure, condemned himself publicly, and corrected the obnoxious passage of his play, in a new edition which was published in 1712.

a lady may put on; but no author, except this, has made sure work of it, and put the imaginations of the audience upon this one purpose from the beginning to the end of the comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for whether it be that all who go to this piece would if they could, or that the innocents go to it, to guess only what she would if she could, the play has always been well received.

It lifts an heavy empty sentence, when there is added to it a lascivious gesture of body; and when it is too low to be raised even by that, a flat meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers who want genius never fail of keeping this secret in reserve, to create a laugh or raise a clap. I, who know nothing of women but from seeing plays, can give great guesses at the whole structure of the fair sex, by being innocently placed in the pit, and insulted by the petticoats of their dancers; the advantages of whose pretty persons are a great help to a dull play. When a poet flags in writing lusciously, a pretty girl can move lasciviously, and have the same good consequence for the author. Dull poets in this case use their audiences, as dull parasites do their patrons; when they cannot longer divert them with their wit or humour, they bait their ears with something which is agreeable to their temper, though below their understanding. Apicius cannot resist being pleased, if you give him an account of a delicious meal; or Clodius, if you describe a wanton beauty: though at the same time if you do not awake those inclinations in them, no men are better judges of what is just and delicate in conversation. But, as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the man, than to the man of sense.

It is remarkable that the writers of least learning are best skilled in the luscious way. The poetesses of the age have done wonders in this kind; and we are obliged to the lady who wrote Ibrahim,[p] for introducing a preparatory scene, to the very action, when the emperor throws his handkerchief as a signal for his mistress to follow him into the most retired part of the seraglio. It must be confessed his Turkish majesty went off with a good air; but methought we made but a sad figure who waited without. This ingenious gentlewoman, in this piece of bawdry, refined upon an author of the same sex,[q] who, in the Rover, makes a country 'squire strip to his Holland drawers. For Blunt is disappointed, and the emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The pleasantry of stripping almost naked has been since practised (where indeed it should have been begun) very successfully at Bartholomew fair.[r]

It is not here to be omitted, that, in one of the above-mentioned female compositions, the Rover is very frequently sent on the same errand, as I take it, above once every act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, they say, the men-authors draw themselves in their chief characters, and the women-writers may be allowed the same liberty. Thus, as the male-wit gives his hero a great fortune, the female gives her heroine a good gallant, at the end of the play. But, indeed, there is hardly a play one can go to, but the hero or fine gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good office he has put us to, or to employ ourselves as

[p] Mrs. Mary Pix.

[q] Mrs. Behn.

[r] The appearance of Lady Mary, a rope-dancer, at Bartholomew fair, gave occasion to this very proper animadversion.

we please. To be plain, a man who frequents plays would have a very respectful notion of himself, were he to recollect how often he has been used as a pimp to ravishing tyrants or successful rakes. When the actors make their exit on this good occasion, the ladies are sure to have an examining glance from the pit, to see how they relish what passes; and a few lewd fools are very ready to employ their talents upon the composure or freedom of their looks. Such incidents as these make some ladies wholly absent themselves from the playhouse; and others never miss the first day of a play,[s] lest it should prove too luscious to admit their going with any countenance to it on the second.

If men of wit, who think fit to write for the stage, instead of this pitiful way of giving delight, would turn their thoughts upon raising it from such good natural impulses as are in the audience, but are choked up by vice and luxury, they would not only please, but befriend us at the same time. If a man had a mind to be new in his way of writing, might not he who is now represented as a fine gentleman, though he betrays the honour and bed of his neighbour and friend, and lies with half the women in the play, and is at last rewarded with her of the best character in it; I say, upon giving the comedy another cast, might not such a one divert the audience quite as well, if at the catastrophe he were found out for a traitor, and met with contempt accordingly? There is seldom a person devoted to above one darling vice at a time; so that there is room enough to catch at men's hearts to

[s] On the first night of the exhibition of a new play, virtuous women about this time came to see it in masks, then worn by women of the town as the characteristic mark of their being prostitutes.

their good and advantage, if the poets will attempt it with the honesty which becomes their characters.

There is no man who loves his bottle or his mistress, in a manner so very abandoned, as not to be capable of relishing an agreeable character, that is no way a slave to either of those pursuits. A man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaste, faithful, and honest, may, at the same time, have wit, humour, mirth, good-breeding, and gallantry. While he exerts these latter qualities, twenty occasions might be invented to show that he is master of the other noble virtues. Such characters would smite and reprove the heart of a man of sense, when he is given up to his pleasures. He would see he has been mistaken all this while, and be convinced that a sound constitution and an innocent mind are the true ingredients for becoming and enjoying life. All men of true taste would call a man of wit, who should turn his ambition this way, a friend and benefactor to his country; but I am at a loss what name they would give him who makes use of his capacity for contrary purposes. R[t]

No. 52. MONDAY, April 30, 1711.

Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.
Virg. Æn. i. 78.
To crown thy worth, she shall be ever thine,
And make thee father of a beauteous line.

An ingenious correspondent, like a sprightly wife, will always have the last word. I did not think my

[t] By Steele. See final notes to No. 6, on the signature R; and No. 324, on the signature T, used it seems by Steele when he transcribed, and at times, it is probable, by Mr. T. Tickell. See No. 410, note *ad, finem.*

last letter to the deformed fraternity would have occasioned any answer, especially since I had promised them so sudden a visit: but as they think they cannot show too great a veneration for my person, they have already sent me up an answer. As to the proposal of a marriage between myself and the matchless Hecatissa, I have but one objection to it; which is, that all the society will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be sure of keeping a woman's heart long, where she may have so much choice? I am the more alarmed at this, because the lady seems particularly smitten with men of their make.

I believe I shall set my heart upon her; and think never the worse of my mistress for an epigram a smart fellow writ, as he thought, against her; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the same time I cannot but discover that his malice is stolen from Martial:

'Tacta places, audita places, si non videare
Tota places, neutro si, vedeare, places.'

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Siren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
But when the candle enter'd I was cured.'

'YOUR letter to us we have received, as a signal mark of your favour and brotherly affection. We shall be heartily glad to see your short face in Oxford: and since the wisdom of our legislature has been immortalized in your speculations, and our personal deformities in some sort by you recorded to all posterity; we hold ourselves in gratitude bound to receive, with the highest respect, all such persons as for their extraordinary merit you shall think fit, from time to time, to recommend unto the board.

As for the Pictish damsel, we have an easy chair prepared at the upper end of the table; which we doubt not but she will grace with a very hideous aspect, and much better become the seat in the native and unaffected uncomeliness of her person, than with all the superficial airs of the pencil, which (as you have very ingeniously observed) vanish with a breath, and the most innocent adorer may deface the shrine with a salutation, and, in the literal sense of our poets, snatch and imprint his balmy kisses, and devour her melting lips. In short, the only faces of the Pictish kind that will endure the weather must be of Dr. Carbuncle's die; though his, in truth, has cost him a world the painting; but then he boasts with Zeuxes, *in æternitatem pingo;* and oft jocosely tells the fair ones, would they acquire colours that would stand kissing, they must no longer paint, but drink for a complexion: a maxim that in this our age has been pursued with no ill success; and has been as admirable in its effects, as the famous cosmetic mentioned in the Postman, and invented by the renowned British Hippocrates of the pestle and mortar; making the party, after a due course, rosy, hale, and airy; and the best and most approved receipt now extant, for the fever of the spirits. But to return to our female candidate, who, I understand, is returned to herself, and will no longer hang out false colours; as she is the first of her sex that has done us so great an honour, she will certainly, in a very short time, both in prose and verse, be a lady of the most celebrated deformity now living, and meet with admirers here as frightful as herself. But being a long-headed gentlewoman, I am apt to imagine she has some farther design than you have penetrated; and perhaps has more

mind to the Spectator than any of his fraternity, as the person of all the world she could like for a paramour: and if so, really I cannot but applaud her choice; and should be glad if it might lie in my power to effect an amicable accommodation betwixt two faces of such different extremes, as the only possible expedient to mend the breed, and rectify the physiognomy of the family on both sides. And again, as she is a lady of a very fluent elocution, you need not fear that your first child will be born dumb, which otherwise you might have some reason to be apprehensive of. To be plain with you, I can see nothing shocking in it; for though she has not a face like a john-apple, yet as a late friend of mine, who at sixty-five ventured on a lass of fifteen, very frequently, in the remaining five years of his life, gave me to understand, that, as old as he then seemed, when they were first married he and his spouse could make but fourscore; so may madam Hecatissa very justly alledge hereafter, that as long-visaged as she may then be thought, upon their wedding-day Mr. Spectator and she had but half an ell of face betwixt them; and this my very worthy predecessor, Mr. Serjeant Chin, always maintained to be no more than the true oval proportion between man and wife. But as this may be a new thing to you, who have hitherto had no expectations from women, I shall allow you what time you think fit to consider on it; not without some hope of seeing at last your thoughts hereupon subjoined to mine, and which is an honour much desired by,

'SIR,

'Your assured friend, and most humble servant,

'HUGH GOBLIN, Præses.'

The following letter has not much in it; but as

it is written in my own praise, I cannot for my heart suppress it.

'SIR,

'YOU proposed in your Spectator of last Tuesday,[u] Mr. Hobbes's hypothesis for solving that very odd phænomenon of laughter. You have made the hypothesis valuable by espousing it yourself; for had it continued Mr. Hobbes's, nobody would have minded it. Now here this perplexed case arises. A certain company laughed very heartily upon the reading of that very paper of yours: and the truth on it is, he must be a man of more than ordinary constancy that could stand out against so much comedy, and not do as we did. Now there are few men in the world so far lost to all good sense, as to look upon you to be a man in a state of folly "inferior to himself."—Pray then how do you justify your hypothesis of laughter? Your most humble,

Thursday the 26th of the month of fools. 'Q. R.'

'SIR,

'IN answer to your letter, I must desire you to recollect yourself; and you will find, that when you did me the honour to be so merry over my paper, you laughed at the idiot, the German courtier, the gaper, the merry-andrew, the haberdasher, the biter, the butt, and not at your humble servant,

R.[w] 'THE SPECTATOR.'

*** Mr. Pinkethman's wonderful invention called The Pantheon, a most surprising and magnificent machine, the work of several years and great expense, &c.—Spect. in fol.

[u] See Spect. No. 47. [w] By Steele. See final note to No. 6.

No. 53. TUESDAY, May 1, 1711.

——Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.
Hor. Ars Poet. 559.
Homer himself hath been observed to nod.
Roscommon.

My correspondents grow so numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inserting their applications to me.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I am glad I can inform you, that your endeavours to adorn that sex, which is the fairest part of the visible creation, are well received, and like to prove not unsuccessful. The triumph of Daphne over her sister Lætitia[x] has been the subject of conversation at several tea-tables where I have been present; and I have observed the fair circle not a little pleased to find you considering them as reasonable creatures, and endeavouring to banish that Mahometan custom, which had too much prevailed even in this island, of treating women as if they had no souls. I must do them the justice to say, that there seems to be nothing wanting to the finishing of these lovely pieces of human nature, besides the turning and applying their ambition properly, and the keeping them up to a sense of what is their true merit. Epictetus, that plain honest philosopher, as little as he had of gallantry, appears to have understood them, as well as the polite St. Evremont, and has hit this point very luckily. "When young women," says he, "arrive at a certain age, they hear themselves called mistresses, and are made to believe, that their only business is to please the men; they immediately begin to dress, and place all their

[x] This refers to the relation in No. 33.

hopes in the adorning of their persons; it is therefore," continues he, "worth the while to endeavour by all means to make them sensible, that the honour paid to them is only upon account of their conducting themselves with virtue, modesty, and discretion."

'Now to pursue the matter yet farther, and to render your cares for the improvement of the fair ones more effectual, I would propose a new method like those applications which are said to convey their virtue by sympathy; and that is, that in order to embellish the mistress, you should give a new education to the lover, and teach the men not to be any longer dazzled by false charms and unreal beauty. I cannot but think that if our sex knew always how to place their esteem justly, the other would not be so often wanting to themselves in deserving it. For as the being enamoured with a woman of sense and virtue is an improvement to a man's understanding and morals, and the passion is ennobled by the object which inspires it; so, on the other side, the appearing amiable to a man of a wise and elegant mind, carries in itself no small degree of merit and accomplishment. I conclude, therefore, that one way to make the women yet more agreeable is, to make the men more virtuous.

'I am, SIR, your most humble servant,

R. B.'[y]

'April 26.

'SIR,

'YOURS of Saturday last[z] I read, not without some resentment; but I will suppose when you

[y] By Mr. John Hughes. See a preceding letter on the same subject, by the same author.—Spect. No. 35.

[z] See No. 51.

say you expect an inundation of ribands and brocades, and to see many new vanities which the women will fall into upon a peace with France, that you intend only the unthinking part of our sex; and what methods can reduce them to reason is hard to imagine.

'But, Sir, there are others yet that your instructions might be of great use to, who, after their best endeavours, are sometimes at a loss to acquit themselves to a censorious world. I am far from thinking you can altogether disapprove of conversation between ladies and gentlemen, regulated by the rules of honour and prudence; and have thought it an observation not ill-made, that, where that was wholly denied, the women lost their wit, and the men their good manners. It is sure, from those improper liberties you mentioned, that a sort of undistinguishing people shall banish from their drawing-rooms the best-bred men in the world, and condemn those that do not. Your stating this point might, I think, be of good use, as well as much oblige,

'SIR,

'Your admirer, and most humble servant,

'ANNA BELLA.'

No answer to this, till Anna Bella sends a description of those she calls the best-bred men in the world.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a gentleman who for many years last past have been well known to be truly splenetic, and that my spleen arises from having contracted so great a delicacy, by reading the best authors, and keeping the most refined company, that I cannot bear the least impropriety of language, or rusticity of beha-

viour. Now, Sir, I have ever looked upon this as a wise distemper; but by late observations find that every heavy wretch, who has nothing to say, excuses his dulness by complaining of the spleen. Nay, I saw the other day two fellows in a tavern kitchen set up for it, call for a pint and pipes, and only by guzzling liquor to each other's health, and wafting smoke in each other's face, pretend to throw off the spleen. I appeal to you whether these dishonours are to be done to the distemper of the great and the polite. I beseech you, Sir, to inform these fellows that they have not the spleen, because they cannot talk without the help of a glass at their mouths, or convey their meaning to each other without the interposition of clouds. If you will not do this with all speed, I assure you, for my part, I will wholly quit the disease, and for the future be merry with the vulgar.

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant.'

'Sir,

'This is to let you understand that I am a reformed starer, and conceived a detestation for that practice from what you have writ upon the subject. But as you have been very severe upon the behaviour of us men at divine service, I hope you will not be so apparently partial to the women, as to let them go wholly unobserved. If they do every thing that is possible to attract our eyes, are we more culpable than they for looking at them? I happened last Sunday to be shut into a pew, which was full of young ladies in the bloom of youth and beauty. When the service began, I had not room to kneel at the confession, but as I stood kept my eyes from wandering as well as I was able, till one of the young ladies, who

is a Peeper, resolved to bring down my looks and fix my devotion on herself. You are to know, Sir, that a peeper works with her hands, eyes, and fan; one of which is continually in motion, while she thinks she is not actually the admiration of some ogler or starer in the congregation. As I stood utterly at a loss how to behave myself, surrounded as I was, this peeper so placed herself as to be kneeling just before me. She displayed the most beautiful bosom imaginable, which heaved and fell with some fervour, while a delicate well-shaped arm held a fan over her face. It was not in nature to command one's eyes from this object. I could not avoid taking notice also of her fan, which had on it various figures, very improper to behold on that occasion. There lay in the body of the piece a Venus, under a purple canopy furled with curious wreaths of drapery, half-naked, attended with a train of Cupids, who were busied in fanning her as she slept. Behind her was drawn a satyr peeping over the silken fence, and threatening to break through it. I frequently offered to turn my sight another way, but was still detained by the fascination of the peeper's eyes, who had long practised a skill in them, to recal the parting glances of her beholders. You see my complaint; and hope you will take these mischievous people, the peepers, into your consideration. I doubt not but you will think a peeper as much more pernicious than a starer, as an ambuscade is more to be feared than an open assault.

'I am, Sir, your most obedient servant.'

This peeper, using both fan and eyes, to be considered as a Pict, and proceed accordingly.

'King Latinus to the Spectator, greeting:—

Though some may think we descend from our imperial dignity, in holding correspondence with a private literato; yet as we have great respect to all good intentions for our service, we do not esteem it beneath us to return you our royal thanks for what you published in our behalf, while under confinement in the enchanted castle of the Savoy, and for your mention of a subsidy for a prince in misfortune. This your timely zeal has inclined the hearts of divers to be aiding unto us, if we could propose the means. We have taken their good-will into consideration, and have contrived a method which will be easy to those who shall give the aid, and not unacceptable to us who receive it. A consort of music shall be prepared at Haberdashers'-hall, for Wednesday the second of May, and we will honour the said entertainment with our own presence, where each person shall be assessed but at two shillings and sixpence. What we expect from you is, that you publish these our royal intentions, with injunction that they be read at all tea-tables within the cities of London and Westminster; and so we bid you heartily farewell.

'LATINUS, King of the Volscians.[a]

'Given at our court in Vinegar-yard, Story the third from the earth, April 28, 1711.' R.[b]

No. 54. WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1711.

——Strenua nos exercet inertia.
HOR. 1 Ep. xi. 28.
Laborious idleness our powers employs.

THE following letter being the first that I have received from the learned university of Cambridge, I

[a] See Spect. No. 22. [b] By Steele. See No. 6.

could not but do myself the honour of publishing it. It gives an account of a new sect of philosophers which has arose in that famous residence of learning; and is, perhaps, the only sect this age is likely to produce.

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'Cambridge, April 26.

'BELIEVING you to be an universal encourager of liberal arts and sciences, and glad of any information from the learned world, I thought an account of a sect of philosophers, very frequent among us, but not taken notice of, as far as I can remember, by any writers either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The philosophers of this sect are in the language of our university called loungers. I am of opinion, that, as in many other things, so likewise in this, the ancients have been defective; viz. in mentioning no philosophers of this sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripatetics, because we see them continually walking about. But I would have these gentlemen consider, that though the ancient Peripatetics walked much, yet they wrote much also; witness, to the sorrow of this sect, Aristotle and others: whereas it is notorious that most of our professors never lay out a farthing either in pen, ink, or paper. Others are for deriving them from Diogenes, because several of the leading men of the sect have a great deal of cynical humour in them, and delight much in sunshine. But then, again, Diogenes was content to have his constant habitation in a narrow tub; whilst our philosophers are so far from being of his opinion, that it is death to them to be confined within the limits of a good handsome convenient chamber but for half an hour. Others there are, who from the clearness of their heads deduce the pedigree of loun-

gers from that great man (I think it was either Plato or Socrates), who, after all his study and learning, professed, that all he then knew was, that he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow argument, and may be soon confuted.

'I have with great pains and industry made my observations from time to time upon these sages; and having now all materials ready, am compiling a treatise, wherein I shall set forth the rise and progress of this famous sect, together with their maxims, austerities, manner of living, &c. Having prevailed with a friend who designs shortly to publish a new edition of Diogenes Laertius, to add this treatise of mine by way of supplement; I shall now, to let the world see what may be expected from me (first begging Mr. Spectator's leave that the world may see it), briefly touch upon some of my chief observations, and then subscribe myself your humble servant. In the first place I shall give you two or three of their maxims: the fundamental one, upon which their whole system is built, is this, viz. "That Time being an implacable enemy to and destroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own coin, and be destroyed and murdered without mercy by all the ways that can be invented." Another favourite saying of theirs is, "That business was designed only for knaves, and study for blockheads." A third seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great effect upon their lives; and is this, "That the devil is at home." Now for their manner of living: and here I have a large field to expatiate in; but I shall reserve particulars for my intended discourse, and now only mention one or two of their principal exercises. The elder proficients employ themselves in inspecting *mores hominum multorum*, in getting acquainted with

all the signs and windows in the town. Some are arrived to so great knowledge, that they can tell every time any butcher kills a calf, every time any old woman's cat is in the straw; and a thousand other matters as important. One ancient philosopher contemplates two or three hours every day over a sun-dial; and is true to the dial,

"———As the dial to the sun,'
Although it be not shone upon."

Our younger students are content to carry their speculations as yet no farther than bowling-greens, billiard-tables, and such like places. This may serve for a sketch of my design; in which I hope I shall have your encouragement.

'I am, Sir, yours.'

I must be so just as to observe I have formerly seen of this sect at our other university; though not distinguished by the appellation which the learned historian, my correspondent, reports they bear at Cambridge. They were ever looked upon as a people that impaired themselves more by their strict application to the rules of their order, than any other students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any farther than to gain weak eyes, and sometimes headaches; but these philosophers are seized all over with a general inability, indolence, and weariness, and a certain impatience of the place they are in, with an heaviness in removing to another.

The loungers are satisfied with being merely part of the number of mankind, without distinguishing themselves from amongst them. They may be said rather to suffer their time to pass, than to spend it, without regard to the past, or prospect of the future. All they know of life is only the present instant, and

do not taste even that. When one of this order happens to be a man of fortune, the expense of his time is transferred to his coach and horses, and his life is to be measured by their motion, not his own enjoyments or sufferings. The chief entertainment one of these philosophers can possibly propose to himself, is to get a relish of dress. This, methinks, might diversify the person he is weary of (his own dear self) to himself. I have known these two amusements make one of these philosophers make a tolerable figure in the world; with variety of dresses in public assemblies in town, and quick motion of his horses out of it, now to Bath, now to Tunbridge, then to Newmarket, and then to London, he has in process of time brought it to pass, that his coach and his horses have been mentioned in all those places. When the loungers leave an academic life, and, instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite world, retire to the seats of their ancestors, they usually join a pack of dogs, and employ their days in defending their poultry from foxes: I do not know any other method that any of this order has ever taken to make a noise in the world; but I shall inquire into such about this town as have arrived at the dignity of being loungers by the force of natural parts, without having ever seen an university; and send my correspondent, for the embellishment of his book, the names and history of those who pass their lives without any incidents at all; and how they shift coffee-houses and chocolate-houses from hour to hour, to get over the insupportable labour of doing nothing. R.[c]

[c] The latter part by Steele; the letter was written probably by Mr. Eusden.—See Spect. No. 555; and Guardian No. 124, and note on loungers.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the benefit of Mr. Keen, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, will be performed, on Thursday the 3d of May, the tragedy of Hamlet. The part of Hamlet, by Mr. Wilks; the King, Mr. Keen; Horatio, Mr. Mills; Laertes, Mr. Powell; the Ghost, Mr. Booth; the Fop, Mr. Bowen, Grave-digger, Mr. Johnson; the Queen, Mrs. Knight; and the part of Ophelia, by Mrs. Bradshaw.—Spect. in folio.

No. 55. THURSDAY, May 3, 1711.

———Intus et in jecore ægro
Nascuntur Domini———
PERS. Sat. v. 129.
Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts.

Most of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into luxury, and the latter into avarice. As these two principles of action draw different ways, Persius has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed in order to be sent upon a long voyage, by Avarice, and afterwards overpersuaded and kept at home by Luxury. I shall set down the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as they are in the original, with Mr. Dryden's translation of them:

'Manê piger stertis: surge, inquit Avaritia: eja
Surge. Negas: instat: surge, inquit. Non queo. Surge.
Et quid agam? Rogitas? saperdas advehe ponto,
Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.
Tolle recens primus piper e sitiente camelo.
Verte aliquid: jura. Sed Jupiter audiet. Eheu!
Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum
Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.
Jam pueris pellem succinctus, et cœnophorum aptas:
Ocyùs ad navem: nihil obstat quin trabe vastâ
Ægæum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria antè

Seductum moneat: Quò deinde, insane, ruis? Quò?
Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ?
Tun' mare transilias? Tibi, torta cannabe fulto,
Cœna sit in transtro? Veientanumque rubellum
Exhalet vapidâ læsum pice fissilis obba?
Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hîc quincunce modesto
Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces?
Indulge genio; carpamus dulcia: nostrum est,
Quod vivis: cinis et manes et fabula fies.
Vive memor lethi: fugit hora; hoc, quod loquor, inde est.
En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis hamo:
Hunccine, an hunc sequeris?'—

SAT. v. 132.[d]

'Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou would'st take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.
The rugged tyrant no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes.
What must I do? he cries; What? says his lord;
Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabean incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back,
And with post-haste thy running markets make.
Be sure to turn the penny; lye and swear,
'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear.
Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even;
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heav'n?
Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
Each saddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage now, but he,
That soft voluptuous prince, call'd Luxury;
And he may ask this civil question: Friend,
What dost thou make a shipboard? To what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the sea?
Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,
On a brown George, with lousy swobbers fed;
Dead wine that stinks of the Borachio, sup
From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup?
Say, would'st thou bear all this to raise thy store,

[d] See Boileau, sat. iii. who has imitated this passage very happily.

From sixth i'th' hundred to six hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give:
For, not to live at ease, is not to live.
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
Speak: wilt thou Avarice or Pleasure choose
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that avarice and luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republick sunk into those two vices of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice:[e] and accordingly describes Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the commonwealth when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendour, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally pro-

[e] Alieni appetens, sui profusus.
SALL.

duces avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other; the name of the first was Luxury, and the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness: he had likewise a privy-counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy-counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter; but,

alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty; for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty. C.[f]

[f] By Addison, dated, it is thought, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 5.

No. 56. FRIDAY, May 4, 1711.

Felices errore suo—
LUCAN, i. 454.
Happy in their mistake.

THE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses; and that, as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus, who in his dissertation upon the loadstone, observing that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial form, that is, in our West Indian phrase, the soul of the loadstone.

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or, as we call it here,

to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings [g] to inquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter: which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows:

The visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having travelled for a long space under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or path-way that might be worn in any part of it, he saw an huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner

[g] See Tat. No. 171.—Spect. No. 50 and notes.

got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and, after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset-hedge to the ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood: when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much farther, when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it inclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about an hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of an hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white

steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and, by reason of his great virtues was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions, according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a coit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country: but he quickly found, that, though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and, being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader, that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children.

This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish that they may live together like Marraton and Yaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman, when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him; floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, walked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, whilst Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower, which she had dressed with her own hands with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his

faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower: advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us farther, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal. But having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any farther account of it. C.[h]

*** At Drury-lane, May 3, Hamlet. The King by Mr. Keen; Hamlet by Mr. Wilks; Horatio, Mr. Mills; Laertes, Mr. Powell; Ghost, Mr. Booth; Fop, Mr. Bowen; Gravedigger, Mr. Johnson; Queen, Mrs. Knight; and Ophelia by Mrs. Bradshaw.—Spect. in folio.

††† On this evening, May 4, The Busy Body. Marplot by Mr. Pack; Sir G. Airy by Mr. Wilks; Sir F. Gripe, Mr. Estcourt; Sir J. Traffic, Mr. Bullock; Charles, Mr. Mills; Miranda, by Mrs. Bicknell; Isabinda, by Mrs. Porter; and Patch, by Mrs. Saunders. *Ibidem.*

[h] By Addison; dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 5.

No. 57. SATURDAY, May 5, 1711.

Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à sexu?

Juv. Sat. vi. 251.

What sense of shame in woman's breast can lie
Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly?

Dryden.

When the wife of Hector, in Homer's Iliad, discourses with her husband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the hero, desiring her to leave that matter to his care, bids her go to her maids, and mind her spinning: by which the poet intimates, that men and women ought to busy themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young gentleman, who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and, upon occasions, can make a caudle or a sack-posset better than any man in England. He is likewise a wonderful critic in cambric and muslins, and will talk an hour together upon a sweetmeat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in town and court: as what lady shows the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest wig; who has the finest linen; who the prettiest snuff-box; with many other the like curious remarks, that may be made in good company.

On the other hand I have frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromache, who came up to town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and

calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her, in her wrath, call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him in a large company of men and ladies, by the fellow with the broad shoulders.

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this paper any further concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make womankind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes that are apt to rise among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party rage which of late years is very much crept into their conversation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and soothe them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have stopt it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with

party rage? Camilla is one of the greatest beauties in the British nation, and yet values herself more upon being the virago of one party, than upon being the toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful Penthesilea across a tea-table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spilt a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, nobody knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female readers, and which I hope will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look; besides that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats, as she has been talking against a great lord, whom she had never seen in her life; and indeed never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature; though, at the same time, I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure that is violent in a party; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and reservedness which are requi-

site in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagancies; their generous souls set no bounds to their love or to their hatred; and whether a whig or a tory, a lap-dog or a gallant, an opera or a puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion while it reigns engrosses the whole woman.

I remember when Dr. Titus Oates[1] was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend Will Honeycomb in a visit to a lady of his acquaintance. We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the lady was discoursing my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the doctor. It was not long after this when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which, upon the first opening, discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the doctor. Upon this my friend Will, who loves raillery, told her, that if he was in Mr. Truelove's place (for that was the name of her husband) he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever Othello was. 'I am afraid,' said she, 'Mr. Honeycomb, you are a tory: tell me truly, are you a friend to the doctor or not?' Will, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face (for indeed she was very pretty), and told her, that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, 'Well,' says she, 'I will be hanged if you and your silent friend there are not against the doctor in your hearts; I suspected as much by his saying nothing.' Upon this she took

[1] Though the name of Dr. T. Oates is made use of here, Dr. Sacheverell is the person alluded to.

her fan into her hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the figure of the doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the sticks of it. In a word, I found that the doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.

C.[k]

No. 58. MONDAY, May 7, 1711.

Ut pictura poesis erit—
Hor. Ars Poet. 361.
Poems like pictures are.

Nothing is so much admired, and so little understood, as wit. No author that I know of has written professedly upon it. As for those who make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little short reflections, or in general declamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable work to my countrymen, if I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure which a famous critic bestows upon one who had written a treatise upon 'the sublime' in a low grovelling style. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my readers will give me a week's attention, that

[k] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 5, on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O; No. 221, and note on capital and cabalistical letters.

this great city will be very much changed for the better by next Saturday night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of these my speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my readers right in several points relating to operas and tragedies; and shall from time to time impart my notions of comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my bookseller, that these papers of criticism, with that upon humour, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such subjects; for which reason I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater cheerfulness.

In this, and one or two following papers, I shall trace out the history of false wit, and distinguish the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were attempts on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of wit that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of letters. There were several satires and panegyrics handed about in acrostic, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many arts of false wit, in which a writer does not show himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the Iliad itself: I mean, those short poems printed among the minor Greek poets, which resemble the figure of an egg, a pair of wings, an axe, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval poem, and may not improperly be called a scholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible language, to translate it into English, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consists of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the poems which follow) bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a god of love, who is always painted with wings.

The axe methinks would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the poesy of an axe which was consecrated to Minerva, and was thought to have been the same that Epeus made use of in the building of the Trojan horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the poesy was written originally upon the axe, like those which our modern cutlers inscribe upon their knives; and that therefore the poesy still remains in its ancient shape, though the axe itself is lost.

The shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of

music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verses, which by their several lengths resemble the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the poem.

The altar is inscribed with the epitaph of Troilus, the son of Hecuba; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more ancient than the authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as Theocritus could have been the author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of painter, or at least a designer. He was first of all to draw the outline of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant Procrustes used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack; and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. Dryden hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following verses in his Mac Flecno; which an English reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little poems above-mentioned in the shape of wings and altars:

'———Chuse for thy command
Some peaceful province in acrostic land;
There may'st thou wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

This fashion of false wit was revived by several poets of the last age, and, in particular, may be met with among Mr. Herbert's poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of Du Bartas. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of king Charles the First, which has the whole Book of Psalms written in the lines of the face, and the hair of the head. When I was last at Oxford I perused one of the whiskers, and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing-master in town, who has transcribed all the Old Testament in a full-bottomed periwig; and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary locks that should contain all the Apocrypha. He designed this wig originally for king William, having disposed of the two Books of Kings in the two forks of the foretop; but that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient poems in picture. I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our modern smatterers in poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the ancients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has

likewise promised me to get the measure of his mistress's marriage finger, with a design to make a posy in the fashion of a ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious readers will apply what I have said to many other particulars: and that we shall see the town filled in a very little time with poetical tippets, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a word of advice to those admirable English authors who call themselves Pindaric writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit without loss of time, as being provided better than any other poets with verses of all sizes and dimensions. C.[1]

No. 59. TUESDAY, May 8, 1711.

Operosè nihil agunt.
Seneca.
Busy about nothing.

There is nothing more certain than that every man would be a wit if he could; and notwithstanding pedants of a pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author, as flash and froth, they all of them show, upon occasion, that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a galley-slave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elab-

[1] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to Nos. 7 and 221, and note on letters, &c.

orate trifles which have been the inventions of such authors as were often masters of great learning, but no genius.

In my last paper I mentioned some of these false wits among the ancients; and in this shall give the reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce, are the lipogrammatists, or letter-droppers of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole poem. One Tryphiodorus was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an odyssey or Epic poem on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which was called Alpha (as *lucus à non lucendo*) because there was not an Alpha in it. His second book was inscribed Beta for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns, and showed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several Greek dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the Odyssey of Tryphiodorus, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned pedants than the Odyssey of Homer. What a perpetual

fund would it have been of obsolete words and phrases, unusual barbarisms and rusticities, absurd spellings, and complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasuries of the Greek tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the moderns distinguish by the name of a rebus, that does not sink a letter, but a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place. When Cæsar was one of the masters of the Roman mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverse of the public money; the word Cæsar signifying an elephant in the Punic language. This was artificially contrived by Cæsar, because it was not lawful for a private man to stamp his own figure upon the coin of the commonwealth. Cicero, who was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wen like a vetch (which is *Cicer* in Latin), instead of Marcus Tullius Cicero, ordered the words Marcus Tullius, with a figure of a vetch at the end of them, to be inscribed on a public monument. This was done probably to show that he was neither ashamed of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a frog and a lizard; those words in Greek having been the names of the architects who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inscribe their own names upon their works. For the same reason it is thought, that the forelock of the horse, in the antique equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, represents at a distance the shape of an owl, to intimate

the country of the statuary, who, in all probability, was an Athenian. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason, as the ancients above-mentioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr. Newberry, as I find it mentioned by our learned Camden in his Remains. Mr. Newberry, to represent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a yew-tree, that had several berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden N hung upon a bough of the tree, which by the help of a little false spelling made up the word N-ew-berry.

I shall conclude this topic with a rebus, which has been lately hewn out in freestone, and erected over two of the portals of Blenheim house, being the figure of a monstrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my English reader, that a cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the same word that signifies a Frenchman, as a lion is the emblem of the English nation. Such a device in so noble a pile of building, looks like a pun in an heroic poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit. But I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the cock, and deliver him out of the lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the Echo as a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing

but a voice. The learned Erasmus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an echo, who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist: for she answers the person she talks with in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. Hudibras, in ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described Bruin bewailing the loss of his bear to a solitary Echo, who is of great use to the poet in several distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verse, and furnishes him with rhymes:

'He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his sad regret;
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony bear,
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully by many times,
Than in small poets, splay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful stories,
To answer to int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
Things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither wicked, Bruin,
Art thou fled to my———Echo, *Ruin?*
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear. (Quoth Echo) *Marry guep.*
Am I not here to take thy part!
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum budget.*
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish,
Thou turnd'st thy back? (Quoth Echo) *Pish.*

To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? (Quoth Echo) *Mum.*
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too as thy enemy?
Or if thou hadst no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee;
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail.
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honour's cause? (Quoth she) *A pudding.*"

C.[m]

*** This evening, Henry IV. Falstaff, Mr. Estcourt; Hotspur, Mr. Booth; King, Mr. Keen; P. of Wales, Mr. Wilks; Douglas, Mr. Mills; Sir R. Vernon, Mr. Bullock, jun.; Francis, Mr. Norris; Carriers, Messrs. Johnson and Bullock, sen. Kate, Mrs. Bradshaw.—Spect. in folio.

No. 60. WEDNESDAY, May 9, 1711.

Hoc est quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat,
Hoc est? Pers. Sat. iii. 85.

Is it for this you gain those meagre looks,
And sacrifice your dinner to your books?

Several kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the Æneid turned into Latin rhymes by one of the beaux esprits of that dark age; who says in his preface to

[m] By Addison, dated, it is thought, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7, on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O; No. 221, and note on the letters at the bottoms of these papers.

it, that the Æneid wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen an hymn in hexameters to the Virgin Mary, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words:

'Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, cœlo.'

'Thou hast as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are stars in heaven.'

The poet rung the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon their hands did not only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of anagrams, which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set of letters into different words; which may change night into day, or black into white, if Chance, who is the goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, 'the anagram of a man.'

When the anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a mine not broken up, which will not show the treasure it contains till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it; for it is his business to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a gentleman who, when

this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known by the name of the lady Mary Boon. The lover not being able to make any thing of Mary, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing, converted it into Moll; and after having shut himself up for half a year, with indefatigable industry, produced an anagram. Upon the presenting it to his mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to see herself degraded into Moll Boon, she told him, to his infinite surprise, that he had mistaken her surname, for that it was not Boon, but Bohun.

'——— Ibi omnis
Effusus labor ———'

The lover was thunder-struck with his misfortune, insomuch that in a little time after he lost his senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

The acrostic was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The simple acrostic is nothing but the name or a title of a person, or thing, made out of the initial letters of several verses and by that means written, after the manner of the Chinese, in a perpendicular line. But besides these there are compound acrostics, when the principal letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the verses have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the same name running down like a seam through the middle of the poem.

There is another near relation of the anagrams and acrostics, which is commonly called a chrono-

gram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped: for as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D, in it. When therefore we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The bouts-rimez were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: the more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French (which generally follows the declension of empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit. If the reader will be at the trouble to see examples

of it, let him look into the new Mercure Gallant; where the author every month gives a list of rhymes to be filled up by the ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the Mercure for the succeeding month. That for the month of November last which now lies before me, is as follows:

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Lauriers
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Guerriers
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Musette
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Lisette

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Cæsars
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Etendars
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Houlette
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Folette

One would be amazed to see so learned a man as Menage talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage:

'Monsieur de la Chambre has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his pen into his hand; but that one sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making verses. In the first place I got all my rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four months in filling them up. I one day showed monsieur Gombaud a composition of this nature, in which, among others, I had made use of the four following rhymes, Amaryllis, Phyllis, Marne, Arne; desiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told me immediately that my verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his reason, he said, because the rhymes are too common; and for that reason easy to be put into verse. "Marry," says I, "if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at." But by Monsieur Gombaud's leave,

notwithstanding the severity of the criticism, the verses were good.' Vid. Menagiana.[n] Thus far the learned Menage, whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these bouts-rimez made them in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which the French ladies used to impose on their lovers. But when a grave author, like him above mentioned, tasked himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the author played booty, and did not make his list of rhymes till he had finished his poem?

I shall only add, that this piece of false wit has been finely ridiculed by monsieur Sarasin, in a poem intitled La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez, The Rout of the Bouts-Rimez.

I must subjoin to this last kind of wit the double rhymes, which are used in doggrel poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great numbers of those who admire the incomparable Hudibras, do it more on account of these doggrel rhymes than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

> 'Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
> Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;'

> 'There was an ancient sage philosopher
> Who had read Alexander Ross over,'

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of wit the whole poem. C.[o]

[n] Tom. i. p. 174, &c. ed. Amst. 1713.

[o] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7, on Addison's signatures.

No. 61. THURSDAY, May 10, 1711.

Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.
PERS. Sat. v. 19.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise. DRYDEN.

THERE is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of punning. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed, which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns, and, in his book where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also upon examination prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished was in the reign of king James the First. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy-counsellors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a clinch, or a

conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had been before admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council-table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakspeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest paragrammatist among the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined with Mr. Swan, the famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *Plocè*, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the *Antanaclasis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous university of this land was formerly very much infested with puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this we must consider, that the first race of authors who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors, to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Cicero, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one age and rose in another, it will again

recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters: at least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen acrostics handed about the town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little epigram called the Witches Prayer, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way, and blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such painstakers among our British wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire; for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that, if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion than from the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dullness on both sides. I have seen tory acrostics and whig anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are whigs or tories, but because they are anagrams and acrostics.

But to return to punning. Having pursued the history of a pun, from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language. If it bears the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun

as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is '*vox et præterea nihil*,' 'a sound, and nothing but a sound.' On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which Aristenetus makes of a fine woman; when she is dressed she is beautiful, when she is undressed she is beautiful; or, as Mercerus has translated it more emphatically, '*Induitur, formosa est: exuitur, ipsa forma est.*' [p] C.[q]

*** At the Theatre Royal, in Drury-lane, May 10, The Tender Husband or, Accomplished Fools; Biddy, by Mrs. Oldfield; Sir H. Gubbin, by Mr. Bullock; Tipkin, by Mr. Norris; Mr. Clerimont, by Mr. Mills; Captain Clerimont, by Mr. Wilks; Humphry Gubbin, by Mr. Pinkethman; Mr. Pounce, by Mr. Estcourt. Mrs. Clerimont, by Mrs. Bradshaw; and Aunt, by Mrs. Powell. Farce, The Stage Coach.—Spect. in folio.

No. 62. FRIDAY, May 11, 1711.

Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons.
Hor. Ars Poet. 309.
Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.
Roscommon.

Mr. Locke has an admirable reflection upon the difference of wit and judgment, whereby he endeavours to show the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follow: 'And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, "That men who have a great deal of wit, and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment or deepest reason." For wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy: judgment, on

Dressed she is beautiful, undressed she is Beauty's self.

[q] By Addison, dated, perhaps from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.

the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another, ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion; wherein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit, which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people.'

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such an one that gives delight and surprise to the reader. These two properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them. In order, therefore, that the resemblance in the ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for, where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise. To compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of milk and snow, or the variety of its colours by those of the rainbow, cannot be called wit, unless, besides this obvious resemblance, there be some farther congruity discovered in the two ideas, that is capable of giving the reader some surprise. Thus when a poet tells us the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but when he adds, with a sigh, it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes in heroic poets, who en-

deavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom any thing in them that can be called wit. Mr. Locke's account of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors, similitudes, allegories, enigmas, mottos, parables, fables, dreams, visions, dramatic writings, burlesque, and all the methods of allusion: as there are many other pieces of wit (how remote soever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As true wit generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of ideas, false wit chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single letters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acrostics: sometimes of syllables, as in echoes and doggrel rhymes: sometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles; and sometimes of whole sentences or poems, cast into the figures of eggs, axes, or altars: nay, some carry the notion of wit so far as to ascribe it even to external mimicry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.

As true wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, according to the foregoing instances, there is another kind of wit which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas, and partly in the resemblance of words, which for distinction sake I shall call mixed wit. This kind of wit is that which abounds in Cowley more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr. Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. Dryden is very sparing in it. Milton had a genius much above it. Spenser is in the same class with Milton. The Italians, even

in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself upon the ancient poets, has every where rejected it with scorn. If we look after mixed wit among the Greek writers, we shall find it no where but in the epigrammatists. There are indeed some strokes of it in the little poem ascribed to Musæus, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itself to be a modern composition. If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixed wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus; very little in Horace, but a great deal of it in Ovid, and scarce any thing else in Martial.

Out of the innumerable branches of mixt wit, I shall choose one instance, which may be met with in all the writers of this class. The passion of love in its nature has been thought to resemble fire; for which reason the words fire and flame are made use of to signify love. The witty poets therefore have taken an advantage, from the doubtful meaning of the word fire, to make an infinite number of witticisms. Cowley, observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, considers them as burning glasses made of ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his mistress has read his letter written in juice of lemon, by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by Love's flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the limbec. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole than when she is with him. His ambitious love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love

flames of hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree, in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an Ætna, that, instead of Vulcan's shop, encloses Cupid's forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine is throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his mistress, that the fire of love, like that of the sun (which produces so many living creatures), should not only warm, but beget. Love in another place cooks pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea.

The reader may observe in every one of these instances, that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence, speaking of it both as a passion and as real fire, surprises the reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions, that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixed wit, therefore, is a composition of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect, as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words. Its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth; reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of wit, is epigram, or those little occasional poems, that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot con-

clude this head of mixt wit, without owning that the admirable poet, out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ; and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject.' If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper. It is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his Elements. I shall only appeal to my reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit. If it be a true one, I am sure Mr. Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit than Mr. Cowley; and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French critics, has taken pains to show, that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things; that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the ground-work. Boileau has endeavoured to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients; and which nobody deviates from, but those who want strength of genius to make

a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetry, who like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagancies of an irregular fancy. Mr. Dryden makes a very handsome observation on Ovid's writing a letter from Dido to Æneas, in the following words: 'Ovid,' says he, speaking of Virgil's fiction of Dido and Æneas, 'takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new created Dido; dictates a letter for her just before her death to the ungrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him; and, being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem.'

Were not I supported by so great an authority as that of Mr. Dryden, I should not venture to observe, that the taste of most of our English poets, as well as readers, is extremely Gothic. He quotes Monsieur Segrais for a threefold distinction of the readers of poetry; in the first of which he compre-

hends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their taste. His words are as follow: 'Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes.' [He might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.] 'In the lowest form he places those whom he calls Les Petits Esprits, such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a play-house; who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit, prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression. These are mob readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for parliament men, we know already who would carry it. But though they made the greatest appearance in the field, and cried the loudest, the best on it is, they are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch Boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll.[r] Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden: yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment), they soon forsake them.'

I must not dismiss this subject without observing, that as Mr. Locke, in the passage above-mentioned, has discovered the most fruitful source of wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch itself out into several kinds.

[r] To poll is used here as signifying to vote; but, in propriety of speech, the poll only ascertains the majority of votes.

For not only the resemblance, but the opposition of ideas does very often produce wit; as I could show in several little points, turns, and antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future speculation. C.[8]

No. 63. SATURDAY, May 12, 1711.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ, fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Fingentur species—

Hor. Ars Poet. 1.

If in a picture, Piso, you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beast, of the most different kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all sort of birds;
Wou'd you not laugh, and think the painter mad?
Trust me that book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style, like sick men's dreams,
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.

Roscommon.

It is very hard for the mind to disengage itself from a subject on which it has been long employed. The thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement; as the tossings and fluctuations of the sea continue several hours after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last night's dream or vision, which formed into one continued allegory the several schemes of wit, whether false, mixed, or true, that have been the subject of my late papers.

Methought I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies and enchantments, governed by the goddess of Falsehood, and intitled The Region of False Wit. There was nothing in the

[8] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to No 7.

fields, the woods, and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an opera tune, and were filled with stags, wild boars, and mermaids that lived among the waters; at the same time that dolphins and several kinds of fish played upon the banks, or took their pastime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks, and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, ambergris, and pulvillos;[t] and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with sighs and messages of distant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into soliloquies upon the several wonders which lay before me, when, to my great surprise, I found there were artificial echoes in every walk, that, by repetitions of certain words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I said. In the midst of my conversation with these invisible companions, I discovered in the centre of a very dark grove a monstrous fabric built after the Gothic manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the god of Dulness. Upon my entrance I saw the deity of the place dressed in the habit of a Monk, with a book in one hand, and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was Industry, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left Caprice, with a monkey sitting on her shoulder. Before his feet there stood an Altar of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards

[t] Pulvillo, sweet scents.

found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the inscription that surrounded it. Upon the altar there lay several offerings of Axes, Wings, and Eggs, cut in paper, and inscribed with verses. The temple was filled with votaries, who applied themselves to different diversions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a regiment of anagrams, who were continually in motion, turning to the right or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, shifting their stations, and throwing themselves into all the figures and countermarches of the most changeable and perplexed exercise.

Not far from these was the body of Acrostics, made up of very disproportioned persons. It was disposed into three columns, the officers planting themselves in a line on the left hand of each column. The officers were all of them at least six feet high, and made three rows of very proper men; but the common soldiers, who filled up the spaces between the officers, were such dwarfs, cripples, and scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the Acrostics two or three files of Chronograms, which differed only from the former, as their officers were equipped (like the figure of Time) with an hour-glass in one hand and a scythe in the other, and took their posts promiscuously among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the deity, methought I saw the phantom of Tryphiodorus, the Lipogrammatist, engaged in a ball with four-and-twenty persons, who pursued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country-dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very busy at the western

end of the temple, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of Rebusses. These were several things of the most different natures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like fagots. You might behold an anchor, a night-rail, and an hobby-horse bound up together. One of the workmen seeing me very much surprised, told me, there was an infinite deal of wit in several of these bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased; I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the temple, I observed in one corner of it a cluster of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a game of Crambo. I heard several Double Rhymes as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of mirth.

Not far from these was another set of merry people engaged at a diversion, in which the whole jest was to mistake one person for another. To give occasion for these ludicrous mistakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the same kind of dress, though perhaps there was not the least resemblance in their faces. By this means an old man was sometimes mistaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a black-a-moor for an European, which very often produced great peals of laughter. These I guessed to be a party of Puns. But being very desirous to get out of this world of magic, which had almost turned my brain, I left the temple, and crossed over the fields that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far, before I heard the sound of trumpets and alarms, which seemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality

what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great distance a very shining light, and in the midst of it a person of a most beautiful aspect: her name was Truth. On her right hand there marched a male deity, who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several arrows in his hand: his name was Wit. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of False Wit with an unspeakable consternation, insomuch that the goddess of those regions appeared in person upon her frontiers, with the several inferior deities and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several inhabitants who bordered upon the Regions of Falsehood to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand upon their guard as neuters, and attend the issue of the combat.

I must here inform my reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the species of Mixed Wit, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered together in an army. There were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning-glasses: men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe several monsters of the like nature, that composed this great army; which immediately fell asunder, and divided itself into two parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the banners of Truth, and the others behind those of Falsehood.

The goddess of Falsehood was of a gigantic stature, and advanced some paces before the front of

the army; but as the dazzling light which flowed from Truth began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little space, she looked rather like an huge phantom than a real substance. At length, as the goddess of Truth approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the brightness of her presence; so that there did not remain the least trace or impression of her figure in the place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the sun the constellations grow thin, and the stars go out one after another, till the whole hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the goddess: and not only of the goddess herself, but of the whole army that attended her, which sympathized with their leader, and shrunk into nothing, in proportion as the goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole temple sunk, the fish betook themselves to the streams, and the wild beasts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their scents, and the whole face of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I still continued asleep, I fancied myself as it were awakened out of a dream, when I saw this region of prodigies restored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild scene of wonders, which had very much disturbed my imagination, I took a full survey of the persons of Wit and Truth; for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first, without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong compact body of figures. The genius of Heroic Poetry appeared with a sword in her hand, and a laurel on her head. Tragedy was crowned with cypress, and covered with robes dipped

in blood. Satire had smiles in her look, and a dagger under her garment. Rhetoric was known by her thunderbolt; and Comedy by her mask. After several other figures, Epigram marched up in the rear, who had been posted there at the beginning of the expedition, that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the god of Wit; there was something so amiable, and yet so piercing in his looks, as inspired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unspeakable joy he took a quiver of arrows from his shoulder, in order to make me a present of it; but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a chair, and by that means awaked. C.[u]

No. 64. MONDAY, May 14, 1711.

———Hic vivimus ambitiosa
Paupertate omnes—
Juv. Sat. iii. 183.

The face of wealth in poverty we wear.

The most improper things we commit in the conduct of our lives, we are led into by the force of fashion. Instances might be given, in which a prevailing custom makes us act against the rules of nature, law, and common sense; but at present I shall confine my consideration to the effect it has upon men's minds, by looking into our behaviour when it is the fashion to go into mourning. The custom of representing the grief we have for the loss of the dead by our habits, certainly had its rise from the real sorrow of

[u] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.

such as were too much distressed to take the proper care they ought of their dress. By degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward oppression upon their minds, made an apology for not joining with the rest of the world in their ordinary diversions by a dress suited to their condition. This, therefore, was at first assumed by such only as were under real distress; to whom it was a relief that they had nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksome to the gloom and melancholy of their inward reflections, or that might misrepresent them to others. In process of time this laudable distinction of the sorrowful was lost, and mourning is now worn by heirs and widows. You see nothing but magnificence and solemnity in the equipage of the relict, and an air of release from servitude in the pomp of a son who has lost a wealthy father. This fashion of sorrow has now become a generous part of the ceremonial between princes and sovereigns, who, in the language of all nations, are stiled brothers to each other, and put on the purple [w] upon the death of any potentate with whom they live in amity. Courtiers, and all who wish themselves such, are immediately seized with grief from head to foot upon this disaster to their prince; so that one may know by the very buckles of a gentleman-usher, what degree of friendship any deceased monarch maintained with the court to which he belongs. A good courtier's habit and behaviour is hieroglyphical on these occasions. He deals much in whispers, and you may see he dresses according to the best intelligence.

The general affectation among men of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole world run into the habit of the court. You see the lady, who

[w] Royal and princely mourners are clad in purple.

the day before was as various as a rainbow, upon the time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a cloud. This humour does not prevail only on those whose fortunes can support any change in their equipage, not on those only whose incomes demand the wantonness of new appearances; but on such also who have just enough to clothe them. An old acquaintance of mine, of ninety pounds a-year, who has naturally the vanity of being a man of fashion deep at his heart, is very much put to it to bear the mortality of princes. He made a new black suit upon the death of the king of Spain, he turned it for the king of Portugal, and he now keeps his chamber while it is scouring for the emperor. He is a good economist in his extravagance, and makes only a fresh black button upon his iron-gray suit for any potentate of small territories; he indeed adds his crape hatband for a prince whose exploits he has admired in the Gazette; but whatever compliments may be made on these occasions, the true mourners are the mercers, silkmen, lacemen, and milliners. A prince of a merciful and royal disposition would reflect with great anxiety upon the prospect of his death, if he considered what numbers would be reduced to misery by that accident only. He would think it of moment enough to direct, that, in the notification of his departure, the honour done to him might be restrained to those of the household of the prince to whom it should be signified. He would think a general mourning to be, in a less degree, the same ceremony which is practised in barbarous nations, of killing their slaves to attend the obsequies of their king.

I had been wonderfully at a loss for many months together, to guess at the character of a man who

came now and then to our coffee-house. He ever ended a newspaper with this reflection, 'Well, I see all the foreign princes are in good health.' If you asked, 'Pray, Sir, what says the Postman from Vienna?' He answered, 'Make us thankful, the German princes are all well.' 'What does he say from Barcelona?' 'He does not speak but that the country agrees very well with the new queen.' After very much inquiry, I found this man of universal loyalty was a wholesale dealer in silks and ribands. His way is, it seems, if he hires a weaver or workman, to have it inserted in his articles, 'that all this shall be well and truly performed, provided no foreign potentate shall depart this life within the time abovementioned.' It happens in all public mournings, that the many trades which depend upon our habits, are during that folly either pinched with present want, or terrified with the apparent approach of it. All the atonement which men can make for wanton expenses (which is a sort of insulting the scarcity under which others labour) is, that the superfluities of the wealthy give supplies to the necessities of the poor; but instead of any other good arising from the affectation of being in courtly habits of mourning, all order seems to be destroyed by it; and the true honour which one court does to another on that occasion loses its force and efficacy. When a foreign minister beholds the court of a nation (which flourishes in riches and plenty) lay aside, upon the loss of his master, all marks of splendour and magnificence, though the head of such a joyful people, he will conceive a greater idea of the honour done his master, than when he sees the generality of the people in the same habit. When one is afraid to ask the wife of a tradesman whom she has

lost of her family; and after some preparation endeavours to know whom she mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain herself, 'That we have lost one of the house of Austria!' Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of mankind, that it is a presumptuous distinction to take a part in honours done to their memories, except we have authority for it, by being related in a particular manner to the court which pays that veneration to their friendship, and seems to express on such an occasion the sense of the uncertainty of human life in general, by assuming the habit of sorrow, though in the full possession of triumph and royalty.

R.[x]

No. 65. TUESDAY, May 15, 1711.

—Demetri, teque, Tigelli
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.
Hor. 1. Sat. x. 90.
Demetrius and Tigellius, know your place;
Go hence, and whine among the school-boy-race.

After having at large explained what wit is, and described the false appearances of it, all that labour seems but an useless inquiry, without some time be spent in considering the application of it. The seat of wit, when one speaks as a man of the town and the world, is the playhouse; I shall therefore fill this paper with reflections on the use of it in that place. The application of wit in the theatre has as strong an effect upon the manners of our gentlemen, as the taste of it has upon the writings of our authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very presumptuous work, though not foreign from the duty of a Spectator, to

[x] By Steele. See final note to No. 6.

tax the writings of such as have long had the general applause of a nation; but I shall always make reason, truth, and nature the measure of praise and dispraise; if those are for me, the generality of opinion is of no consequence against me; if they are against me, the general opinion cannot long support me.

Without further preface, I am going to look into some of our most applauded plays, and see whether they deserve the figure they at present bear in the imaginations of men, or not.

In reflecting upon these works, I shall chiefly dwell upon that for which each respective play is most celebrated. The present paper shall be employed upon Sir Fopling Flutter.[y] The received character of this play is, that it is the pattern of genteel comedy. Dorimant and Harriot are the characters of greatest consequence, and if these are low and mean, the reputation of the play is very unjust.

I will take for granted, that a fine gentleman should be honest in his actions, and refined in his language. Instead of this, our hero in this piece is a direct knave in his designs, and a clown in his language. Bellair is his admirer and friend; in return for which, because he is forsooth a greater wit than his said friend, he thinks it reasonable to persuade him to marry a young lady, whose virtue, he thinks, will last no longer than till she is a wife, and then she cannot but fall to his share, as he is an irresistible fine gentleman. The falsehood to Mrs. Loveit, and the barbarity of triumphing over her

[y] The Man of the Mode. Sir Fopling was Beau Hewit, son of sir Thomas Hewit, of Pishiobury, in Hertfordshire, bart.; and the author's own character was represented in Bellair. See No. 175.

anguish for losing him, is another instance of his honesty as well as his good-nature. As to his fine language; he calls the orange-woman, who it seems is inclined to grow fat, 'An overgrown jade, with a flasket of guts before her;' and salutes her with a pretty phrase of, 'How now, Double Tripe?' Upon the mention of a country gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of, (no one can imagine why,) he 'will lay his life she is some awkward ill-fashioned country-toad, who, not having above four dozen of hairs on her head, has adorned her baldness with a large white fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the fore-front of the king's box at an old play? Unnatural mixture of senseless common-place!

As to the generosity of his temper, he tells his poor footman, 'If he did not wait better,' he would turn him away, in the insolent phrase of, 'I'll uncase you.'

Now for Mrs. Harriot. She laughs at obedience to an absent mother, whose tenderness Busy describes to be very exquisite, for, 'that she is so pleased with finding Harriot again, that she cannot chide her for being out of the way.' This witty daughter and fine lady has so little respect for this good woman, that she ridicules her air in taking leave, and cries, 'In what struggle is my poor mother yonder! See, see, her head tottering, her eyes staring, and her under lip trembling.' But all this is atoned for, because, 'she has more wit than is usual in her sex, and as much malice, though she is as wild as you would wish her, and has a demureness in her looks that makes it so surprising.' Then to recommend her as a fit spouse for his hero, the poet makes her speak her sense of marriage very ingeniously: 'I think,' says she, 'I might be

brought to endure him, and that is all a reasonable woman should expect in an husband.' It is methinks unnatural, that we are not made to understand how she that was bred under a silly pious old mother, that would never trust her out of her sight, came to be so polite.

It cannot be denied but that the negligence of every thing which engages the attention of the sober and valuable part of mankind, appears very well drawn in this piece. But it is denied that it is necessary to the character of a fine gentleman, that he should in that manner trample upon all order and decency. As for the character of Dorimant, it is more of a coxcomb than that of Fopling. He says of one of his companions, that a good correspondence between them is their mutual interest. Speaking of that friend, he declares, their being much together 'makes the women think the better of his understanding, and judge more favorably of my reputation. It makes him pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and me upon others for a very civil person.'

This whole celebrated piece is a perfect contradiction to good manners, good sense, and common honesty; and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the ruin of virtue and innocence, according to the notion of merit in this comedy, I take the Shoemaker[z] to be in reality the fine gentleman of the play: for it seems he is an atheist, if we may depend upon his character as given by the orange-woman, who is herself far from being the lowest in the play. She says of a fine man, who is Dorimant's companion, there 'is not such another heathen in the town, ex-

[z] He also was a real person, and got vast employment by the representation of him in this play.

cept the Shoemaker.' His pretension to be the hero of the drama appears still more in his own description of his way of living with his lady. 'There is,' says he, 'never a man in town lives more like a gentleman with his wife than I do; I never mind her motions; she never inquires into mine. We speak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily; and because it is vulgar to lie and soak together, we have each of us our several settle-bed.' That of 'soaking together,' is as good as if Dorimant had spoken it himself; and I think, since he puts human nature in as ugly a form as the circumstances will bear, and is a staunch unbeliever, he is very much wronged in having no part of the good fortune bestowed in the last act.

To speak plain of this whole work, I think nothing but being lost to a sense of innocence and virtue can make any one see this comedy, without observing more frequent occasion to move sorrow and indignation, than mirth and laughter. At the same time I allow it to be nature, but it is nature in its utmost corruption and degeneracy.[a] R.[b]

[a] 'How could it be otherwise, when the author of this play was sir George Etheridge, and the character of Dorimant that of Wilmot earl of Rochester?' MS. note on a copy of the Spectator in 12mo. ed. 1712. Mr. John Dennis endeavoured to deserve well of his country, by defending this play against the honest and commendable censure of it in this paper. All the plays of the same period, with few exceptions, were adapted to the licentiousness of the court, and the *wit* of them is inseparably complicated with ribaldry.

'*Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis.*'

See Tatler, No. 3, note.

[b] By Steele. See final note to No. 6.

No. 66. WEDNESDAY, May 16, 1711.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo; et fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, et incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.
Hor. 3 Od. vi. 21.

Behold a ripe and melting maid
Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade:
Ionian artists at a mighty price,
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice,
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay;
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.
Roscommon.

The two following letters are upon a subject of very great importance, though expressed without any air of gravity.

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I take the freedom of asking your advice in behalf of a young country kinswoman of mine, who is lately come to town, and under my care for her education. She is very pretty, but you can't imagine how unformed a creature it is. She comes to my hands just as nature left her, half finished, and without any acquired improvements. When I look on her, I often think of the Belle Sauvage [c] mentioned in one of your papers. Dear Mr. Spectator, help me to make her comprehend the visible graces of speech, and the dumb eloquence of motion; for she is at present a perfect stranger to both. She knows no way to express herself but by her tongue, and that always to signify her meaning. Her eyes serve her yet only to see with, and she is utterly a foreigner to the language of looks and glances. In this I fancy you could help her better than any body. I have bestowed two months in teaching her to sigh when she is not concerned, and to smile when she is not

[c] See Spect. No. 28.

pleased, and am ashamed to own she makes little or no improvement. Then she is no more able now to walk, than she was to go at a year old. By walking, you will easily know I mean that regular but easy motion which gives our persons so irresistible a grace as if we moved to music, and is a kind of disengaged figure; or, if I may so speak, recitative dancing. But the want of this I cannot blame in her, for I find she has no ear, and means nothing by walking but to change her place. I could pardon too her blushing, if she knew how to carry herself in it, and if it did not manifestly injure her complexion.

'They tell me you are a person who have seen the world, and are a judge of fine breeding; which makes me ambitious of some instructions from you for her improvement: which when you have favoured me with, I shall farther advise with you about the disposal of this fair forester in marriage; for I will make it no secret to you, that her person and education are to be her fortune. I am, SIR,

'Your very humble servant,

'CELIMENE.'

'SIR,

'BEING employed by Celimene to make up and send to you her letter, I make bold to recommend the case therein mentioned to your consideration, because she and I happen to differ a little in our notions. I, who am a rough man, am afraid the young girl is in a fair way to be spoiled: therefore, pray, Mr. Spectator, let us have your opinion of this fine thing called fine breeding; for I am afraid it differs too much from that plain thing called good breeding.

'Your most humble servant.'[d]

[d] Mr. John Hughes was the author of this and the preceding letter. See also No. 33, letter signed R. B. of which, perhaps, he was likewise the writer.

The general mistake among us in the educating our children is, that in our daughters we take care of their persons, and neglect their minds; in our sons we are so intent upon adorning their minds, that we wholly neglect their bodies. It is from this that you shall see a young lady celebrated and admired in all the assemblies about town, when her elder brother is afraid to come into a room. From this ill management it arises, that we frequently observe a man's life is half spent before he is taken notice of; and a woman in the prime of her years is out of fashion and neglected. The boy I shall consider upon some other occasion, and at present stick to the girl: and I am the more inclined to this, because I have several letters which complain to me, that my female readers have not understood me for some days last past, and take themselves to be unconcerned in the present turn of my writings. When a girl is safely brought from her nurse, before she is capable of forming one simple notion of any thing in life, she is delivered to the hands of her dancing-master; and with a collar round her neck, the pretty wild thing is taught a fantastical gravity of behaviour, and forced to a particular way of holding her head, heaving her breast, and moving with her whole body; and all this under pain of never having a husband, if she steps, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young lady wonderful workings of imagination, what is to pass between her and this husband that she is every moment told of, and for whom she seems to be educated. Thus her fancy is engaged to turn all her endeavours to the ornament of her person, as what must determine her good and ill in this life; and she naturally thinks, if she is tall enough, she is wise enough for any thing for which her education makes

her think she is designed. To make her an agreeable person is the main purpose of her parents; to that is all their cost, to that all their care directed; and from this general folly of parents we owe our present numerous race of coquettes. These reflections puzzle me, when I think of giving my advice on the subject of managing the wild thing mentioned in the letter of my correspondent. But sure there is a middle way to be followed; the management of a young lady's person is not to be overlooked, but the erudition[e] of her mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will see the mind follow the appetites of the body, or the body express the virtues of the mind.

Cleomira dances with all the elegance of motion imaginable; but her eyes are so chastised with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts, that she raises in her beholders admiration and good-will, but no loose hope or wild imagination. The true art in this case is, to make the mind and body improve together; and if possible, to make gesture follow thought, and not let thought be employed upon gesture. R.[f]

[e] Erudition seems to be used here in an uncommon sense, for cultivation or instruction.

[f] By Steele. See final note to No. 6.

No. 67. THURSDAY, May 17, 1711.

Saltare elegantiùs quàm necesse est probæ.
SALLUST.
Too fine a dancer for a virtuous woman.

Lucian, in one of his dialogues, introduces a philosopher chiding his friend for his being a lover of dancing and a frequenter of balls. The other undertakes the defence of his favourite diversion, which, he says, was at first invented by the goddess Rhea, and preserved the life of Jupiter himself, from the cruelty of his father Saturn. He proceeds to show, that it had been approved by the greatest men in all ages; that Homer calls Merion a fine dancer; and says that the graceful mien and great agility which he had acquired by that exercise, distinguished him above the rest in the armies both of Greeks and Trojans.

He adds, that Pyrrhus gained more reputation by inventing the dance which is called after his name, than by all his other actions: that the Lacedemonians, who were the bravest people in Greece, gave great encouragement to this diversion, and made their Hormus (a dance much resembling the French Brawl) famous all over Asia: that there were still extant some Thessalonian statues erected to the honour of their best dancers: and that he wondered how his brother philosopher could declare himself against the opinions of those two persons, whom he professed so much to admire, Homer and Hesiod; the latter of which compares valour and dancing together, and says, that 'the gods have bestowed fortitude on some men, and on others a disposition for dancing.'

Lastly, he puts him in mind that Socrates (who, in the judgment of Apollo, was the wisest of men) was not only a professed admirer of this exercise in others, but learned it himself when he was an old man.

The morose philosopher is so much affected by these and some other authorities, that he becomes a convert to his friend, and desires he would take him with him when he went to his next ball.

I love to shelter myself under the examples of great men; and, I think, I have sufficiently showed that it is not below the dignity of these my speculations to take notice of the following letter, which, I suppose, is sent me by some substantial tradesman about 'Change.

'SIR,

'I AM a man in years, and by an honest industry in the world have acquired enough to give my children a liberal education, though I was an utter stranger to it myself. My eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, has for some time been under the tuition of monsieur Rigadoon a dancing-master in the city; and I was prevailed upon by her and her mother to go last night to one of his balls. I must own to you, Sir, that having never been at any such place before, I was very much pleased and surprised with that part of his entertainment which he called French dancing. There were several young men and women, whose limbs seemed to have no other motion but purely what the music gave them. After this part was over, they began a diversion which they call country dancing, and wherein there were also some things not disagreeable, and divers emblematical figures, composed, as I guess, by wise men for the instruction of youth.

'Among the rest, I observed one, which I think they call "Hunt the Squirrel," in which, while the woman flies, the man pursues her; but as soon as she turns, he runs away and she is obliged to follow.

'The moral of this dance does, I think, very aptly recommend modesty and discretion to the female sex.

'But as the best institutions are liable to corruptions; so, Sir, I must acquaint you, that very great abuses are crept into this entertainment. I was amazed to see my girl handed by and handing young fellows with so much familiarity; and I could not have thought it had been in the child. They very often made use of a most impudent and lascivious step called "Setting," which I know not how to describe to you, but by telling you that it is the very reverse of "Back to Back." At last an impudent young dog bid the fiddlers play a dance called "Moll Pately," and after having made two or three capers, ran to his partner, locked his arms in hers, and whisked her round cleverly above ground in such a manner, that I who sat upon one of the lowest benches, saw farther above her shoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure these enormities; wherefore just as my girl was going to be made a whirligig, I ran in, seized on the child, and carried her home.

'Sir, I am not yet old enough to be a fool. I suppose this diversion might be at first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women, and so far I am not against it; but I shall never allow of these things. I know not what you will say to this case at present, but am sure that, had you been with me, you would have seen matter of great speculation. I am,

'Yours, &c.'

I must confess I am afraid that my correspondent had too much reason to be a little out of humour at the treatment of his daughter; but I conclude that he would have been much more so, had he seen one of those kissing dances, in which Will Honeycomb assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a minute on the fair one's lips, or they will be too quick for the music, and dance quite out of time.

I am not able, however, to give my final sentence against this diversion; and am of Mr. Cowley's opinion, that so much of dancing, at least as belongs to the behaviour and an handsome carriage of the body, is extremely useful, if not absolutely necessary.

We generally form such ideas of people at first sight, as we are hardly ever persuaded to lay aside afterwards: for this reason, a man would wish to have nothing disagreeable or uncomely in his approaches, and to be able to enter a room with a good grace.

I might add, that a moderate knowledge in the little rules of good-breeding gives a man some assurance, and makes him easy in all companies. For want of this, I have seen a professor of a liberal science at a loss to salute a lady; and a most excellent mathematician not able to determine whether he should stand or sit while my lord drank to him.

It is the proper business of a dancing-master to regulate these matters: though I take it to be a just observation, that unless you add something of your own to what these fine gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themselves, you will much sooner get the character of an affected fop than of a well-bred man.

As for country dancing, it must indeed be confessed that the great familiarities between the two sexes on this occasion may sometimes produce very dangerous consequences: and I have often thought that few ladies' hearts are so obdurate as not to be melted by the charms of music, the force of motion, and an handsome young fellow, who is continually playing before their eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect use of all his limbs.

But as this kind of dance is the particular invention of our own country, and as every one is more or less a proficient in it, I would not discountenance it; but rather suppose it may be practised innocently by others, as well as myself, who am often partner to my landlady's eldest daughter.

POSTSCRIPT.

Having heard a good character of the collection of pictures which is to be exposed to sale on Friday next; and concluding from the following letter that the person who collected them is a man of no unelegant taste, I will be so much his friend as to publish it, provided the reader will only look upon it as filling up the place of an advertisement:

From the Three Chairs in the Piazza, Covent-Garden.

'SIR, 'May 16, 1711.

'As you are Spectator, I think we who make it our business to exhibit any thing to public view, ought to apply ourselves to you for your approbation. I have travelled Europe to furnish out a show for you, and have brought with me what has been admired in every country through which I passed. You have declared in many papers, that your greatest delights are those of the eye,

which I do not doubt but I shall gratify with as beautiful objects as yours ever beheld. If castles, forests, ruins, fine women, and graceful men, can please you, I dare promise you much satisfaction, if you will appear at my auction on Friday next. A sight is, I suppose, as grateful to a Spectator, as a treat to another person, and therefore I hope you will pardon this invitation from,

'Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

'J. Graham.'

X.[g]

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Pinkethman's Pantheon, or the Temple of Heathen Gods, the work of several years, consisting of five pictures, the contrivance and painting of which is beyond expression admirable. The figures, above one hundred, move their heads, legs, arms, and fingers, so exactly in what they perform, setting one foot before another like living creatures, that it deserves to be esteemed the greatest wonder of the age. In the little Piazza, Covent-Garden. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*: 1*s.* and the lowest 6*d.* See No. 31, where the visitation of Mr. Pinkethman's Heathen Gods is mentioned among the diversions then in vogue. See also Tat. Nos. 129, 167, 171, notes and adv. concerning moving pictures, &c.

*** At Drury-lane, this evening, The Scornful Lady. The Scornful Lady, by Mrs. Oldfield; Loveless, Mr. Wilks; Youngless, Mr. Mills; Welford, Mr. Bickerstaff; Morecraft, Mr. Bullock; Rover, Mr. Cibber; Poet, Mr. Norris. Martha, Mrs. Bicknell; Abigail, Mrs. Willis; and Saville, by Mr. Dogget. The farce, A. Bickerstaff's Burial; or Work for the Upholders.—Spect. in folio.

No. 68. FRIDAY, May 18, 1711.

Nos duo turba sumus——
Ovid. Met. i. 355.
We two are a multitudo.

One would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse;

[g] By Mr. E. Budgell. See Spect. No. 555.

but instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion as conversation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative; but the most open, instructive and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully was the first who observed that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy, and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and, indeed, there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher: I mean, the little apocry-

phal treatise, intitled The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach. How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour; and laid down that precept, which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, That we should have many well-wishers, but few friends! 'Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.'[h] With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends! And with what strokes of nature (I could almost say of humour) has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested friend! 'If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend, who, being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach.' Again, 'Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: but in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face.'[i] What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse? 'Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends.' In the next words he particularises one of those fruits of friendship which is described at length by the two famous authors abovementioned, and falls into a general eulogium of friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime. 'A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a treasure.

[h] Ecclus. vi. 5, 6. [i] Ibid. vi. 7, & seq.

'Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is unvaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour (that is his friend) be also.'[k] I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, that a virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer: 'Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.'[l] With what strength of allusion and force of thought has he described the breaches and violations of friendship!—'Whoso casteth a stone at the birds, frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not, for there may be a returning to favour. If thou hast opened thy mouth against thy friend, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound; for, for these things every friend will depart.'[m] We may observe in this and several other precepts in this author, those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in

[k] Ecclus. vi. 15—18. [l] Ibid. ix. 10. [m] Ibid. ix. 20, 21, 22.

the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: 'Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayest his secrets, follow no more after him: for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy friend; as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shalt not get him again; follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be a reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth secrets, is without hope.' [n]

Among the several qualifications of a good friend, this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal: to these, others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion, equality in age and fortune, and, as Cicero calls it, '*Morum comitas*,' 'a pleasantness of temper.' If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications a certain equability or evenness of behaviour. A man often contracts a friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a year's conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill-humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected, at his first entering into an intimacy with him. There are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species, in the following epigram:

[n] Ecclus. xxvii. 16, & seq.

'Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.'
EPIG. xii. 47.

'In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.'

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who, by these changes and vicissitudes of humour, is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious; and as most men are at some times in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character. C.°

*** At the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, May 15, a comedy called The Fortune Hunters, or Two Fools well met. Y. Wealthy, Mr. Wilks; Maria, Mrs. Oldfield; Sir W. Wealthy, Mr. Bullock; Tom Wealthy, Mr. Mills; Mr. Spruce, Mr. Norris; Mr. Shamtown, Mr. Pack; Littlegad, Mr. Bowman. Lady Sly, Mrs. Powell; Sophia, Mrs. Cox; and Mrs. Spruce, by Mrs. Bicknell.—Spect. in folio.

††† May 17. The Scornful Lady, for the benefit of Mr. Bickerstaff; and on Friday May 18, The tragedy of Œdipus. Œdipus by Mr. Powell; Adrastus by Mr. Booth; Creon by Mr. Keen; Hæmon by Mr. Mills; Teresias by Mr. Boman; Phorbas by Mr. Husband; Ægeon by Mr. Cory; Ghost by Mr. Elrington; the Four Citizens by Mr. Lee, Mr. Norris, Mr. Bullock, and Mr. Peck. Jocasta by Mrs. Knight; Euridice by Mrs. Bradshaw.—Note, the tickets given out for the Rover will be taken for this play. *Ibidem*, No. 68.

° By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7, and 121, on capital letters.

No. 69. SATURDAY, May 19, 1711.

Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
Arborei fœtus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum.
Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Imposuit natura locis—

Virg. Georg. i. 54.

This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;
India black ebon and white iv'ry bears;
And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears:
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far;
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war:
Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
This is th' original contract; these the laws
Impos'd by nature, and by nature's cause.

Dryden.

There is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of *emporium* for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league

with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a groupe of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede or Frenchman at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any farther notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo;[p] but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no farther than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public calamities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is

[p] See No. 1, paragr. 4.

wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes, and the infusion of a China plant is sweetened by the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippic islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no farther advances towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens:

and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate. Our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines. Our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan. Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth. We repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the spice-islands, our hot-beds; the Persians, our silk-weavers; and the Chinese, our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons, there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are

clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves. C.[q]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

*** This day [May 15] is published, An Essay on Criticism. Printed for W. Lewis in Russel-street, Covent Garden, and sold by W. Taylor, at the Ship in Paternoster-row; T. Osborn in Gray's-inn, near the Walks; J. Greaves in St. James's-street; and J. Morphew, near Stationers'-Hall. Price 1s.—Spect. in folio, No. 65.

††† Complete sets of this paper for the month of April are to be sold by Mr. Greaves, St. James's-street; Mr. Lewis, at Tom's coffee house; Mr. Lillie, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings; Mr. Sanger, at the Temple-gate; Mr. Lloyd, near the church in the Temple; Mr. Knapton, in St. Paul's church-yard; Mr. Round in Exchange-alley; and Mr. Baldwin, in Warwick-lane: where also may be had those for the month of March. *Ibidem.*

[q] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See note, No. 7, *ad finem*, and No. 121, final note.

No. 70. MONDAY, May 21, 1711.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.
Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 63.
Sometimes the vulgar see and judge aright.

When I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures: and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions. Moliere, as we are told by Monsieur Boileau, used to read all his comedies to an old woman who was his housekeeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney-corner; and could foretel the success of his play in the theatre, from the reception it met at his fire-side: for he tells us the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shows the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought,[r] above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigram. Homer, Virgil, or Milton, so far as the language of their poems is understood,

[r] See Dennis's Original Let. fam. mor. & crit. 8vo. 1721, p. 166, & seq. Letter to Henry Cromwell, esq. on Simplicity in Poetical Composition.

will please a reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an epigram of Martial, or a poem of Cowley: so, on the contrary, an ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation of ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature, which recommend it to the most ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old song of Chevy-Chase is the favourite ballad of the common people of England; and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his discourse of poetry, speaks of it in the following words: 'I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?' For my own part, I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song, that I shall give my reader a critique upon it, without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern critics have laid it down as a rule, That an heroic poem should be founded upon some important precept of morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes. Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many governments, who suffered very much amongst themselves, and gave the Persian emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their

mutual jealousies and animosities, Homer,[s] in order to establish among them an union which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his poem upon the discords of the several Grecian princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatic prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords. At the time the poem we are now treating of was written, the dissensions of the barons,[t] who were then so many petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country. The poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an English and Scotch nobleman. That he designed this for the instruction of his poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his readers:

'God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.'

[s] This anachronism with respect to Homer cannot escape notice. See Spect. No 327. Homer flourished 850 years before the Christian æra, and according to others 980, which calculation places him near the age of Solomon, agreeably to what is said, No. 327.

[t] There is here a similar chronological inaccuracy with respect to Chevy-Chase. The dissensions of the barons were long over before the event which is commonly supposed to have given occasion to this ballad. The battle of Otterburn, usually called Chevy-Chase, was fought A. D. 1388, in the reigns of Richard II. of England, and Robert II. of Scotland. Others with less probability have brought down the action to the reigns of Henry IV. of England, and James I. of Scotland. This critique on Chevy-Chase subjected the author to the ridicule of Dr. William Wagstaff, and gave birth to the mock critique of Tom Thumb, in that author's Works, 8vo. 1726, where there is little, if any thing, worth reading. It was likewise honoured with the notice and animadversions of John Dennis. See

The next point observed by the greatest heroic poets hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honour to their country: thus Virgil's hero was the founder of Rome, Homer's a prince of Greece; and for this reason Valerius Flaccus, and Statius, who were both Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the Golden Fleece, and the Wars of Thebes, for the subjects of their epic writings.

The poet before us has not only found out an hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The English are the first who take the field, and the last who quit it. The English bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, and the Scotch two thousand. The English keep the field with fifty-three; the Scotch retire with fifty-five: all the rest on each side being slain in battle. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind, is the different manner in which the Scotch and English kings receive the news of this fight and of the great men's deaths who commanded in it:

'This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

'O heavy news, king James did say,
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

'Like tidings to king Henry came
Within as short a space,*
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

Dennis's Original Letters, *ut supra*, and Dr. Johnson's Lives of English Poets, vol. ii. page 441. 8vo. 1781.

* Impossible! for it was more than three times the distance.

'Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

'Yet shall not Scot, nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave lord Percy's sake.

'This vow full well the king perform'd
After on Humble-down;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

'And of the rest of small account
Did many thousands die,' &c.

At the same time that our poet shows a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people:

'Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.'

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to an hero. One of us two, says he, must die: I am an earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: however, says he, it is pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes: rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight:

'Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Percy, so am I.

'But trust me, Percy, pity it were
And great offence to kill
Any of these, our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

'Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.
Accurst be he, lord Percy said,
By whom this is deny'd.

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle, and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parley, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch earl falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall:

'With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

'Who never spoke more words than these,
Fight on my merry-men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees me fall.'

Merry-men, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of Virgil's Æneid is very much to be admired, where Camilla, in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only (like the hero of whom we are now speaking) how the battle should be continued after her death:

'Tum sic expirans,' &c.

Æn. xi. 820.

'A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes:
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies,
Then turns to her, whom of her female train
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable death; and claims his right.

Bear my last words to Turnus; fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed:
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell———'

DRYDEN.

Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner; though our poet seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's speech in the last verse:

'Lord Percy sees me fall.'

—'Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas
Ausonii videre—'

ÆN. xii. 936.

The Latin chiefs have seen me beg my life.

DRYDEN.

Earl Percy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate: I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought:

'Then leaving life, earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

'O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.'

That beautiful line, 'Taking the dead man by the hand,' will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father:

'At vero ut vultum vidit morientis et ora,
Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris;
Ingemuit, miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit.'

ÆN. x. 821.

'The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He griev'd, he wept, then grasp'd his hand and said,
Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To worth so great——'

DRYDEN.

I shall take another opportunity to consider the other parts of this old song.

C.[w]

*** At Drury-lane, May 21, The Libertine destroyed. Don John by Mr. Mills; Jacomo, Mr. Johnson; Antonio, Mr. Thurmond; Lopez, Mr. Bickerstaff; Francisco, Mr. Keen. Leonora, Mrs. Knight; Maria, Mrs. Porter; Octavia, Miss Sherborne; Flavia, Miss Willis. Shepherds, Mr. Norris, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Pack, and Mr. Burkhead. May 22, The Squire of Alsatia.—Spect. in folio.

The Squire by Mr. Bullock; Sir W. Belfond, Mr. Pinkethman; Y. Belfond, Mr. Wilks; Sir Edw. B. by Mr. Keen; Trueman, Mr. Mills; Cheatly, Mr. Bickerstaff; Shamwell, Mr. Bullock, jun.; Lolpoop, Mr. Cross; Scrapeall, Mr. Norris; Isabella, Mrs. Rogers. Teresa, Mrs. Oldfield; Mrs. Termagant, Mrs. Knight; Lucy, Miss Sherborne; Ruth, Mrs. Powell; with dancing by Mrs. Bicknell.

On Thursday, May 24, The Marplot, or second Part of The Busy Body. The part of Marplot, by Mr. Pack; Don Perriera, Mr. Dogget; Col. Ravelin, Mr. Wilks; C. Gripe, Mr. Mills; D. Lopez, Mr. Bowen; Lorenzo, Mr. Norris; Madem. Joneton, Mrs. Bradshaw; Isabinda, Mrs. Porter; D[a] Perriera, Mrs. Santlow; and Gouvernante by Mrs. Willis.—Spect. in folio.

No. 71. TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1711.

Scribere jussit amor.
OVID. Epist. iv. 10.
Love bade me write.

THE entire conquest of our passions is so difficult a work, that they who despair of it should think of a less difficult task, and only attempt to regulate them. But there is a third thing which may contribute not only to the ease, but also to the pleasure of our life; and that is, refining our passions to a greater elegance

[w] By Addison, dated, as the signature seems to denote, from Chelsea. See No. 74, and final note to No. 7.

than we receive them from nature. When the passion is Love, this work is performed in innocent, though rude and uncultivated minds, by the mere force and dignity of the object. There are forms which naturally create respect in the beholders, and at once inflame and chastise the imagination. Such an impression as this gives an immediate ambition to deserve, in order to please. This cause and effect are beautifully described by Mr. Dryden in the fable of Cymon and Iphigenia. After he has represented Cymon so stupid, that

> 'He whistled as he went, for want of thought;'

he makes him fall into the following scene, and shows its influence upon him so excellently, that it appears as natural as wonderful:

> 'It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
> That to the greenwood-shade he took his way;
> His quarter-staff, which he cou'd ne'er forsake,
> Hung half before, and half behind his back.
> He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
> And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
> 'By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
> The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
> Where in a plain, defended by the wood,
> Crept thro' the matted grass a crystal flood,
> By which an alabaster fountain stood:
> And on the margin of the fount was laid
> (Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid,
> Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with sport,
> To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
> The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
> Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
> Than by the charming features of her face,
> And e'en in slumber a superior grace;
> Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
> Her body shaded with a slight cymarr;
> Her bosom to the view was only bare:
> The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
> To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
> The fanning wind and purling streams continue her repose.

'The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouths, that testify'd surprise;
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice in delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimm'ring sense
First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown-accent, and his country-tone.'

But lest this fine description should be excepted against, as the creation of that great master Mr. Dryden, and not an account of what has really ever happened in the world, I shall give you verbatim the epistle of an enamoured footman in the country to his mistress. Their surnames shall not be inserted, because their passion demands a greater respect than is due to their quality. James is servant in a great family, and Elizabeth waits upon the daughter of one as numerous, some miles off her lover. James, before he beheld Betty, was vain of his strength, a rough wrestler, and quarrelsome cudgel-player; Betty, a public dancer at maypoles, a romp at stool-ball: he always following idle women, she playing among the peasants; he a country bully, she a country coquette. But love has made her constantly in her mistress's chamber, where the young lady gratifies a secret passion of her own, by making Betty talk of James; and James is become a constant waiter near his master's apartment, in reading as well as he can, romances. I cannot learn who Molly is, who it seems walked ten miles to carry the angry message which gave occasion to what follows:

'TO ELIZABETH.

'MY DEAR BETTY, 'May 14, 1711.

'REMEMBER your bleeding lover, who lies bleeding at the wounds Cupid made with the arrows

he borrowed at the eyes of Venus, which is your sweet person.

'Nay more, with the token you sent me for my love and service offered to your sweet person; which was your base respects to my ill conditions; when, alas! there is no ill conditions in me, but quite contrary; all love and purity, especially to your sweet person; but all this I take as a jest.

'But the sad and dismal news which Molly brought me struck me to the heart, which was it seems, and is, your ill conditions for my love and respects to you.

'For she told me, if I came forty times to you, you would not speak with me, which words I am sure is a great grief to me.

'Now, my dear, if I may not be permitted to your sweet company, and to have the happiness of speaking with your sweet person, I beg the favour of you to accept of this my secret mind and thoughts, which hath so long lodged in my breast, the which if you do not accept, I believe will go nigh to break my heart.

'For indeed, my dear, I love you above all the beauties I ever saw in all my life.

'The young gentleman, and my master's daughter, the Londoner that is come down to marry her, sat in the arbour most part of last night. Oh, dear Betty, must the nightingales sing to those who marry for money, and not to us true lovers! Oh, my dear Betty, that we could meet this night where we used to do in the wood!

'Now, my dear, if I may not have the blessing of kissing your sweet lips, I beg I may have the happiness of kissing your fair hand, with a few lines from your dear self, presented by whom you please

or think fit. I believe, if time would permit me, I could write all day; but the time being short, and paper little, no more from your never-failing lover till death,

'JAMES ——.'[x]

Poor James! since his time and paper were so short, I that have more than I can use well of both, will put the sentiments of his kind letter (the style of which seems to be confused with scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not understand) into what he meant to express.

'DEAR CREATURE,

'CAN you, then, neglect him who has forgot all his recreations and enjoyments, to pine away his life in thinking of you? when I do so, you appear more amiable to me than Venus does in the most beautiful description that ever was made of her. All this kindness you return with an accusation, that I do not love you: but the contrary is so manifest, that I cannot think you in earnest. But the certainty given me in your message by Molly, that you do not love me, is what robs me of all comfort. She

[x] This man's name was James Hirst. He was a servant to the Hon. Edward Wortley, Esq; and in delivering a parcel of letters to his master, gave by mistake this letter, which he had just prepared for his sweetheart, and kept in its stead one of his master's. He quickly returned to rectify the blunder, but it was too late. Unfortunately the letter to Betty was the first that presented itself to Mr. Wortley, who had indulged his curiosity in reading the love-tale of his enamoured footman. James requested to have it returned in vain. 'No, James;' said his master, 'you shall be a great man, and this letter must appear in the Spectator.'

James succeeded in putting an end to Betty's ill-conditions, and obtained her consent to marry him, but the marriage was prevented by her sudden death. James Hirst, soon after, from his regard and love for Betty, married her sister, and died about the year 1791, by Pennistone, in the neighbourhood of Wortley, near Leeds. Betty's sister and successor was probably the Molly who walked ten miles to carry the angry message which occasioned the preceding letter.

says you will not see me: if you can have so much cruelty, at least write to me, that I may kiss the impression made by your fair hand. I love you above all things, and, in my condition, what you look upon with indifference is to me the most exquisite pleasure or pain. Our young lady, and a fine gentleman from London, who are to marry for mercenary ends, walk about our gardens, and hear the voice of evening nightingales, as if for fashion sake they courted those solitudes, because they have heard lovers do so. Oh Betty! could I hear these rivulets murmur, and birds sing, while you stood near me, how little sensible should I be that we are both servants, that there is any thing on earth above us! Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, till death itself.

JAMES.

N. B. By the words ill-condition, James means —in a woman, coquetry; in a man, inconstancy.

R.[y]

No. 72. WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1711.

—Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.
VIRG. Georg. iv. 208.

Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
The fortune of the family remains,
And grandsire's grandsons the long list contains.
DRYDEN.

HAVING already given my reader an account of several extraordinary clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a club, which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less

[y] By Steele. See final note to Nos. 6, or 4, on the signature R.

surprising to my reader than it was to myself; for which reason I shall communicate it to the public as one of the greatest curiosities in its kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the Everlasting club. So very odd a title raised my curiosity to inquire into the nature of a club that had such a sounding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account:

The Everlasting club consists of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in such a manner, that the club sits day and night from one end of the year to another; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a member of the Everlasting club never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this club, that the steward never dies; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is in readiness to fill it; insomuch that there has not been a *sede vacante* in the memory of man.

This club was instituted towards the end (or, as some of them say, about the middle) of the civil wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the great fire,[z] which burnt them out, and dispersed

[z] Anno 1666.

them for several weeks. The steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house (which was demolished in order to stop the fire); and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the club to withdraw himself. This steward is frequently talked of in the club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man than the famous captain mentioned in my lord Clarendon, who was burnt in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of Jubilee, the club had it under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century. This resolution passed in a general club *nemine contradicente.*

Having given this short account of the institution and continuation of the Everlasting club, I should here endeavour to say something of the manners and characters of its several members, which I shall do according to the best light I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general, that, since their first institution, they have smoked fifty tons of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand hogsheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of small beer. There has been likewise a great consumption of cards. It is also said that they observe the law in Ben Jonson's club,[a] which orders the fire to be always kept in (*focus perennis esto*), as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampness of the

[a] See the Leges Convivales of this club, in Langbaine's Lives of English Poets, &c.—Art. Ben Jonson.

club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a vestal, whose business it is to cherish and perpetuate the fire which burns from generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out above an hundred times.

The Everlasting club treats all other clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the Kit-Cat and October as a couple of upstarts. Their ordinary discourse (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon such adventures as have passed in their own assembly; of members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together, without stirring out of the club; of others who have smoked an hundred pipes at a sitting; of others who have not missed their morning's draught for twenty years together. Sometimes they speak in raptures of a run of ale in king Charles's reign: and sometimes reflect with astonishment upon games at whist, which have been miraculously recovered by members of the society, when in all human probability the case was desperate.

They delight in several old catches, which they sing at all hours to encourage one another to moisten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

There are four general clubs held in a year, at which times they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker or elect a new one, settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other necessaries.

The senior member has outlived the whole club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of some of the present sitting members.

C.[b]

[b] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to Nos. 7 221, and note.

No. 73. THURSDAY, May 24, 1711.

—O Dea, certè!

Virg. Æn. i. 332.

O goddess! for no less you seem.

It is very strange to consider, that a creature like man, who is sensible of so many weaknesses and imperfections, should be actuated by a love of fame: that vice and ignorance, imperfection and misery, should contend for praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves objects of admiration.

But notwithstanding man's essential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wise man and the fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to outshine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in other men. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this passion for admiration may appear in such a creature as man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good effects, not only as it restrains him from doing any thing which is mean and

contemptible, but as it pushes him to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty, but the consequences it produces are so good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by Cicero that men of the greatest and the most shining parts are the most actuated by ambition; and if we look into the two sexes, I believe we shall find this principle of action stronger in women than in men.

The passion for praise which is so very vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves admiration: and I think we may observe, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform course of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than what we find in the generality of our own sex. How many instances have we of chastity, fidelity, devotion! How many ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands, which are the great qualities and achievements of womankind! as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous, and get themselves a name.

But as this passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in every thing that is laudable; so nothing is more destructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain part of the sex, whom for certain reasons, which the reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the

name of idols. An idol is wholly taken up in the adorning of her person. You see in every posture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her business and employment to gain adorers. For this reason your idols appear in all public places and assemblies, in order to seduce men to their worship. The play-house is very frequently filled with idols; several of them are carried in procession every evening about the ring, and several of them set up their worship even in churches. They are to be accosted in the language proper to the Deity. Life and death are in their power; joys of heaven, and pains of hell, are at their disposal: paradise is in their arms, and eternity in every moment that you are present with them. Raptures, transports, and ecstacies, are the rewards which they confer: sighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them. Their smiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to despair. I shall only add under this head, that Ovid's book of the Art of Love is a kind of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worship which are made use of to an idol.

It would be as difficult a task to reckon up these different kinds of idols, as Milton's was to number those that were known in Canaan, and the lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like Moloch, in fires and flames. Some of them, like Baal, love to see their votaries cut and slashed, and shedding their blood for them. Some of them, like the idol in the Apocrypha, must have treats and collations prepared for them every night. It has indeed been known, that some of them have been used by their incensed worshippers like the Chinese idols, who are whipped and scourged when they refuse to comply with the prayers that are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those idolaters who devote themselves to the idols I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of idolaters. For as others fall out because they worship different idols, these idolaters quarrel because they worship the same.

The intention therefore of the idol is quite contrary to the wishes of the idolater; as the one desires to confine the idol to himself, the whole business and ambition of the other is to multiply adorers. This humour of an idol is prettily described in a tale of Chaucer. He represents one of them sitting at a table with three of her votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favour, and paying their adorations. She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot which was under the table. Now which of these three, says the old bard, do you think was the favourite? In troth, says he, not one of all the three.

The behaviour of this old idol in Chaucer, puts me in mind of the beautiful Clarinda, one of the greatest idols among the moderns. She is worshipped once a week by candle-light, in the midst of a large congregation, generally called an assembly. Some of the gayest youths in the nation endeavour to plant themselves in her eye, while she sits in form with multitudes of tapers burning about her. To encourage the zeal of her idolaters, she bestows a mark of her favour upon every one of them, before they go out of her presence. She asks a question of one, tells a story to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of snuff from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his success, and encouraged to renew his

devotions on the same canonical hour that day sevennight.

An idol may be undeified by many accidental causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter-apotheosis, or a deification inverted.—When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman.

Old age is likewise a great decayer of your idol. The truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy being than a superannuated idol, especially when she has contracted such airs and behaviour as are only graceful when her worshippers are about her.

Considering therefore that in these and many other cases the woman generally outlives the idol, I must return to the moral of this paper, and desire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired; in order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion, but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them. C.[c]

No. 74. FRIDAY, May 25, 1711.

—Pendent opera interrupta—
VIRG. Æn. iv. 88.
The works unfinish'd and neglected lie.

In my last Monday's paper[d] I gave some general instances of those beautiful strokes which please the

[c] By Addison, Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.
[d] Spect. No. 70.

reader in the old song of Chevy-Chase; I shall here, according to my promise, be more particular, and show that the sentiments in that ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient poets: for which reason I shall quote several passages of it, in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several passages of the Æneid; not that I would infer from thence, that the poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any imitation of those passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same kind of poetical genius, and by the same copyings after nature.

Had this old song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some readers; but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir Philip Sidney like the sound of a trumpet; it is only nature that can have this effect, and please those tastes which are the most unprejudiced, or the most refined. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an authority as that of Sir Philip Sidney, in the judgment which he has passed as to the rude style and evil apparel of this antiquated song; for there are several parts in it where not only the thought but the language is majestic, and the numbers sonorous;[e] at least, the apparel is much more gorgeous than many of the poets made use of in queen Elizabeth's time, as the reader will see in several of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in that stanza,

[e] See Dr. Blackwell's Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, second edit. 8vo. 1736, sect. v. p. 59, 60.

'To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way!
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day!'

This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles which took their rise from this quarrel of the two earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.

'Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus.'
HOR. 1 Od. ii. 23.
Posterity, thinn'd by their fathers crimes,
Shall read with grief, the story of their times.'

What can be more sounding and poetical, or resemble more the majestic simplicity of the ancients, than the following stanzas?

'The stout earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take.

'With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

'The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.'

—'Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.'
GEORG. iii. 43.

'Cithæron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, Taygetus, open, and pursue the prey:
High Epidaurus urges on my speed,
Fam'd for his hills, and for his horses' breed:
From hills and dales the cheerful cries rebound;
For Echo hunts along and propagates the sound.'

DRYDEN.

'Lo, yonder doth earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

'All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed,' &c.

The country of the Scotch warriors, described in these two last verses, has a fine romantic situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse. the reader compares the foregoing six lines of the song with the following Latin verses, he will see how much they are written in the spirit of Virgil:

'Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis
Protendunt longè dextris; et spicula vibrant:—
Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt:—qui rosea rura Velini,
Qui Tetricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque et flumen Himellæ:
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.'———

ÆN. xi. 605; vii. 682, 712.

'Advancing in a line, they couch their spears———
———Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plow Saturnia's Gabine land:
Besides the succours which cold Anien yields;
The rocks of Hernicus—besides a band,
That followed from Velinum's dewy land———
And mountaineers that from Severus came:
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica;
And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play:
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli.' DRYDEN.

But to proceed:

'Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.'

'Turnus ut antevolans tardum præcesserat agmen, &c.
Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,
Aureus.'— ÆN. ix. 47, 269.

'Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

'They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

'With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow.'

Æneas was wounded after the same manner by an unknown hand in the midst of a parley.

Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,
Incertum quâ pulsa manu.'— ÆN. xii. 318.

'Thus, while he spake, unmindful of defence,
A winged arrow struck the pious prince;
But whether from an human hand it came,
Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame.' DRYDEN.

But of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other

poet, and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or in Virgil :

'So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain ;
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slain.

'He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he.

'Against sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The grey-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart blood was wet.

'This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the ev'ning bell
The battle scarce was done.'

One may observe likewise, that in the catalogue of the slain, the author has followed the example of the greatest ancient poets, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons.

'And with earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
One foot would never fly :

'Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,
His sister's son was he :
Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.'

The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description ; for this reason I do not mention this part of the poem but to show the natu-

ral cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last verses look almost like a translation of Virgil.

—'Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus æqui,
Diis aliter visum est.'— Æn. ii. 426.

'Then Ripheus fell in the unequal fight,
Just of his word, observant of the right:
Heav'n thought not so.' Dryden.

In the catalogue of the English who fell, Witherington's behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am satisfied your little buffoon readers (who have seen that passage ridiculed in Hudibras) will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reason I dare not so much as quote it.

'Then stept a gallant 'squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

'That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.'

We meet with the same heroic sentiment in Virgil.

'Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non sumus?'—
Æn. xii. 229.

'For shame, Rutilians, can you bear the sight
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
Can we before the face of heav'n confess
Our courage colder or our numbers less?'
Dryden.

What can be more natural, or more moving, than the circumstances in which he describes the behaviour

of those women who had lost their husbands on this fatal day?

'Next day did many widows come
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

'Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.'

Thus we see how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this song had been written in the Gothic manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil. C.[f]

*** Drury-lane, May 25. Love for Love. Ben by Mr. Doggett; Angelica, Mrs. Oldfield; Sir S. Legend, Mr. Estcourt; Valentine, Mr. Wilks; Scandal, Mr. Booth; Tattle, Mr. Cibber; Foresight, Mr. Johnson; Trapland, Mr. Norris; Jeremy, Mr. Bowen. Mrs. Foresight, Mrs. Rogers; Mrs. Frail, Mrs. Porter; Nurse, Mrs. Willis; Miss Prue, Mrs. Bicknell.—Spect. in folio.

[f] By Addison, dated from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7

No. 75. SATURDAY, May 26, 1711.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status et res.
Hor. 1 Ep. xvii. 23.
All fortune fitted Aristippus well.
Creech.

It is with some mortification that I suffered the raillery of a fine lady of my acquaintance, for calling, in one of my papers,[g] Dorimant a clown. She was so unmerciful as to take advantage of my invincible taciturnity, and on that occasion with great freedom to consider the air, the height, the face, the gesture of him who could pretend to judge so arrogantly of gallantry. She is full of motion, janty and lively in her impertinence, and one of those that commonly pass among the ignorant for persons who have a great deal of humour. She had the play of Sir Fopling in her hand, and after she had said it was happy for her there was not so charming a creature as Dorimant now living, she began with a theatrical air and tone of voice to read, by way of triumph over me, some of his speeches. 'Tis she! that lovely air, that easy shape, those wanton eyes, and all those melting charms about her mouth, which Medley spoke of; I'll follow the lottery, and put in for a prize with my friend Bellair.'

'In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.'

Then turning over the leaves, she reads alternately, and speaks,

'And you and Loveit to her cost shall find
I fathom all the depths of woman-kind.'

[g] Spect. No. 65.

Oh the fine gentleman! But here, continues she, is the passage I admire most, where he begins to tease Loveit, and mimic sir Fopling. Oh the pretty satire, in his resolving to be a coxcomb to please, since noise and nonsense have such powerful charms.

> 'I, that I may successful prove,
> Transform myself to what you love.'

Then how like a man of the town, so wild and gay is that!

> 'The wise will find a diff'rence in our fate.
> You wed a woman, I a good estate.'

It would have been a very wild endeavour for a man of my temper to offer any opposition to so nimble a speaker as my fair enemy is; but her discourse gave me very many reflections, when I had left her company. Among others, I could not but consider with some attention, the false impressions the generality (the fair sex more especially) have of what should be intended, when they say a 'fine gentleman;' and could not help revolving that subject in my thoughts, and settling, as it were, an idea of that character in my own imagination.

No man ought to have the esteem of the rest of the world, for any actions which are disagreeable to those maxims which prevail, as the standards of behaviour, in the country wherein he lives. What is opposite to the eternal rules of reason and good sense, must be excluded from any place in the carriage of a well-bred man. I did not, I confess, explain myself enough on this subject, when I called Dorimant a clown, and made it an instance of it, that he called the orange wench, Double-Tripe: I should have showed that humanity obliges a gentleman to

give no part of human-kind reproach, for what they, whom they reproach, may possibly have in common with the most virtuous and worthy amongst us. When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he has dressed himself clean to no purpose. The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies. To betray in a man's talk a corrupted imagination, is a much greater offence against the conversation of a gentleman, than any negligence of dress imaginable. But this sense of the matter is so far from being received among people even of condition, that Vocifer passes for a fine gentleman. He is loud, haughty, gentle, soft, lewd, and obsequious by turns, just as a little understanding and great impudence prompt him at the present moment. He passes among the silly part of our women for a man of wit, because he is generally in doubt. He contradicts with a shrug, and confutes with a certain sufficiency, in professing such or such a thing is above his capacity. What makes his character the pleasanter is, that he is a professed deluder of women; and because the empty coxcomb has no regard to any thing that is of itself sacred and inviolable, I have heard an unmarried lady of fortune say, It is a pity so fine a gentleman as Vocifer is so great an atheist. The crowds of such inconsiderable creatures, that infest all places of assembling, every reader will have in his eye from his own observation; but would it not be worth considering what sort of figure a man who formed himself upon those principles among us, which are agreeable to the dictates of honour and religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary occurrences of life?

I hardly have observed any one fill his several duties of life better than Ignotus. All the under

parts of his behaviour, and such as are exposed to common observation, have their rise in him from great and noble motives. A firm and unshaken expectation of another life makes him become this; humanity and good-nature, fortified by the sense of virtue, has the same effect upon him, as the neglect of all goodness has upon many others. Being firmly established in all matters of importance, that certain inattention which makes men's actions look easy, appears in him with greater beauty: by a thorough contempt of little excellencies, he is perfectly master of them. This temper of mind leaves him under no necessity of studying his air, and he has this peculiar distinction, that his negligence is unaffected.

He that can work himself into a pleasure in considering this being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an advantage by its discontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful unconcern, and a gentleman-like ease. Such a one does not behold his life as a short, transient, perplexing state, made up of trifling pleasures and great anxieties; but sees it in quite another light; his griefs are momentary, and his joys immortal. Reflection upon death is not a gloomy and sad thought of resigning every thing that he delights in, but it is a short night followed by an endless day. What I would here contend for is, that the more virtuous the man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the character of genteel and agreeable. A man, whose fortune is plentiful, shows an ease in his countenance, and confidence in his behaviour, which he that is under wants and difficulties cannot assume. It is thus with the state of the mind; he that governs his thoughts with the everlasting rules of reason and sense, must have something so inexpressibly graceful in his words and

actions, that every circumstance must become him. The change of persons or things around him does not at all alter his situation, but he looks disinterested in the occurrences with which others are distracted, because the greatest purpose of his life is to maintain an indifference both to it and all its enjoyments. In a word, to be a fine gentleman, is to be a generous and a brave man. What can make a man so much in constant good humour, and shine, as we call it, than to be supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the best thing that could possibly befall him, or else He on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all!

R.[h]

*** Drury-lane, May 26. Sir Courtly Nice, or It Cannot Be. Sir Courtly, by Mr. Cibber; Leonora, by Mrs. Oldfield; Lord Belleguard, by Mr. Mills; Surly, by Mr. Keen; Hothead, by Mr. Bullock; Crack, by Mr. Pinkethman; Testimony, by Mr. Johnson; and Violante, by Mrs. Bradshaw.—Spect. in folio.

Ibidem.—May 29, a comedy, called The Gamester. The Gamester, by Mr. Mills; Hector, by Mr. Pack; Sir T. Valere, by Mr. Bullock; The Marquis of Hazard, by Mr. Bowen; Count Cogedie, by Mr. Bullock, jun.; Lady Wealthy, by Mrs. Porter; Angelica, by Mrs. Bradshaw; Mrs. Security, by Mrs. Willis; Favourite by Mrs. Mills; and Box-keeper to the Gaming-Table, by Mr. Leigh.—*Ibidem.*

No. 76. MONDAY, May 28, 1711.

Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.
Hor. 1 Ep. viii. 17.
As you your fortune bear, we will bear you.
Creech.

There is nothing so common as to find a man whom in the general observation of his carriage you take to be of an uniform temper, subject to such unac-

[h] By Steele. See final note to Nos. 4 or 6.

countable starts of humour and passion, that he is as much unlike himself, and differs as much from the man you at first thought him, as any two distinct persons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the want of forming some law of life to ourselves, or fixing some notion of things in general, which may affect us in such a manner as to create proper habits both in our minds and bodies. The negligence of this leaves us exposed not only to an unbecoming levity in our usual conversation, but also to the same instability in our friendships, interests, and alliances. A man who is but a mere Spectator of what passes around him, and not engaged in commerces of any consideration, is but an ill judge of the secret motions of the heart of man, and by what degrees it is actuated to make such visible alterations in the same person: but at the same time, when a man is no way concerned in the effect of such inconsistencies, in the behaviour of men of the world, the speculation must be in the utmost degree both diverting and instructive; yet to enjoy such observations in the highest relish, he ought to be placed in a post of direction, and have the dealing of their fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with some pieces of secret history which an antiquary, my very good friend, lent me as a curiosity. They are memoirs of the private life of Pharamond of France. 'Pharamond,' says my author, 'was a prince of infinite humanity and generosity, and at the same time the most pleasant and facetious companion of his time. He had a peculiar taste in him, which would have been unlucky in any prince but himself; he thought there could be no exquisite pleasure in conversation but among equals; and would pleasantly bewail himself that he

always lived in a crowd, but was the only man in France that could never get into company. This turn of mind made him delight in midnight rambles, attended only with one person of his bed-chamber. He would in these excursions get acquainted with men (whose temper he had a mind to try), and recommend them privately to the particular observation of his first minister. He generally found himself neglected by his new acquaintance as soon as they had hopes of growing great; and used on such occasions to remark, that it was a great injustice to tax princes of forgetting themselves in their high fortunes, when there were so few that could with constancy bear the favour of their very creatures.' My author in these loose hints has one passage that gives us a very lively idea of the uncommon genius of Pharamond. He met with one man whom he had put to all the usual proofs he had made of those he had a mind to know thoroughly, and found him for his purpose. In discourse with him one day, he gave him an opportunity of saying how much would satisfy all his wishes. The prince immediately revealed himself, doubled the sum, and spoke to him in this manner: 'Sir, you have twice what you desired, by the favour of Pharamond; but look to it, that you are satisfied with it, for it is the last you shall ever receive. I from this moment consider you as mine; and to make you truly so, I give you my royal word you shall never be greater or less than you are at present. Answer me not (concluded the prince smiling), but enjoy the fortune I have put you in, which is above my own condition; for you have hereafter nothing to hope or to fear.'

His majesty having thus well chosen and bought a friend and companion, he enjoyed alternately all

the pleasures of an agreeable private man, and a great and powerful monarch. He gave himself, with his companion, the name of the merry tyrant: for he punished his courtiers for their insolence and folly, not by any act of public disfavour, but by humourously practising upon their imaginations. If he observed a man untractable to his inferiors, he would find an opportunity to take some favourable notice of him, and render him insupportable. He knew all his own looks, words, and actions had their interpretations: and his friend monsieur Eucrate (for so he was called) having a great soul without ambition, he could communicate all his thoughts to him, and fear no artful use would be made of that freedom. It was no small delight when they were in private, to reflect upon all which had passed in public.

Pharamond would often, to satisfy a vain fool of power in his country, talk to him in a full court, and with one whisper make him despise all his old friends and acquaintance. He was come to that knowledge of men by long observation, that he would profess altering the whole mass of blood in some tempers, by thrice speaking to them. As fortune was in his power, he gave himself constant entertainment in managing the mere followers of it with the treatment they deserved. He would, by a skilful cast of his eye, and half a smile, make two fellows, who hated, embrace and fall upon each other's neck with as much eagerness as if they followed their real inclinations, and intended to stifle one another. When he was in high good humour, he would lay the scene with Eucrate, and on a public night exercise the passions of his whole court. He was pleased to see an haughty beauty watch the looks of the man she had long despised, from observation of his being

taken notice of by Pharamond: and the lover conceive higher hopes, than to follow the woman he was dying for the day before. In a court, where men speak affection in the strongest terms, and dislike in the faintest, it was a comical mixture of incidents to see disguises thrown aside in one case, and increased on the other, according as favour or disgrace attended the respective objects of men's approbation or disesteem. Pharamond, in his mirth upon the meanness of mankind, used to say, 'As he could take away a man's five senses, he could give him an hundred. The man in disgrace shall immediately lose all his natural endowments, and he that finds favour have the attributes of an angel.' He would carry it so far as to say, 'It should not be only so in the opinion of the lower part of his court, but the men themselves shall think thus meanly or greatly of themselves, as they are out or in the good graces of a court.'

A monarch who had wit and humour like Pharamond, must have pleasures which no man else can ever have an opportunity of enjoying. He gave fortune to none but those he knew could receive it without transport. He made a noble and generous use of his observations, and did not regard his ministers as they were agreeable to himself, but as they were useful to his kingdom. By this means, the king appeared in every officer of state; and no man had a participation of the power, who had not a similitude of the virtue of Pharamond.[i]

R.[k]

[i] See Nos. 84, 97, &c. [k] By Steele. See No. 6, *ad finem*.

No. 77. TUESDAY, May 29, 1711.

Non convivere licet, nec urbe tota
Quisquam est tam propè tam proculque nobis.
MART. Epig. i. 87.
What correspondence can I hold with you,
Who are so near, and yet so distant too?

My friend Will Honeycomb is one of those sort of men who are very often absent in conversation, and what the French call *à reveur* and *à distrait*. A little before our club-time last night, we were walking together in Somerset-garden, where Will had picked up a small pebble of so odd a make, that he said he would present it to a friend of his, an eminent virtuoso. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop with my face towards the west, which Will knowing to be my usual method of asking what's o'clock, in an afternoon, immediately pulled out his watch, and told me we had seven minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when to my great surprise I saw him squir away his watch a considerable way into the Thames, and with great sedateness in his looks put up the pebble he had before found, in his fob. As I have naturally an aversion to much speaking, and do not love to be the messenger of ill news, especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be convinced of his mistake in due time, and continued my walk, reflecting on these little absences and distractions of mankind, and resolving to make them the subject of a future speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my design, when I considered that they were very often blemishes in the characters of men of excellent sense; and helped to keep up the reputation of that Latin proverb,

which Mr. Dryden has translated in the following lines:

> 'Great wit to madness sure is near ally'd,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide.[1]

My reader does, I hope, perceive, that I distinguish a man who is absent because he thinks of something else, from one who is absent because he thinks of nothing at all. The latter is too innocent a creature to be taken notice of; but the distractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of these reasons.

Either their minds are wholly fixed on some particular science, which is often the case of mathematicians and other learned men; or are wholly taken up with some violent passion, such as anger, fear, or love, which ties the mind to some distant object; or, lastly, these distractions proceed from a certain vivacity and fickleness in a man's temper, which, while it raises up infinite numbers of ideas in the mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing, therefore, is more unnatural than the thoughts and conceptions of such a man, which are seldom occasioned either by the company he is in, or any of those objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful woman, it is an even wager that he is solving a proposition in Euclid: and while you may imagine he is reading the Paris Gazette, it is far from being impossible that he is pulling down and rebuilding the front of his country-house.

At the same time that I am endeavouring to ex-

[1] 'Nullam magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ.—Seneca De Tranquil. Anim. cap. xv.

pose this weakness in others, I shall readily confess that I once laboured under the same infirmity myself. The method I took to conquer it, was a firm resolution to learn something from whatever I was obliged to see or hear. There is a way of thinking, if a man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of any thing. I can at present observe those starts of good sense, and struggles of unimproved reason in the conversation of a clown, with as much satisfaction as the most shining periods of the most finished orator; and can make a shift to command my attention at a puppet-show or an opera, as well as at Hamlet or Othello. I always make one of the company I am in; for, though I say little myself, my attention to others, and those nods of approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently show that I am among them. Whereas Will Honeycomb, though a fellow of good sense, is every day doing and saying an hundred things, which he afterwards confesses, with a well-bred frankness, were somewhat *mal-à-propos*, and undesigned.

I chanced the other day to get into a coffee-house where Will was standing in the midst of several auditors whom he had gathered around him, and was giving them an account of the person and character of Moll Hinton.[m] My appearance before him just put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually present. So that keeping his eyes full upon me, to the great surprise of his audience, he broke off his first harangue, and proceeded thus:—'Why now there's my friend (mentioning me by name), he is a fellow that thinks a

[m] '*C'est une jeune beauté de Londres.*' Le Spect. tom. i. lxi. disc. p. 397, note.

great deal, but never opens his mouth; I warrant you he is now thrusting his short face into some coffee-house about 'Change. I was his bail in the time of the Popish-plot, when he was taken up for a jesuit.' If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly described me so particularly, without ever considering what led him into it, that the whole company must necessarily have found me out; for which reason, remembering the old proverb, 'Out of sight out of mind,' I left the room; and upon meeting him an hour afterwards, was asked by him, with a great deal of good humour, in what part of the world I lived, that he had not seen me these three days.

Monsieur Bruyere has given us the character of an absent man[n] with a great deal of humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable extravagance; with the heads of it I shall conclude my present paper.

'Menalcas,' says that excellent author, 'comes down in a morning, opens his door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his night-cap on; and, examining himself farther, finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has stuck his sword on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed, he goes to court, comes into the drawing-room, and, walking bolt upright under a branch of candlesticks, his wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the courtiers fall a laughing, but Menalcas laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the person that is the jest of the company. Coming down to the court gate he finds a coach, which, taking for his

[n] '*On dit que c'est le feu Comte de Brancas.*—Voyez Menagiana, tom. ii. p. 334, &c. Le Spectateur, *ut supra.*

own, he whips into it, and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends the stair-case, and runs through all the chambers with the greatest familiarity; reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in: Menalcas rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed; Menalcas is no less so, but is every moment in hopes that his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. Night comes on, when Menalcas is hardly undeceived.

'When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water: it is his turn to throw; he has the box in one hand, and his glass in the other; and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and at the same time throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter, and flings the sand into the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the superscription. A nobleman receives one of them, and, upon opening it, reads as follows: "I would have you, honest Jack, immediately on the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter." His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, "My lord, I received your grace's commands, with an entire submission to—" If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying around his plate. It is true the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in a hurry, and at last goes out with-

out being able to stay for his coach or dinner, and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon a business of importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has an hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him. The truth on it is, his eyes are open, but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any man, nor any thing else. He came once from his country-house, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded. They held a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his purse; he did so, and coming home told his friends he had been robbed; they desired to know the particulars. "Ask my servants," says Menalcas, "for they were with me."'

X.°

*** May 31, Drury-lane, The Fair Quaker of Deal. The Fair Quaker, Mrs. Stantlow; Commodore Filp, Mr. Leigh: Beau Mizen, Mr. Pack; Cozen Whistlebooby, Mr. Norris; T. Cagg, Mr. Johnson; D. Hammock, Mr. Pinkethman; J. Locker, Mr. Bullock; B. Whipstaff, Mr. Bowen; W. Swab, Mr. Burkhead; J. Bucket, Mr. Bullock: Arabella, Mrs. Bradshaw; Capt. Worthy, Mr. Booth; and Rovewell, by Mr. Powell.—Spect. in folio.

No. 78. WEDNESDAY, May 30, 1711.

Cum talis sis, utinam noster esses!
Cou'd we but call so great a genius ours!

The following letters are so pleasant, that I doubt not but the reader will be as much diverted with

° By Mr. Eustace Budgell. See Spect. No. 555.

them as I was. I have nothing to do in this day's entertainment, but taking the sentence from the end of the Cambridge letter, and placing it at the front of my paper, to show the author I wish him my companion with as much earnestness as he invites me to be his.

'SIR,

'I SEND you the inclosed, to be inserted (if you think them worthy of it) in your Spectators; in which so surprising a genius appears, that it is no wonder if all mankind endeavours to get somewhat into a paper which will always live.

'As to the Cambridge affair, the humour was really carried on in the way I describe it. However, you have a full commission to put out or in, and to do whatever you think fit with it. I have already had the satisfaction of seeing you take that liberty with some things I have before sent you. Go on, Sir, and prosper. You have the best wishes of,

'SIR,

'Your very affectionate,

'And obliged humble servant.'[p]

'Cambridge.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You well know it is of great consequence to clear titles, and it is of importance that it be done in the proper season; on which account, this is to assure you, that the club of Ugly Faces was instituted originally at Cambridge, in the merry reign of king Charles II. As in great bodies of men it is not difficult to find members enough for such a club,

p Probably this was a communication from Mr Eusden, of Trinity College in Cambridge. See Spect. No. 555. Perhaps the account of the Loungers in the first letter received from Cambridge, Spect. No. 54, was a contribution from the same writer, and one of the things with which Steele took the liberty here mentioned. See Guard. No. 164, &c.

so (I remember) it was then feared, upon their intention of dining together, that the hall belonging to Clare-hall (the ugliest then in the town, though now the neatest) would not be large enough handsomely to hold the company. Invitations were made to great numbers, but very few accepted them without much dfficulty. One pleaded, that being at London, in a bookseller's shop, a lady going by with a great belly longed to kiss him. He had certainly been excused, but that evidence appeared, that indeed one in London did pretend she longed to kiss him, but that it was only a pickpocket, who during his kissing her stole away all his money. Another would have got off by a dimple in his chin; but it was proved upon him, that he had, by coming into a room, made a woman miscarry, and frightened two children into fits. A third alleged, that he was taken by a lady for another gentleman, who was one of the handsomest in the university; but, upon inquiry, it was found that the lady had actually lost one eye and the other was very much upon the decline. A fourth produced letters out of the country in his vindication, in which a gentleman offered him his daughter, who had lately fallen in love with him, with a good fortune; but it was made appear, that the young lady was amorous, and had like to have run away with her father's coachman, so that it was supposed that her pretence of falling in love with him was only in order to be well married. It was pleasant to hear the several excuses which were made, insomuch that some made as much interest to be excused, as they would from serving sheriff; however, at last the society was formed, and proper officers were appointed, and the day was fixed for the entertainment, which was in venison season. A

pleasant fellow of King's college (commonly called Crab, from his sour look, and the only man who did not pretend to get off) was nominated for chaplain; and nothing was wanted but some one to sit in the elbow-chair, by way of president, at the upper end of the table; and there the business stuck, for there was no contention for superiority there. This affair made so great a noise, that the king, who was then at Newmarket, heard of it, and was pleased merrily and graciously to say, "He could not be there himself, but he would send them a brace of bucks."

'I would desire you, Sir, to set this affair in a true light, that posterity may not be misled in so important a point: for when the wise man who shall write your true history shall acquaint the world that you had a diploma sent from the Ugly Club at Oxford, and that by virtue of it you were admitted into it, what a learned war will there be among future critics about the original of that club, which both universities will contend so warmly for? And perhaps some hardy Cantabrigian author may then boldly affirm, that the word Oxford was an interpolation of some Oxonian instead of Cambridge. This affair will be best adjusted in your lifetime; but I hope your affection to your mother will not make you partial to your aunt.

'To tell you, Sir, my own opinion: though I cannot find any ancient records of any acts of the society of the Ugly Faces, considered in a public capacity; yet, in a private one, they have certainly antiquity on their side. I am persuaded they will hardly give place to the Loungers, and the Loungers are of the same standing with the university itself.

'Though we well know, Sir, you want no motives

to do justice, yet I am commissioned to tell you, that you are invited to be admitted *ad eundem* at Cambridge; and I believe I may venture safely to deliver this as the wish of our whole university.'

* *
*

'TO MR. SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of WHO *and* WHICH,

'SHOWETH,

'THAT your poor petitioners being in a forlorn and destitute condition, know not to whom we should apply ourselves for relief, because there is hardly any man alive who has not injured us. Nay, we speak it with sorrow, even you yourself, whom we should suspect of such a practice the last of all mankind, can hardly acquit yourself of having given us some cause of complaint. We are descended of ancient families, and kept up our dignity and honour many years till the jack-sprat THAT supplanted us. How often have we found ourselves slighted by the clergy in their pulpits and the lawyers at the bar? Nay, how often have we heard, in one of the most polite and august assemblies in the universe, to our great mortification, these words, "That THAT that noble lord urged;" which, if one of us had had justice done, would have sounded nobler thus, "that WHICH that noble lord urged." Senates themselves, the guardians of British liberty, have degraded us, and preferred THAT to us; and yet no decree was

*** An entertainment of music, consisting of a poem, the Passion of Sappho by Mr. Harrison; and The Feast of Alexander by Mr. Dryden, as set to music by Mr. T. Clayton, author of Arsinoe. N. B. Any master or composer may have any piece of music performed by Mr. Clayton's performers, at his house in York-buildings, and be rewarded as the authors of plays have benefit nights at the play-house.—Spect. in folio.

ever given against us. In the very acts of parliament, in which the utmost right should be done to every body, word, and thing, we find ourselves often either not used, or used one instead of another. In the first and best prayer children are taught, they learn to misuse us: "Our Father WHICH art in heaven," should be, "Our Father WHO art in heaven;" and even a convocation, after long debates, refused to consent to an alteration of it. In our General Confession we say, "Spare thou them, O God, WHICH confess their faults," which ought to be "WHO confess their faults." What hopes then have we of having justice done us, when the makers of our very prayers and laws, and the most learned in all faculties, seem to be in a confederacy against us, and our enemies themselves must be our judges.

'The Spanish proverb says, "*Il sabio muda conscio, il necio no;*" i. e. A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will. So that we think you, Sir, a very proper person to address to, since we know you to be capable of being convinced, and changing your judgment. You are well able to settle this affair, and to you we submit our cause. We desire you to assign the butts and bounds of each of us; and that for the future we may both enjoy our own. We would desire to be heard by our counsel, but that we fear in their very pleadings they would betray our cause; besides, we have been oppressed so many years that we can appear no other way but *in forma pauperis*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleased to do that which to right and justice shall appertain.

R.[q] 'And your petitioners, &c.'

[q] By Steele. See final note to No. 5. His other signature T. was probably used at times by Mr. T. Tickell. See No. 324 and 410, notes *ad finem*.

No. 79. THURSDAY, May 31, 1711.

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.
Hor. 1 Ep. xvi. 52.
The good, for virtue's sake, abhor to sin.
Creech.

I have received very many letters of late from my female correspondents, most of whom are very angry with me for abridging their pleasures, and looking severely upon things in themselves indifferent. But I think they are extremely unjust to me in this imputation. All that I contend for is, that those excellences, which are to be regarded but in the second place, should not precede more weighty considerations. The heart of man deceives him in spite of the lectures of half a life spent in discourses on the subjection of passion; and I do not know why one may not think the heart of woman as unfaithful to itself. If we grant an equality in the faculties of both sexes, the minds of women are less cultivated with precepts, and consequently may, without disrespect to them, be accounted more liable to illusion, in cases wherein natural inclination is out of the interest of virtue. I shall take up my present time in commenting upon a billet or two which came from ladies, and from thence leave the reader to judge whether I am in the right or not in thinking it is possible fine women may be mistaken. The following address seems to have no other design in it but to tell me the writer will do what she pleases for all me.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I am young, and very much inclined to follow the paths of innocence: but at the same time, as I have a plentiful fortune and am of quality, I am

unwilling to resign the pleasures of distinction, some little satisfaction in being admired in general, and much greater in being beloved by a gentleman whom I design to make my husband. But I have a mind to put off entering into matrimony till another winter is over my head, which (whatever, musty Sir, you may think of the matter) I design to pass away in hearing music, going to plays, visiting, and all other satisfactions which fortune and youth, protected by innocence and virtue, can procure for,

'Sir, your most humble servant,

'M. T.

'My lover does not know I like him, therefore having no engagements upon me, I think to stay and know whether I may not like any one else better.'

I have heard Will Honeycomb say, 'A woman seldom writes her mind but in her postscript.' I think this gentlewoman has sufficiently discovered hers in this. I will lay what wager she pleases against her present favourite, and can tell her, that she will like ten more before she is fixed, and then will take the worst man she ever liked in her life. There is no end of affection taken in at the eyes only; and you may as well satisfy those eyes with seeing, as controul any passion received by them only. It is from loving by sight, that coxcombs so frequently succeed with women; and very often a young lady is bestowed by her parents to a man who weds her as innocence itself, though she has, in her own heart, given her approbation of a different man in every assembly she was in the whole year before. What is wanting among women as well as among men, is the love of laudable things, and not to rest only in the forbearance of such as are reproachful.

How far removed from a woman of this light imagination is Eudosia! Eudosia has all the arts of life and good-breeding with so much ease, that the virtue of her conduct looks more like instinct than choice. It is as little difficult to her to think justly of persons and things, as it is to a woman of different accomplishments to move ill or look awkward. That which was, at first, the effect of instruction, is grown into an habit; and it would be as hard for Eudosia to indulge a wrong suggestion of thought, as it would be to Flavia, the fine dancer, to come into a room with an unbecoming air.

But the misapprehensions people themselves have of their own state of mind, is laid down with much discerning in the following letter, which is but an extract of a kind epistle from my charming mistress Hecatissa, who is above the vanity of external beauty, and is the better judge of the perfections of the mind.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WRITE this to acquaint you, that very many ladies, as well as myself, spend many hours more than we used at the glass, for want of the female library, of which you promised us a catalogue. I hope, Sir, in the choice of authors for us, you will have a particular regard to books of devotion. What they are, and how many, must be your chief care; for upon the propriety of such writings depends a great deal. I have known those among us who think, if they every morning and evening spend an hour in their closet, and read over so many prayers in six or seven books of devotion, all equally nonsensical, with a sort of warmth, (that might as well be raised by a glass of wine, or a dram of citron,) they may all the rest of their time go on in whatever their particular passion leads them to. The beauteous

Philautia, who is (in your language) an idol, is one of these votaries; she has a very pretty furnished closet, to which she retires at her appointed hours.—This is her dressing room, as well as chapel; she has constantly before her a large looking-glass; and upon the table, according to a very witty author,

> "Together lie her prayer-book and paint,
> At once t' improve the sinner and the saint."

'It must be a good scene, if one could be present at it, to see this idol by turns lift up her eyes to heaven, and steal glances at her own dear person. It cannot but be a pleasing conflict between vanity and humiliation. When you are upon this subject, choose books which elevate the mind above the world, and give a pleasing indifference to little things in it. For want of such instructions I am apt to believe so many people take it in their heads to be sullen, cross, and angry, under pretence of being abstracted from the affairs of this life, when at the same time they betray their fondness for them by doing their duty as a task, and pouting and reading good books for a week together. Much of this I take to proceed from the indiscretion of the books themselves, whose very titles of weekly preparations, and such limited godliness, lead people of ordinary capacities into great errors, and raise in them a mechanical religion, entirely distinct from morality. I know a lady so given up to this sort of devotion, that, though she employs six or eight hours of the twenty-four at cards, she never misses one constant hour of prayer, for which time another holds her cards, to which she returns with no little anxiousness till two or three in the morning. All these acts are but empty shows, and, as it were, compliments

made to virtue; the mind is all the while untouched with any true pleasure in the pursuit of it. From hence I presume it arises, that so many people call themselves virtuous, from no other pretence to it but an absence of ill. There is Dulcianara, the most insolent of all creatures to her friends and domestics, upon no other pretence in nature, but that (as her silly phrase is) "no one can say black is her eye." She has no secrets, forsooth, which should make her afraid to speak her mind, and therefore she is impertinently blunt to all her acquaintance, and unseasonably imperious to all her family. Dear Sir, be pleased to put such books in our hands, as may make our virtue more inward, and convince some of us, that, in a mind truly virtuous, the scorn of vice is always accompanied with the pity of it. This and other things are impatiently expected from you by our whole sex; among the rest by,

'Sir, your most humble servant,

R.[r] 'B. D.'

No. 80. FRIDAY, June 1, 1711.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare current.
Hor. 1 Ep. xi. 27.
Those that beyond sea go, will sadly find,
They change their climate only, not their mind.
Creech.

In the year 1688, and on the same day of that year, were born in Cheapside, London, two females of exquisite feature and shape; the one we shall call Brunetta, the other Phillis. A close intimacy between their parents made each of them the first acquain-

[r] By Steele. See final notes to Nos. 6 and 324, on Steele's signatures R. and T.

tance the other knew in the world. They played, dressed babies, acted visitings, learned to dance and make courtesies together. They were inseparable companions in all the little entertainments their tender years were capable of: which innocent happiness continued till the beginning of their fifteenth year, when it happened that Mrs. Phillis had an headdress on, which became her so very well, that, instead of being beheld any more with pleasure for their amity to each other, the eyes of the neighbourhood were turned to remark them with comparison of their beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the ease of mind and pleasing indolence in which they were formerly so happy, but all their words and actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every excellence in their speech and behaviour was looked upon as an act of emulation to surpass the other. These beginnings of disinclination soon improved into a formality of behaviour, a general coldness, and by natural steps into an irreconcileable hatred.

These two rivals for the reputation of beauty were in their stature, countenance, and mien, so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their absence, the words in which you described the one must give you an idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, though extremely different when together. What made their enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their sex was, that, in detraction from each other, neither could fall upon terms which did not hit herself as much as her adversary. Their nights grew restless with meditation of new dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new devices to recal admirers, who observed the charms of the one rather than those of the other,

on the last meeting. Their colours failed at each other's appearance, flushed with pleasure at the report of a disadvantage, and their countenances withered upon instances of applause. The decencies to which women are obliged, made these virgins stifle their resentment so far as not to break into open violences, while they equally suffered the torments of a regulated anger. Their mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the quarrel, and supported the several pretensions of their daughters with all that ill-chosen sort of expense which is common with people of plentiful fortunes and mean taste. The girls preceded their parents like queens of May, in all the gaudy colours imaginable, on every Sunday to church, and were exposed to the examination of the audience for superiority of beauty.

During this constant struggle it happened, that Phillis one day at public prayers smote the heart of a gay West Indian, who appeared in all the colours which can affect an eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This American, in a summer-island suit, was too shining and too gay to be resisted by Phillis, and too intent upon her charms to be diverted by any of the laboured attractions of Brunetta. Soon after Brunetta had the mortification to see her rival disposed of in a wealthy marriage, while she was only addressed to in a manner that showed she was the admiration of all men, but the choice of none. Phillis was carried to the habitation of her spouse in Barbadoes. Brunetta had the ill-nature to inquire for her by every opportunity, and had the misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous slaves, fanned into slumbers by successive bands of them, and carried

from place to place in all the pomp of barbarous magnificence. Brunetta could not endure these repeated advices, but employed all her arts and charms in laying baits for any of condition of the same island, out of a mere ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her design, and was taken to wife by a gentleman whose estate was contiguous to that of her enemy's husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many occasions on which these irreconcileable beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of time it happened, that a ship put into the island consigned to a friend of Phillis, who had directions to give her the refusal of all goods for apparel, before Brunetta could be alarmed of their arrival. He did so; and Phillis was dressed in a few days in a brocade more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared in that latitude. Brunetta languished at the sight, and could by no means come up to the bravery of her antagonist. She communicated her anguish of mind to a faithful friend, who, by an interest in the wife of Phillis's merchant, procured a remnant of the same silk for Brunetta. Phillis took pains to appear in all public places where she was sure to meet Brunetta; Brunetta was now prepared for the insult, and came to a public ball in a plain black silk mantua, attended by a beautiful negro girl in a petticoat of the same brocade with which Phillis was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company; upon which the unhappy Phillis swooned away, and was immediately conveyed to her house. As soon as she came to herself, she fled from her husband's house, went on board a ship in the road, and is now landed in inconsolable despair at Plymouth.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the above melancholy narration, it may perhaps be a relief to the reader to peruse the following expostulation:

'TO MR. SPECTATOR.

'The just remonstrance of affronted THAT.

'THOUGH I deny not the petition of Mr. WHO and WHICH, yet you should not suffer them to be rude, and to call honest people names: for that bears very hard on some of those rules of decency which you are justly famous for establishing. They may find fault, and correct speeches in the senate, and at the bar, but let them try to get themselves so often and with so much eloquence repeated in a sentence, as a great orator doth frequently introduce me.

'My lords!' says he, 'with humble submission, That That I say is this; That That That gentleman has advanced, is not That That he should have proved to your lordships. Let those two questionary petitioners try to do thus with their Who's and their Which's.

'What great advantage was I of to Mr. Dryden in his Indian Emperor,

"You force me still to answer you in That,"

to furnish out a rhyme to Morat! And what a poor figure would Mr. Bayes have made without his "Egad and all That!" How can a judicious man distinguish one thing from another, without saying "This here," or "That there?" And how can a sober man, without using the expletives of oaths, (in which indeed the rakes and bullies have a great advantage over others,) make a discourse of any tolerable length, without "That is;" and, if he be

a very grave man indeed, without "That is to say?" And how instructive as well as entertaining are those usual expressions in the mouths of great men, "Such things as That," and "The like of That?"

"I am not against reforming the corruptions of speech you mention, and own there are proper seasons for the introduction of other words besides That; but I scorn as much to supply the place of a Who or a Which at every turn, as they are unequal always to fill mine; and I expect good language and civil treatment, and hope to receive it for the future: That That I shall only add is, That I am,

'Yours,

R.[s] 'THAT.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For the benefit of Mr. Elrington and Mrs. Mills, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, May 29, a comedy called The Gamester. The part of the Gamester by Mr. Mills; Hector by Mr. Pack; Sir Thomas Valere by Mr. Bullock; the Marquis of Hazard by Mr. Bowen; Count Cogdie by Mr. Bullock, jun. Lady Wealthy by Mrs. Porter; Angelica by Mrs. Bradshaw; Mrs. Security by Mrs. Willis; Favourite by Mrs. Mills; Boxkeeper to the Gaming Table by Mr. Leigh.—Spect. in folio, No. 77.

For the benefit of Commodore Flip, alias Leigh, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, May 31, a comedy called The Fair Quaker of Deale. The Fair Quaker by Mrs. Santlow; Commodore Flip by Mr. Leigh; Beau Mizen by Mr. Pack; Coxen Whistlebooby by Mr. Norris; Tom Cag by Mr. Johnson; Dick Hammock by Mr. Pinkethman; Jack Locker by Mr. Bullock; Arabella by Mrs. Bradshaw; Barnaby Whipstaff by Mr. Bowen, Will Swab by Mr. Burkhead; Jeremy Bucket by Mr. Bullock, jun.; Worthy by Mr. Booth; Rovewell by Mr. Powell.—Spect. in folio, No. 79.

[s] By Steele. See final notes to Nos. 6 and 324, on R. and T.

No. 81. SATURDAY, June 2, 1711.

Qualis ubi audito venantûm murmure Tigris
Horruit in maculas—
Stat. Theb. ii. 128.
As when the tigress hears the hunters' din,
Dark angry spots distain her glossy skin.

About the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theatre in the Hay-market, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women that had placed themselves in the opposite side boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently: the faces on one hand being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party signals to distinguish friends from foes.[a] In the middle-boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon inquiry I found that the body of Amazons upon my right hand were whigs, and those on my left, tories; and those who had placed themselves in the middle boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed, in several of them, the patches, which

[a] Whoever recollects with what violence the spirit of party raged in the latter end of queen Anne's reign, will not be surprised that it should infect the ladies, or show itself in the instances so pleasantly ridiculed in this paper.

were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the whig or tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men, whose hearts are aimed at are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain that there are several women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage articles a lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice that Rosalinda, a famous whig partizan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the tory part of her forehead; which, being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given a handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig interest. But whatever this natural patch may seem to intimate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs; and, like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has

given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled, by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry, or, as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the motto of this paper,

> 'She swells with angry pride,
> And calls forth all her spots on every side.' [b]

When I was in the theatre the time abovementioned, I had the curiosity to count the patches on both sides, and found the tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the whig; but, to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-show filled with faces spotted after the whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they outnumbered the enemy.

This account of party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may

[b] Davideis, Book III. page 409, Vol. II. 1710, 8vo.

never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had I not recorded it.

I have in former papers, endeavoured to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatred and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women, who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and entreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbad them under pain of death to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them, in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partizans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be showing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but

against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under the public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, show themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedemonians.[c] After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shown them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience: 'And as for you,' says he, 'I shall advise you in a very few words. Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other.'

C.[d]

[c] Thucyd. 'Hist.' L. II. p. 130, edit. H. Steph. 1588, folio.

[d] By Addison, dated, as it seems, from Chelsea. See No. 7.

No. 82. MONDAY, June 4, 1711.

——Caput domina venale sub hasta.
Juv. Sat. iii. 33.
His fortunes ruin'd, and himself a slave.

Passing under Ludgate[e] the other day I heard a voice bawling for charity, which I thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the grate, the prisoner called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box: I was out of countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half a crown. I went away, reflecting upon the strange constitution of some men, and how meanly they behave themselves in all sorts of conditions. The person who begged of me is now, as I take it, fifty: I was well acquainted with him till about the age of twenty-five; at which time a good estate fell to him by the death of a relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good fortune, he ran into all the extravagances imaginable; was frequently in drunken disputes, broke drawers' heads, talked and swore loud, was unmannerly to those above him, and insolent to those below him. I could not but remark, that it was the same baseness of spirit which worked in his behaviour in both fortunes: the same little mind was insolent in riches, and shameless in poverty. This accident made me muse upon the circumstance of being in debt in general, and solve in my mind what tempers were most apt to fall into this error of life, as well as the misfortune it must needs be to languish under such pressures. As for myself, my natural aversion to that sort of conversa-

[e] Ludgate was a prison for such debtors as were freemen of the city of London; it was taken down in the year 1762, and the prisoners removed to the London workhouse.

tion which makes a figure with the generality of mankind, exempts me from any temptations to expense: and all my business lies within a very narrow compass, which is only to give an honest man who takes care of my estate proper vouchers for his quarterly payments to me, and observe what linen my laundress brings and takes away with her once a-week. My steward brings his receipt ready for my signing; and I have a pretty implement with the respective names of shirts, cravats, handkerchiefs, and stockings, with proper numbers to know how to reckon with my laundress. This being almost all the business I have in the world for the care of my own affairs, I am at full leisure to observe upon what others do with relation to their equipage and economy.

When I walk the street, and observe the hurry about me in this town,

> 'Where, with like haste thro' different ways they run;
> Some to undo, and some to be undone;'

I say, when I behold this vast variety of persons and humours, with the pains they both take for the accomplishment of the ends mentioned in the above verses of Denham,[f] I cannot much wonder at the endeavour after gain, but am extremely astonished that men can be so insensible of the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible a man who is given to contract debts should not know that his creditor has, from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to, in his debtor's honour, liberty, and fortune: one would think he did not know that his creditor can

[f] From his poem entitled Cooper's Hill.

say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, 'That he is unjust,' without defamation; and can seize his person without being guilty of an assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men's minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and still go on to increase the cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile condition, than to be ashamed or afraid to see any one man breathing? Yet he that is much in debt is in that condition with relation to twenty different people. There are indeed circumstances wherein men of honest natures may become liable to debts, by some unadvised behaviour in any great point of their life, or mortgaging a man's honesty as a security for that of another, and the like: but these instances are so particular and circumstantiated, that they cannot come within general considerations. For one such case as one of these, there are ten, where a man, to keep up a farce of retinue and grandeur within his own house, shall shrink at the expectation of surly demands at his doors. The debtor is the creditor's criminal; and all the officers of power and state, whom we behold make so great a figure, are no other than so many persons in authority to make good his charge against him. Human society depends upon his having the vengeance law allots him: and the debtor owes his liberty to his neighbour, as much as the murderer does his life to his prince.

Our gentry are, generally speaking, in debt: and many families have put it into a kind of method of being so from generation to generation. The father mortgages when his son is very young: and the boy is to marry, as soon as he is at age, to redeem it and find portions for his sisters. This, forsooth, is no great inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep

a public table, or feed dogs, like a worthy English gentleman, till he has outrun half his estate, and leave the same encumbrance upon his first-born, and so on; till one man of more vigour than ordinary goes quite through the estate, or some man of sense comes into it, and scorns to have an estate in partnership, that is to say, liable to the demand or insult of any man living. There is my friend sir Andrew, though for many years a great and general trader, was never the defendant in a law-suit, in all the perplexity of business, and the iniquity of mankind at present; no one had any colour for the least complaint against his dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its proportion as laudable in a citizen, as it is in a general never to have suffered a disadvantage in fight. How different from this gentleman is Jack Truepenny,[g] who has been an old acquaintance of sir Andrew and myself from boys, but could never learn our caution. Jack has a whorish unresisting good-nature, which makes him incapable of having a property in any thing. His fortune, his reputation, his time, and his capacity, are at any man's service that comes first. When he was at school, he was whipped thrice a-week for faults he took upon him to excuse others; since he came into the business of the world, he has been arrested twice or thrice a-year for debts he had nothing to do with, but as surety for others; and I remember, when a friend of his had suffered in the vice of the town, all the physic his friend took was conveyed to him by Jack, and inscribed 'A bolus or an electuary for Mr. Truepenny.' Jack had a good estate left him,

[g] The author fell here under his own censure; but on a much reduced income, he retired first to Hertfordshire, and afterwards to Carmarthen in Wales, from a principle of doing justice to his creditors.—Dr. J. Hoadley.

which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to demands upon it. This easiness and credulity destroy all the other merit he has; and he has all his life been a sacrifice to others, without ever receiving thanks, or doing one good action.

I will end this discourse with a speech which I heard Jack make to one of his creditors (of whom he deserved gentler usage) after lying a whole night in custody at his suit.

'Sir, your ingratitude for the many kindnesses I have done you, shall not make me unthankful for the good you have done me, in letting me see there is such a man as you in the world. I am obliged to you for the diffidence I shall have all the rest of my life: I shall hereafter trust no man so far as to be in his debt.' R.[h]

No. 83. TUESDAY, June 5, 1711.

—Animum pictura pascit inani.
Virg. Æn. i. 464.
And with the shadowy picture feeds his mind.

When the weather hinders me from taking my diversions without doors, I frequently make a little party with two or three select friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under covert. My principal entertainments of this nature are pictures, insomuch that when I have found the weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to see a gallery that is furnished by the hands of great masters. By this means, when the heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth swims in rain,

[h] By Steele. See final notes to Nos. 4, and 6.

and all nature wears a lowering countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas, and disperse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons.

I was some weeks ago in a course of these diversions, which had taken such an entire possession of my imagination, that they formed in it a short morning's dream, which I shall communicate to my reader, rather as the first sketch and outlines of a vision, than as a finished piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long, spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.

On the side of the living, I saw several persons busy in drawing, colouring, and designing. On the side of the dead painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceeding slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolved to examine the several artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied myself to the side of the living. The first I observed at work in this part of the gallery was Vanity with his hair tied behind in a riband, and dressed like a Frenchman. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air which he bestowed indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The *toujours gai* appeared even in his judges, bishops, and privy counsellors. In a word, all his men were *petits maitres*, and all his women *coquettes*. The drapery of his figures was extremely

well suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colours that could be mixed together; every part of the dress was in a flutter, and endeavoured to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left hand of Vanity stood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a German, and had a very hard name that sounded something like Stupidity.

The third artist that I looked over was Fantasque, dressed like a Venetian scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at chimera, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest figures, than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examined was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his pictures so unfinished, that the beauty in the picture (which was designed to continue as a monument of it to posterity) faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to despatch his business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils or mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was Avarice.

Not far from this artist I saw another of a quite different nature, who was dressed in the habit of a Dutchman, and known by the name of Industry. His figures were wonderfully laboured. If he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great part of the wall with

night-pieces, that seemed to show themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several parts of them; and were so inflamed by the sunshine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out 'Fire.'

The five foregoing artists were the most considerable on this side the gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busy in retouching the finest pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before overcharged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every colour it touched. Though this workman did so much mischief on the side of the living, he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was Envy.

Having taken a cursory view of one side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied myself standing before a multitude of spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they were pictures. Raphael's figures stood in one row, Titian's in another, Guido Rheni's in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by Hannibal Carrache, another by Correggio, and another by Rubens. To be short, there was not a great master among the dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery. The persons that owed their being to these several masters appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their shapes, complexions, and clothes: so that they looked like different nations of the same species.

Observing an old man (who was the same person I before mentioned, as the only artist that was at work on this side of the gallery) creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand touches, scarce produced any visible effect on the picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated touch after touch without rest or intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable gloss that hung upon a figure. He also added such a beautiful brown to the shades, and mellowness to the colours, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from the master's pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be Time.[i]

Whether it were because the thread of my dream was at an end I cannot tell, but upon my taking a survey of this imaginary old man, my sleep left me.

C.[k]

i The received opinion, that time improves the colouring of pictures, is strongly controverted by Hogarth. See his Analysis of Beauty, 4to. 1753. p. 118, note.

k By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See No. 7, *ad finem*.

No. 84. WEDNESDAY, June 6, 1711.

—Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulyssei
Temperet à lachrymis?
Virg. Æn. ii. 6.

Who can such woes relate without a tear,
As stern Ulysses must have wept to hear?

Looking over the old manuscript wherein the private actions of Pharamond are set down by way of table-book, I found many things which gave me great delight; and, as human life turns upon the same principles and passions in all ages, I thought it very proper to take minutes of what passed in that age, for the instruction of this. The antiquary who lent me these papers, gave me a character of Eucrate, the favourite of Pharamond, extracted from an author who lived in that court. The account he gives both of the prince and this his faithful friend, will not be improper to insert here, because I may have occasion to mention many of their conversations, into which these memorials of them may give light.

'Pharamond, when he had a mind to retire for an hour or two from the hurry of business and fatigue of ceremony, made a signal to Eucrate, by putting his hand to his face, placing his arm negligently on a window, or some such action as appeared indifferent to all the rest of the company. Upon such notice, unobserved by others (for their entire intimacy was always a secret), Eucrate repaired to his own apartment to receive the king. There was a secret access to this part of the court, at which Eucrate used to admit many whose mean appearance in the eyes of the ordinary waiters and door-keepers made them be repulsed from other parts of the palace. Such as these were let in here by order of

Eucrate, and had audiences of Pharamond. This entrance Pharamond called, 'The gate of the unhappy;' and the tears of the afflicted who came before him, he would say, were bribes received by Eucrate; for Eucrate had the most compassionate spirit of all men living, except his generous master, who was always kindled at the least affliction which was communicated to him. In the regard for the miserable, Eucrate took particular care that the common forms of distress, and the idle pretenders to sorrow, about courts, who wanted only supplies to luxury, should never obtain favour by his means: but the distresses which arise from the many inexplicable occurrences that happen among men, the unaccountable alienation of parents from their children, cruelty of husbands to wives, poverty occasioned from shipwreck or fire, the falling out of friends, or such other terrible disasters, to which the life of man is exposed; in cases of this nature, Eucrate was the patron; and enjoyed this part of the royal favour so much without being envied, that it was never inquired into by whose means what no one else cared for doing was brought about.

'One evening when Pharamond came into the apartment of Eucrate, he found him extremely dejected; upon which he asked (with a smile which was natural to him), "What, is there any one too miserable to be relieved by Pharamond, that Eucrate is melancholy?"—"I fear there is," answered the favourite: "A person without, of a good air, well dressed, and though a man in the strength of his life, seems to faint under some inconsolable calamity. All his features seem suffused with agony of mind; but I can observe in him that it is more inclined to break away in tears than rage. I asked him what

he would have. He said he would speak to Pharamond. I desired his business. He could hardly say to me, Eucrate, carry me to the king, my story is not to be told twice; I fear I shall not be able to speak it at all." Pharamond commanded Eucrate to let him enter; he did so; and the gentleman approached the king with an air which spoke him under the greatest concern in what manner to demean himself. The king, who had a quick discerning, relieved him from the oppression he was under: and with the most beautiful complacency said to him, "Sir, do not add to that load of sorrow I see in your countenance the awe of my presence. Think you are speaking to your friend. If the circumstances of your distress will admit of it, you shall find me so." To whom the stranger: "O excellent Pharamond! name not a friend to the unfortunate Spinamont.[1] I had one; but he is dead by my own hand; but, oh Pharamond! though it was by the hand of Spinamont, it was by the guilt of Pharamond. I come not, oh excellent prince! to implore your pardon; I come to relate my sorrow, a sorrow too great for human life to support: from henceforth shall all occurrences appear dreams, or short intervals of amusement, from this one affliction which has seized my very being. Pardon me, oh Pharamond! if my griefs give me leave, that I lay before you, in the anguish of a wounded mind, that you, good as you are, are guilty of the generous blood spilt this

[1] Mr. Thornhill, the gentleman here alluded to, under the fictitious or translated name of Spinamont, killed Sir Cholmondley Deering of Kent, Bart. in a duel, May 9, 1711.—Swift's Works, Vol. XXII. p. 234, in 8vo.

Mr. Thornhill, called here Spinamont, was tried and acquitted; but about two months after, Swift says, he was murdered by two men on Turnham Green, who, as they stabbed him, bid him remember Sir Cholmondley Deering.—Swift's works, *ut supra*, Vol. XXIII. p. 18. cr. 8vo.

day by this unhappy hand. Oh that it had perished before that instant!" Here the stranger paused, and recollecting his mind, after some little meditation, he went on in a calmer tone and gesture, as follows:

"There is an authority due to distress, and as none of human race is above the reach of sorrow, none should be above the hearing the voice of it; I am sure Pharamond is not. Know then, that I have this morning unfortunately killed in a duel the man whom of all men living I most loved. I command myself too much in your royal presence, to say, Pharamond gave me my friend! Pharamond has taken him from me! I will not say, shall the merciful Pharamond destroy his own subjects? Will the father of his country murder his people? But the merciful Pharamond does destroy his subjects, the father of his country does murder his people. Fortune is so much the pursuit of mankind, that all glory and honour is in the power of a prince, because he has the distribution of their fortunes. It is therefore the inadvertency, negligence, or guilt of princes, to let any thing grow into custom which is against their laws. A court can make fashion and duty walk together; it can never, without the guilt of a court, happen that it shall not be unfashionable to do what is unlawful. But, alas! in the dominions of Pharamond, by the force of a tyrant custom, which is misnamed a point of honour, the duellist kills his friend whom he loves; and the judge condemns the duellist, while he approves his behaviour. Shame is the greatest of all evils. What avail laws, when death only attends the breach of them, and shame obedience to them? As for me, oh Pharamond! were it possible to describe the nameless kinds of com-

punctions and tendernesses I feel, when I reflect upon the little accidents in our former familiarity, my mind swells into sorrow which cannot be resisted enough to be silent in the presence of Pharamond. (With that he fell into a flood of tears, and wept aloud.) Why should not Pharamond hear the anguish he only can relieve others from in time to come? Let him hear from me, what they feel who have given death by the false mercy of his administration, and form to himself the vengeance called for by those who have perished by his negligence."

R.[m]

*** Drury Lane, June 7. The Royal Merchant, or Beggar's Bush. The Merchant, Mr. Wilks; Clause, Mr. Keen; Woolfort, Mr. Booth; Hubert, Mr. Mills; Orator Heggin, Mr. Estcourt; Bertha, Mrs. Bradshaw; Vandunk, Mr. Bullock; and P. Prigsby, Mr. Norris—Spect. in folio.

No. 85. THURSDAY, June 7, 1711.

Interdum speciosa locis, morataque rectè
Fabula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere & arte,
Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliùsque moratur,
Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 319.

When the sentiments and manners please,
And all the characters are wrought with ease:
Your Tale, tho' void of beauty, force, and art,
More strongly shall delight, and warm the heart;
Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,
And with sonorous trifles charms our ears.

Francis.

It is the custom of the Mahometans, if they see any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it

[m] By Steele, who spoke and wrote against duelling on all occasions with fervour and eloquence. See his fine papers on this subject, Tat. Nos. 25, 26, 29, &c. Theatre, Nos. 19 and 26; Spect. Nos. 97 and 99; and Guard Nos. 20, 129, 133, and 161. The letter R. at the end of this paper, No. 84, seems to signify its originality. See Nos. 4 and 324, final notes on Steele's signatures R. and T.

up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some piece of their Alcoran. I must confess I have so much of the Mussulman in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable circumstances it may appear; for as no mortal author, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, knows to what use his works may some time or other be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a prelate; and know a friend of mine, who, for these several years, has converted the essays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candlesticks. I remember in particular after having read over a poem of an eminent author on a victory, I met with several fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in squibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its subject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr. Baxter under a Christmas-pye. Whether or no the pastry-cook had made use of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious *viande*, I know not; but upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an idea of the author's piety, that I bought the whole book. I have often profited by these accidental readings, and have sometimes found very curious pieces that are either out of print, or not to be met with in the shops of our London booksellers. For this reason, when my friends take a survey of my library, they are very much surprised to find upon the shelf of folios, two long band-boxes standing upright among my books; till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep erudition and abstruse literature. I might likewise mention a paper-kite, from which I have

received great improvement; and a hat-case, which I would not exchange for all the beavers in Great Britain. This my inquisitive temper, or rather impertinent humour of prying into all sorts of writing, with my natural aversion to loquacity, gives me a good deal of employment when I enter any house in the country; for I can't for my heart leave a room, before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last piece that I met with upon this occasion gave me a most exquisite pleasure. My reader will think I am not serious, when I acquaint him that the piece I am going to speak of, was the old ballad of the two children in the wood,[a] which is one of the darling songs of the common people, and has been the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age.

This song is a plain simple copy of nature, destitute of all the helps and ornaments of art: the tale of it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse; and yet, because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion. The incidents grow out of the subject, and are such as are the most proper to excite pity; for which reason the whole narration has something in it very moving, notwithstanding the author of it (whoever he was) has delivered it in such an abject phrase and poorness of expression, that the quoting any part of it would look like a design of turning it into ridicule. But though the language is mean, the

[a] See Relics of ancient poetry; consisting of old Heroic Ballads, &c. Vol. III. p. 171; and Beattie's Minstrel, B. I. Stanz. 47 and 48, p. 24, 4to. 1772.

thoughts, as I have before said, from one end to the other, are natural, and therefore cannot fail to please those who are not judges of language, or those who, notwithstanding they are judges of language, have a true and unprejudiced taste of nature. The condition, speech, and behaviour of the dying parents, with the age, innocence and distress of the children, are set forth in such tender circumstances, that it is impossible for a reader of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumstance of the robin-redbreast, it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to show the genius of the author amidst all his simplicity, it is just the same kind of fiction which one of the greatest of the Latin poets has made use of upon a parallel occasion; I mean, that passage in Horace where he describes himself, when he was a child, fallen asleep in a desert wood, and covered with leaves by the turtles who took pity on him.

'Me fabulosæ vulture in Apulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes
Texere———'

Lib. iii. Od. 4.

'Me when as a child, as tir'd with play
Upon the Apulian hills I lay
In careless slumbers bound,
The gentle doves protecting found,
And cover'd me with myrtle leaves.'

I have heard that the late Lord Dorset, who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest critics as well as the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. Dry-

den, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour.

I might likewise refer my reader to Moliere's thoughts on this subject, as he has expressed them in the character of the *Misanthrope;* but those only who are endowed with a true greatness of soul and genius, can divest themselves of the little images of ridicule, and admire nature in her simplicity and nakedness. As for the little conceited wits of the age, who can only show their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be supposed to admire these productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of nature, have also the additional advantages of art. L.°

*** At Drury Lane Theatre, on Tuesday, June 12, will be presented for the benefit of Mr. Castleman, a Comedy called Rule a Wife and have a Wife, written by Beaumont and Fletcher. Leon, Mr. Powell; Copper Captain, Mr. Wilks; Estifania, Mrs. Oldfield; Duke, Mr. Husband; Don Juan, Mr. Thurmond; Cacofogo, Mr. Bullock; Margareta, Mrs. Knight; Altea, Mrs. Bignell; Old Woman, Mr. Norris. Last time of acting this season.—Spect. in folio.

No. 86. FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1711.

Heu quàm difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!
OVID. Met. ii. 447.
How in the looks does conscious guilt appear!
ADDISON.

THERE are several arts which all men are in some measure masters of, without having been at the pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a grammarian and a logician, though he may be

° By Addison, dated, it is thought, London. See No. 7, note on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O; No. 221, and note.

wholly unacquainted with the rules of grammar or logic, as they are delivered in books and systems. In the same manner, every one is in some degree a master of that art which is generally distinguished by the name of Physiognomy; and naturally forms to himself the character or fortune of a stranger, from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured man; and, upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally towards several particular persons, before we have heard them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are.

Every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some feature or other. I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eyebrow call a man a scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die, in dumb show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a notion of every man's humour or circumstances by his looks, that I have sometimes employed myself from Charing-Cross to the Royal Exchange in drawing the characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a man with a sour rivell'd face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife: and, when I meet with an open ingenuous countenance, think on the happiness of his friends, his family, and relations.

I cannot recollect the author of a famous saying to a stranger, who stood silent in his company, 'Speak that I may see thee.'[p] But, with submission,

[p] Socrates— Loquere ut te videam.'
Socratis Vox ad Adolescentem, Apul. Flor. 1. pr.

I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's speech is much more easily disguised than his countenance. In this case, however, I think the air of the whole face is much more expressive than the lines of it. The truth of it is, the air is generally nothing else but the inward disposition of the mind made visible.

Those who have established physiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging men's tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. Martial has a pretty epigram on this subject:

'Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus:
Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es.' Ep. liv. 12.

'Thy beard and head are of a different dye;
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye:
With all these tokens of a knave complete,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat.'

I have seen a very ingenious author on this subject, who founds his speculations on the supposition, that, as a man hath in the mould of his face a remote likeness to that of an ox, a sheep, a lion, an hog, or any other creature, he hath the same resemblance in the frame of his mind, and is subject to those passions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of several faces that are of a different mould, and by a little overcharging the likeness, discovers the figures of these several kinds of brutal faces in human features.[q] I remember, in the life of the famous prince of Conde, the writer observes, the face of

[q] This doubtless refers to *Baptista della Porta's* famous book *De humana Physiognomia:* which has run through many editions both in Latin and Italian. He died in 1615. Lavater, a French author, has lately published a very ingenious and expensive book on this subject.

that prince was like the face of an eagle, and that the prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this case therefore, we may be sure that he had in his mind some general implicit notion of this art of physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his courtiers told him his face was made like an eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his looks, which showed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal descent. Whether or no the different motions of the animal spirits, in different passions, may have any effect on the mould of the face when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of souls require the same kind of habitations, I shall leave to the consideration of the curious. In the mean time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lie to his face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured man, and in spite of all those marks and signatures which nature seems to have set upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among those, who, instead of being exasperated by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting those beauties which are more lasting and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable piece of deformity; and have observed a certain cheerfulness in as bad a system of features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty. There is a double praise due to virtue, when it is lodged in a body that seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many such cases the soul and the body do not seem to be fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary instance of this

nature. There chanced to be a great physiognomist in his time at Athens, who had made strange discoveries of men's tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances. Socrates's disciples, that they might put this artist to the trial, carried him to their master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a short examination of his face, the physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old fellow that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the falsehood and vanity of his art. But Socrates told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithstanding his present mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular vices which the physiognomist had discovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the strong dispositions he was born with by the dictates of philosophy.[r]

We are indeed told by an ancient author,[s] that Socrates very much resembled Silenus in his face; which we find to have been very rightly observed from the statues and busts of both that are still extant, as well as on several antique seals and precious stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the cabinets of the curious. But however observations of this nature may sometimes hold, a wise man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred against a person of worth,

[r] Cicer. Tusc. Qu. 5. et De Fato. [s] Plat. Conviv.

or fancy a man to be proud or ill-natured by his aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real character? Dr. Moore in his admirable System of Ethics, reckons this particular inclination to take a prejudice against a man for his looks, among the smaller vices in morality, and, if I remember, gives it the name of a *prosopolepsia.*[t] L.[u]

No. 87. SATURDAY, June 9, 1711.

—Nimium ne crede colori.
Virg. Ecl. ii. 17.
Trust not too much to an enchanting face.
Dryden.

It has been the purpose of several of my speculations to bring people to an unconcerned behaviour with relation to their persons, whether beautiful or defective. As the secrets of the Ugly Club[w] were exposed to the public, that men might see there were some noble spirits in the age, who are not at all displeased with themselves upon considerations which they had no choice in; so the discourse concerning Idols[x] tended to lessen the value people put upon themselves from personal advantages and gifts of nature. As to the latter species of mankind, the beauties, whether male or female, they are generally the most untractable people of all others. You are so excessively perplexed with the particularities in their behaviour, that, to be at ease, one would be

[t] A Greek word, used in the N. T. Rom. ii. 11, and Eph. vi. 9, where it is said that 'God is no respecter of persons.' Here it signifies a prejudice against a person formed from his countenance, &c. too hastily.

[u] By Addison, dated London. See final note to No. 7.

[w] See No. 17, &c.

[x] See No. 73.

apt to wish there were no such creatures. They expect so great allowances, and give so little to others, that they who have to do with them find, in the main, a man with a better person than ordinary and a beautiful woman might be very happily changed for such to whom nature has been less liberal. The handsome fellow is usually so much a gentleman, and the fine woman has something so becoming, that there is no enduring either of them. It has therefore been generally my choice, to mix with cheerful ugly creatures, rather than gentlemen who are graceful enough to omit or do what they please; or beauties who have charms enough to do and say what would be disobliging in any but themselves.

Diffidence and presumption, upon account of our persons, are equally faults; and both arise from the want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to know ourselves, and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed I did not imagine these little considerations and coquetries could have the ill consequences as I find they have by the following letters of my correspondents, where it seems beauty is thrown into the accompt, in matters of sale, to those who receive no favour from the charmers.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'AFTER I have assured you I am in every respect one of the handsomest young girls about town, I need be particular in nothing but the make of my face, which has the misfortune to be exactly oval. This I take to proceed from a temper that naturally inclines me both to speak and to hear.

'With this account you may wonder how I can

have the vanity to offer myself as a candidate, which I now do, to a society, where the Spectator and Hecatissa[y] have been admitted with so much applause. I don't want to be put in mind how very defective I am in every thing that is ugly: I am too sensible of my own unworthiness in this particular, and therefore I only propose myself as a foil to the club.

'You see how honest I have been to confess all my imperfections, which is a great deal to come from a woman, and what I hope you will encourage with the favour of your interest.

'There can be no objection made on the side of the matchless Hecatissa, since it is certain I shall be in no danger of giving her the least occasion of jealousy: and then a joint-stool in the very lowest place at the table is all the honour that is coveted by

'Your most humble and obedient servant,

'ROSALINDA.

'P. S. I have sacrificed my necklace to put into the public lottery against the common enemy. And last Saturday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I began to patch indifferently on both sides of my face.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, London, June 7, 1711.

'UPON reading your late dissertation concerning idols, I cannot but complain to you that there are, in six or seven places of this city, coffee-houses kept by persons of that sisterhood. These idols sit and receive all day long the adoration of the youth within such and such districts. I know in

[y] See No. 48.

particular, goods are not entered as they ought to be at the custom-house, nor law-reports perused at the Temple, by reason of one beauty who detains the young merchants too long near 'Change, and another fair one who keeps the students at her house when they should be at study. It would be worth your while to see how the idolaters alternately offer incense to their idols, and what heart-burnings arise in those who wait for their turn to receive kind aspects from those little thrones, which all the company, but these lovers, call the bars. I saw a gentleman turn as pale as ashes, because an idol turned the sugar in a tea-dish for his rival, and carelessly called the boy to serve him, with a "Sirrah! why don't you give the gentleman the box to please himself?" Certain it is, that a very hopeful young man was taken with leads in his pockets below bridge, where he intended to drown himself, because his idol would wash the dish in which she had but just drank tea, before she would let him use it.

'I am, Sir, a person past being amorous, and do not give this information out of envy or jealousy; but I am a real sufferer by it. These lovers take any thing for tea and coffee; I saw one yesterday surfeit to make his court, and all his rivals at the same time, loud in the commendation of liquors that went against every body in the room that was not in love. While these young fellows resign their stomachs with their hearts, and drink at the idol in this manner, we who come to do business, or talk politics, are utterly poisoned. They have also drams for those who are more enamoured than ordinary; and it is very common for such as are too low in constitution to ogle the idol upon the strength of tea, to fluster themselves with warmer liquors: thus all pretenders ad-

vance, as fast as they can, to a fever or a diabetes. I must repeat to you, that I do not look with an evil eye upon the profit of the idols, or the diversions of the lovers; what I hope from this remonstrance is, only that we plain people may not be served as if we were idolaters; but that from the time of publishing this in your paper, the idols would mix ratsbane only for their admirers, and take more care of us who don't love them.

'I am, SIR, yours,

R.[z] 'T. T.'[a]

No. 88. MONDAY, JUNE 11, 1711.

Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures?
VIRG. Ecl. iii. 16.
What will not masters do, when servants thus presume?

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'May 30, 1711.

'I HAVE no small value for your endeavours to lay before the world what may escape their observation, and yet highly conduces to their service. You have, I think succeeded very well on many subjects; and seem to have been conversant in very different scenes of life. But in the considerations of mankind, as a Spectator, you should not omit circumstances which relate to the inferior part of the world, any more than those which concern the greater. There is one thing in particular which I wonder you have not touched upon, and that is, the general corruption of manners in the servants of Great Britain. I am a man that have travelled and seen many na-

[z] By Steele. See final note to No. 4, on letter R.

[a] This letter subscribed T. T. was written by Mr. Eusden, afterwards poet laureat. The idol was a young widow, who kept the Widow's Coffee-house, then situate in Devereux-court.

tions, but have for seven years last past resided constantly in London, or within twenty miles of it. In this time I have contracted a numerous acquaintance among the best sort of people, and have hardly found one of them happy in their servants. This is matter of great astonishment to foreigners, and all such as have visited foreign countries; especially since we cannot but observe, that there is no part of the world where servants have those privileges and advantages as in England. They have no where else such plentiful diet, large wages, or indulgent liberty. There is no place wherein they labour less, and yet where they are so little respectful, more wasteful, more negligent, or where they so frequently change their masters. To this I attribute, in a great measure, the frequent robberies and losses which we suffer on the high road and in our own houses. That indeed which gives me the present thought of this kind is, that a careless groom of mine has spoiled me the prettiest pad in the world with only riding him ten miles; and I assure you, if I were to make a register of all the horses I have known thus abused by negligence of servants, the number would mount a regiment. I wish you would give us your observations, that we may know how to treat these rogues, or that we masters may enter into measures to reform them. Pray give us a Speculation in general about servants, and you make me 'Yours,

'PHILO-BRITANNICUS.

'P. S. Pray do not omit the mention of grooms in particular.'

This honest gentleman who is so desirous that I should write a satire upon grooms, has a great deal of reason for his resentment; and I know no evil

which touches all mankind so much as this of the misbehaviour of servants.

The complaint of this letter runs wholly upon men-servants; and I can attribute the licentiousness which has at present prevailed among them, to nothing but what an hundred before me have ascribed it to, the custom of giving board-wages. This one instance of false economy is sufficient to debauch the whole nation of servants, and makes them as it were but for some part of their time in that quality. They are either attending in places where they meet and run into clubs, or else, if they wait at taverns, they eat after their masters, and reserve their wages for other occasions. From hence it arises, that they are but in a lower degree what their masters themselves are; and usually affect an imitation of their manners: and you have in liveries, beaux, fops, and coxcombs, in as high a perfection as among people that keep equipages. It is a common humour among the retinue of people of quality, when they are in their revels, that is, when they are out of their masters' sight, to assume in a humorous way the names and titles of those whose liveries they wear. By which means characters and distinctions become so familiar to them, that it is to this, among other causes, one may impute a certain insolence among our servants, that they take no notice of any gentleman, though they know him ever so well, except he is an acquaintance of their master's.

My obscurity and taciturnity leave me at liberty without scandal to dine, if I think fit, at a common ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous house of entertainment.—Falling in the other day at a victualling-house near the house of peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at

the bar, that my lord bishop swore he would throw her out at window if she did not bring up more mild beer, and that my lord duke would have a double mug of purl. My surprise was increased, in hearing loud and rustic voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs, by the names of the most illustrious of our nobility; till of a sudden one came running in, and cried the house was rising. Down came all the company together, and away! The alehouse was immediately filled with clamour, and scoring one mug to the marquis of such a place, oil and vinegar to such an earl, three quarts to my new lord for wetting his title, and so forth. It is a thing too notorious to mention the crowds of servants, and their insolence near the courts of justice, and the stairs towards the supreme assembly, where there is an universal mockery of all order, such riotous clamour and licentious confusion, that one would think the whole nation lived in jest, and that there were no such thing as rule and distinction among us.

The next place of resort, wherein the servile world are let loose, is at the entrance of Hyde Park, while the gentry are at the Ring.[b] Hither people bring their lacqueys out of state, and here it is that all they say at their tables, and act in their houses, is communicated to the whole town. There are men of wit in all conditions of life; and mixing with these people at their diversions, I have heard coquettes and prudes as well rallied, and insolence and pride exposed (allowing for their want of education), with as much humour and good sense as in the politest

[b] The ring in Hyde Park was formerly the resort of people of quality on Sunday evenings. There they showed their fine chariots and equipages. Their footmen were always left behind at the gate, who in the mean time were employed in wrestling, &c, and frequently in less innocent diversions.

companies. It is a general observation, that all dependents run in some measure into the manners and behaviour of those whom they serve. You shall frequently meet with lovers and men of intrigue among the lacqueys as well as at White's or in the side-boxes. I remember some years ago an instance of this kind. A footman to a captain of the guards used frequently, when his master was out of the way, to carry on amours and make assignations in his master's clothes. The fellow had a very good person, and there are very many women that think no farther than the outside of a gentleman: besides which, he was almost as learned a man as the colonel[c] himself: I say, thus qualified, the fellow could scrawl *billet-doux* so well, and furnish a conversation on the common topics, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good business on his hands. It happened one day, that, coming down a tavern stairs in his master's fine guard-coat with a well-dressed woman masked, he met the colonel coming up with other company; but with a ready assurance he quitted his lady, came up to him, and said, 'Sir, I know you have too much respect for yourself to cane me in this honourable habit. But you see there is a lady in the case, and I hope, on that score also, you will put off your anger till I have told you all another time.' After a little pause the colonel cleared up his countenance, and with an air of familiarity whispered his man apart, 'Sirrah, bring the lady with you to ask pardon for you:' then aloud, 'Look to it, Will, I'll never forgive you else.' The fellow went back to his mistress, and telling her, with a loud voice and an oath,

[c] 'In the Spect. in folio, and in the edit. of 1712, in 8vo. this officer is stiled both captain and colonel.

that was the honestest fellow in the world, conveyed her to an hackney-coach.

But the many irregularities committed by servants in the places above-mentioned, as well as in the theatres, of which masters are generally the occasions, are too various not to need being resumed on another occasion. R.[d]

*** *Adv.* This is to give notice, that the three critics who last Sunday settled the characters of my lord Rochester and Boileau, in the yard of a coffee-house in Fuller's Rents, will meet this next Sunday at the same time and place, to finish the merits of several dramatic writers; and will also make an end of the nature of true sublime.—This advertisement was subjoined to Eusden's letter in No. 87.

No. 89. TUESDAY, June 12, 1711.

——Petite hinc, juvenesque senesque,
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quasi magnum,
Nempe diem donas? sed cùm lux altera venit,
Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, & semper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno,
Vertentum sese frustra sectabere canthum.

Pers. Sat. v. 64.

Pers. From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
The bounds of good and evil to discern
Corn. Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the search delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.
Pers. But is one day of ease too much to borrow?
Corn. Yes, sure; for yesterday was once to-morrow.
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd;
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd:
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task;
Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, are curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.

Dryden.

As my correspondents upon the subject of love are very numerous, it is my design, if possible, to range

[d] By Steele. See final note No. 4. on R.

them under several heads, and address myself to them at different times. The first branch of them, to whose service I shall dedicate this paper, are those that have to do with women of dilatory tempers, who are for spinning out the time of courtship to an immoderate length, without being able either to close with their lovers or to dismiss them. I have many letters by me filled with complaints against this sort of women. In one of them no less a man than a brother of the coif[z] tells me that he began his suit *Vicesimo non Caroli secundi*, before he had been a twelvemonth at the Temple; that he prosecuted it for many years after he was called to the bar; that at present he is a serjeant at law; and notwithstanding he hoped that matters would have been long since brought to an issue, the fair one still demurs.—I am so well pleased with this gentleman's phrase that I shall distinguish this sect of women by the title of Demurrers. I find by another letter from one who calls himself Thyrsis, that his mistress has been demurring above these seven years. But among all my plaintiffs of this nature, I most pity the unfortunate Philander, a man of a constant passion and plentiful fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute Sylvia has demurred till she is past child-bearing. Strephon appears by his letter to be a very choleric lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurs out of self-interest. He tells me with great passion that she has bubbled him out of his youth; that she drilled him on to five and fifty; and that he verily believes she will drop him in his old age, if she can find her account in another. I shall conclude this narrative with a letter from honest Sam Hopewell, a very pleasant fellow, who it seems

[z] i. e. A serjeant at law.

has at last married a demurrer. I must only premise, that Sam, who is a very good bottle companion, has been the diversion of his friends, upon account of his passion, ever since the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-one.

'DEAR SIR,

'You know very well my passion for Mrs. Martha, and what a dance she has led me. She took me out at the age of two and twenty, and dodged with me above thirty years. I have loved her till she is grown as gray as a cat, and am with much ado become the master of her person, such as it is at present. She is however in my eye a very charming old woman. We often lament that we did not marry sooner, but she has nobody to blame for it but herself. You know very well that she would never think of me whilst she had a tooth in her head. I have put the date of my passion (*Anno Amoris Trigesimo primo*) instead of a posy on my wedding ring. I expect you should send me a congratulatory letter, or, if you please, an epithalamium upon this occasion.

'Mrs. Martha's and your's eternally,

'SAM HOPEWELL.'

In order to banish an evil out of the world, that does not only produce great uneasiness to private persons, but has also a very bad influence on the public, I shall endeavour to show the folly of demurring from two or three reflections which I earnestly recommend to the thoughts of my fair readers.

First of all I would have them seriously think on the shortness of their time. Life is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before she has done de-

liberating. Were the age of man the same that it was before the Flood, a lady might sacrifice half a century to a scruple, and be two or three ages in demurring. Had she nine hundred years good, she might hold out to the conversion of the Jews before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the stage, and make room for others.

In the second place, I would desire my female readers to consider, that, as the term of life is short, that of beauty is much shorter. The finest skin wrinkles in a few years, and loses the strength of its colourings so soon that we have scarce time to admire it. I might embellish this subject with roses and rainbows, and several other ingenious conceits, which I may possibly reserve for another opportunity.

There is a third consideration which I would likewise recommend to a demurrer, and that is, the great danger of her falling in love when she is about threescore, if she cannot satisfy her doubts and scruples before that time. There is a kind of latter spring, that sometimes gets into the blood of an old woman, and turns her into a very odd sort of an animal. I would therefore have the demurrer consider what a strange figure she will make, if she chances to get over all difficulties, and comes to a final resolution in that unseasonable part of her life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to discourage that natural modesty in the sex which renders a retreat from the first approaches of a lover both fashionable and graceful. All that I intend is, to advise them, when they are prompted by reason and inclination, to demur only

out of form, and so far as decency requires. A virtuous woman should reject the first offer of marriage, as a good man does that of a bishoprick; but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve. I would in this particular propose the example of Eve to all her daughters, as Milton has represented her in the following passage, which I cannot forbear transcribing entire, though only the twelve last lines are to my present purpose.

The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before:
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of Love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, tho' unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninformed
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love.
I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud;
"This turn hath made amends: thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!
Giver of all things fair; but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my self." . . . .
She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd

The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd.
I follow'd her: she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the morn———

Paradise Lost, VIII. 469—511.

No. 90. WEDNESDAY, June 13, 1711.

—Magnus sine viribus ignis
Incassum furit—

Virg. Georg. iii. 99.

In all the rage of impotent desire,
They feel a quenchless flame, a fruitless fire.

There is not, in my opinion, a consideration more effectual to extinguish inordinate desires in the soul of man, than the notions of Plato and his followers upon that subject. They tell us, that every passion which has been contracted by the soul during her residence in the body, remains with her in a separate state; and that the soul in the body, or out of the body, differs no more than the man does from himself when he is in his house or in open air. When therefore the obscene passions in particular have once taken root, and spread themselves in the soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever, after the body is cast off and thrown aside. As an argument to confirm this their doctrine, they observe, that a lewd youth, who goes on in a continued course of voluptuousness, advances by degrees into a libidinous old man; and that the passion survives in the mind when it is altogether dead in the body; nay, that the desire grows more violent,

[f] By Addison, dated London. See final note to No. 7.

and (like all other habits) gathers strength by age, at the same time that it has no power of executing its own purposes. If, say they, the soul is the most subject to these passions at a time when she has the least instigations from the body, we may well suppose that she will still retain them when she is entirely divested of it. The very substance of the soul is festered with them; the gangrene is gone too far to be ever cured; the inflammation will rage to all eternity.

In this therefore (say the Platonists) consists the punishment of a voluptuous man after death. He is tormented with desires which it is impossible for him to gratify; solicited by a passion that has neither objects nor organs adapted to it: he lives in a state of invincible desire and impotence, and always burns in the pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this reason (says Plato) that the souls of the dead appear frequently in cemeteries, and hover about the places where their bodies are buried, as still hankering after their old brutal pleasures, and desiring again to enter the body that gave them an opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our most eminent divines have made use of this Platonic notion, so far as it regards the subsistence of our passions after death, with great beauty and strength of reason. Plato indeed carries the thought very far when he grafts upon it his opinion of ghosts appearing in places of burial. Though, I must confess, if one did believe that the departed souls of men and women wandered up and down these lower regions, and entertained themselves with the sight of their species, one could not devise a more proper hell for an impure spirit than that which Plato has touched upon.

The ancients seem to have drawn such a state of torments in the description of Tantalus, who was punished with the rage of an eternal thirst, and set up to the chin in water that fled from his lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

Virgil, who has cast the whole system of Platonic philosophy, so far as it relates to the soul of man, into beautiful allegories, in the sixth book of his Æneid gives us the punishment of a voluptuary after death, not unlike that which we are here speaking of:

—'Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris, epulæque ante ora paratæ
Regifico luxu: Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat, manibus prohibet contingere mensas;
Exsurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.'

'They lie below on golden beds display'd,
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made;
The queen of furies by their side is set,
And snatches from their mouths the untasted meat;
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,
Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears.'

DRYDEN.

That I may a little alleviate the severity of this my speculation (which otherwise may lose me several of my polite readers), I shall translate a story that has been quoted upon another occasion by one of the most learned men of the present age, as I find it in the original. The reader will see it is not foreign to my present subject, and I dare say will think it a lively representation of a person lying under the torments of such a kind of Tantalism, or Platonic hell, as that which we have now under consideration. Monsieur Pontignan, speaking of a love-adventure

that happened to him in the country, gives the following account of it.[g]

'When I was in the country last summer, I was often in company with a couple of charming women, who had all the wit and beauty one could desire in female companions, with a dash of coquetry that from time to time gave me a great many agreeable torments. I was, after my way, in love with both of them, and had such frequent opportunities of pleading my passion to them when they were asunder, that I had reason to hope for particular favours from each of them. As I was walking one evening in my chamber with nothing about me but my night-gown, they both came into my room, and told me they had a very pleasant trick to put upon a gentleman that was in the same house, provided I would bear a part in it. Upon this they told me such a plausible story, that I laughed at their contrivance, and agreed to do whatever they should require of me. They immediately began to swaddle me up in my night-gown with long pieces of linen, which they had folded about me till they had wrapt me in above an hundred yards of swathe. My arms were pressed to my sides, and my legs closed together by so many wrappers one over another, that I looked like an Ægyptian mummy. As I stood bolt upright upon one end in this antique figure, one of the ladies burst out a laughing. "And now Pontignan," says she, "we intend to perform the promise that we find you have extorted from each of us. You have often asked the favour of us, and I dare say

[g] The substance of the story here paraphrased is taken from a little book intitled Academie Galante, printed at Paris and in Holland 1682, and afterwards at Amsterdam in 1708. See that edit. p. 125; and first Dutch edit. p. 160.

you are a better bred cavalier than to refuse to go to bed to ladies that desire it of you." After having stood a fit of laughter, I begged them to uncase me, and do with me what they pleased. "No, no," say they, "we like you very well as you are;" and upon that ordered me to be carried to one of their houses, and put to bed in all my swaddles. The room was lighted up on all sides; and I was laid very decently between a pair of sheets, with my head (which was indeed the only part I could move) upon a very high pillow: this was no sooner done, but my two female friends came into bed to me in their finest night-clothes. You may easily guess at the condition of a man that saw a couple of the most beautiful women in the world undrest and a-bed with him, without being able to stir hand or foot. I begged them to release me, and struggled all I could to get loose, which I did with so much violence, that about midnight they both leaped out of the bed, crying out they were undone. But seeing me safe, they took their posts again, and renewed their raillery. Finding all my prayers and endeavours were lost, I composed myself as well as I could, and told them, that if they would not unbind me, I would fall asleep between them, and by that means disgrace them for ever. But, alas! this was impossible; could I have been disposed to it, they would have prevented me by several little ill-natured caresses and endearments which they bestowed upon me. As much devoted as I am to womankind, I would not pass such another night to be master of the whole sex. My reader will doubtless be curious to know what became of me the next morning. Why truly my bedfellows left me about an hour before day, and told me, if I

would be good and lie still, they would send somebody to take me up as soon as it was time for me to rise. Accordingly about nine o'clock in the morning an old woman came to unswathe me. I bore all this very patiently, being resolved to take my revenge of my tormentors, and to keep no measures with them as soon as I was at liberty; but upon asking my old woman what was become of the two ladies, she told me she believed they were by that time within sight of Paris, for that they went away in a coach and six before five o'clock in the morning.' L.[h]

[h] By Addison, dated, it seems, London. See Nos. 7, and 121, final notes on Addison's signatures.

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